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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

James Graham his Book Glasgow

29 November 1794

x Glen 121

THE

EDINBURGH
MUSICAL MISCELLANY:

A

COLLECTION

OF THE MOST APPROVED

SCOTCH, ENGLISH, AND IRISH

SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC.

SELECTED BY *D. SIME*, EDINBURGH.

VOL. II.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND EDINBURGH

EDINBURGH:

Printed for John Elder, T. Brown, and C. Elliot, *Edinburgh*; and W. Coke, *Leith*.

M,DCC,XCIII.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE favourable reception which the firſt volume of the Edinburgh Muſical Miſcellany met with, has induced the Editors to bring forward a ſecond Volume, conducted upon a ſimilar plan, ſelected, they hope, with equal judgment and taſte, and which they flatter themſelves will merit a degree of public approbation equal to the former.

A great variety of admired Scots and Iriſh airs are here in-

troduced, which the nature of our plan prevented us from inſerting in the former work; and, to render this volume a fit ſequel to the firſt, it is alſo enriched with the lateſt and moſt admired ſongs of Dibdin, Hook, and other celebrated Compoſers.

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THE

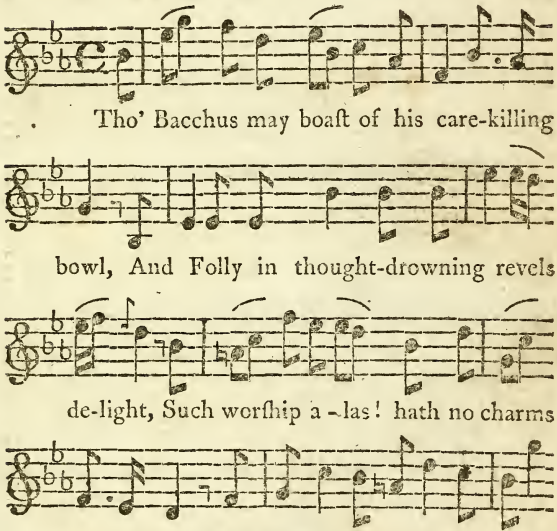
EDINBURGH

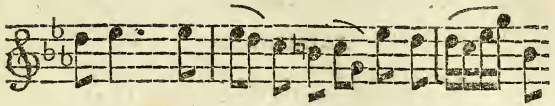
MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

SONG I.

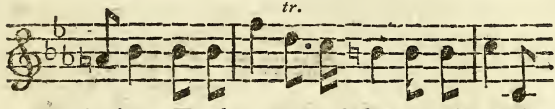
THO' BACCHUS MAY BOAST OF HIS CARE-KILLING *BOWL.*

SUNG BY MR BOWDEN.

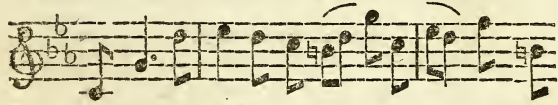




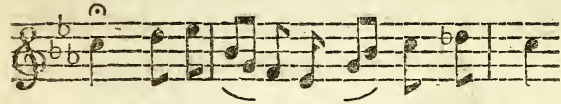
in-vite: When ſofter devotions the ſen - ſes



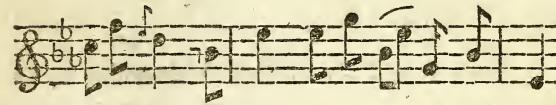
invite. To the arrow of fate, or the canker



of care, His potions oblivious a balm may be-

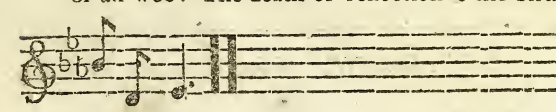


ſtow: But to Fancy, that feeds on the charms



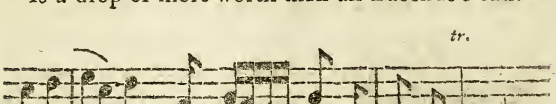
of the fair, The death of reflection 's the birth

of all woe: The death of reflection 's the birth



of all woe.

What ſoul that's poſſeſt of a dream ſo divine,
With riot would bid the ſweet viſion begone?
For the tear that bedews Senſibility's ſhrine
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

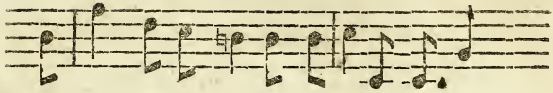


Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The tender exceſs which enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd;
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jeſt at that for which ſages have died.
And fools, &c.

Each change and exceſs hath through life been my doom,
And well can I ſpeak of its joy and its ſtrife;
The bottle affords us a glimpſe thro' the gloom,
But love's the true ſunſhine that gladdens our life.
But love's, &c.

Come then, roſy Venus, and ſpread o'er my ſight
The magic illuſions that raviſh the ſoul:
Awake in my breaſt the ſoft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.
And drop, &c.



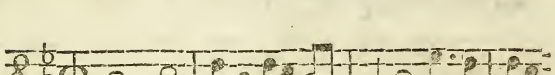
Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly God, from thy banquet remove,
But each tube of my heart ever thirſt for the wine,
That's mellow'd by friendſhip, and ſweeten'd by love.

That's mellow'd by friendſhip, and ſweeten'd by love.

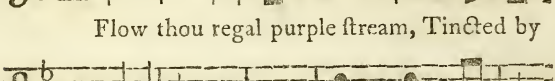
☞ *The above Notes are trifling deviations from the original melody, to ſuit the expreſſion of the different ſtanzas.*

SONG II.

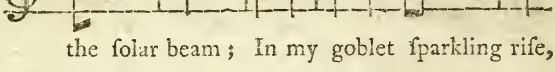
FLOW THOU REGAL PURPLE STREAM.



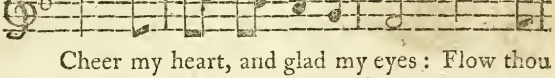
Flow thou regal purple ſtream, Tinctèd by



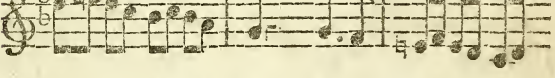
the ſolar beam; In my goblet ſparkling riſe,



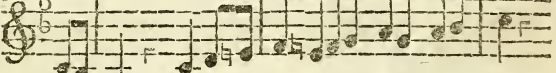
Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes: Flow thou



re-gal purple ſtream, Tinctèd by the ſo-

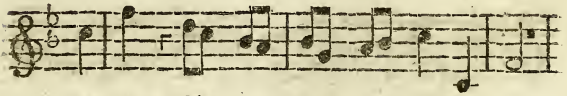


lar beam; In my gob--let ſpark-ling riſe,

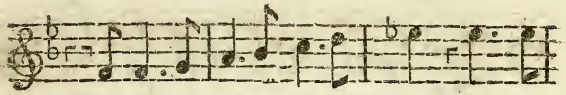


Cheer my heart and glad my eyes; In my

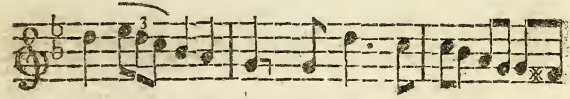
fparkling goblet rife, Cheer my heart and glad



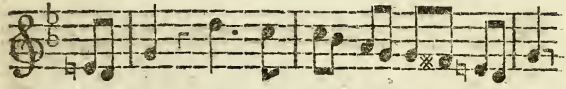
my eyes, Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes.



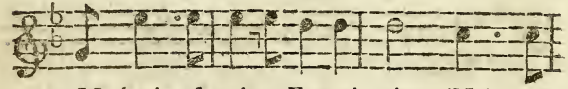
My brain afcend on Fancy's wing, 'Noint me



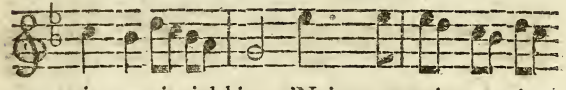
wine, a jovial king: My brain afcend on Fan-



cy's wing, 'Noint me, wine, a jo-vial king:



My brain afcend on Fancy's wing, 'Noint me,

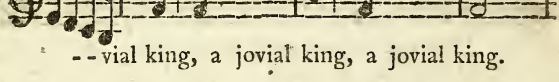


wine, a jovial king, 'Noint me, wine, a jo-

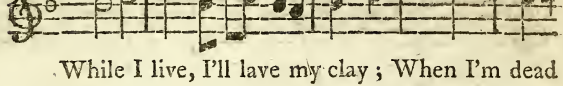
vial king, a jo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

- -

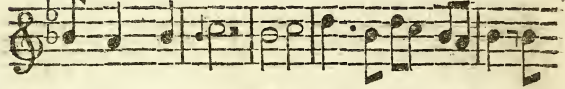
- - vial king, a jovial king, a jovial king.



While I live, I'll lave my clay; When I'm dead

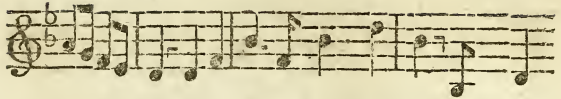


and gone away, Let my thirsty subjects say, A

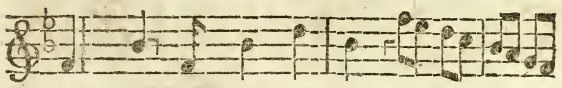


month he reign'd, and that was May: While

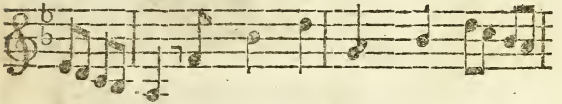
I live, I'll lave my clay; When I'm dead, and



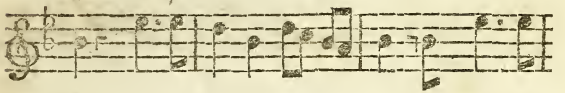
gone away, Let my thirſty ſubjects ſay, A month



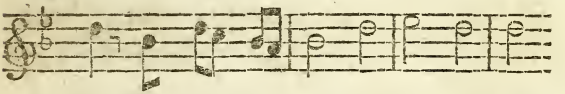
he reign'd, but that was May: Let my thirſty



ſubjects ſay, A month he reign'd, but that was



May: Let my thirſty ſubjects ſay, A month he

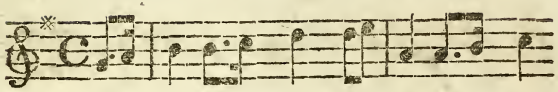


reign'd, but that was May, but that was May,

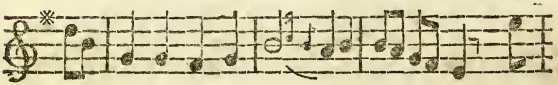
but that was May.

SONG III.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

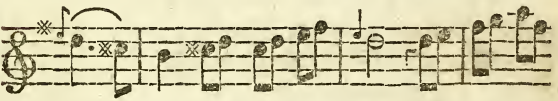


'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling ſtars

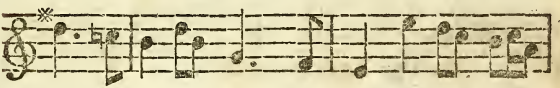


Shone on the rippling ſea: No duty call'd the

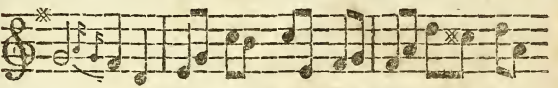
jo-vial tars, The helm was laſh'd a--lee,



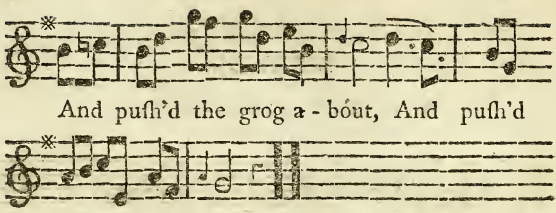
The helm was laſh'd a--lee. The am-ple



can adorn'd the board, Prepar'd to ſee it



out, Each gave the laſs that he a---dor'd



Cried honeſt Tom, my Peg I'll toaſt,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portſmouth's favourite boaſt:
I'd venture life and limb,
Sail ſeven long years, and ne'er ſee land,
With dauntleſs heart and ſtout,
So tight a veſſel to command:
Then puſh the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in comely ſtate,
Top ga'nt-ſails ſet ſhe is ſo tall,
She looks like a firſt-rate.
Ah! would ſhe take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better birth I'd wiſh to know:
Then puſh the grog about.

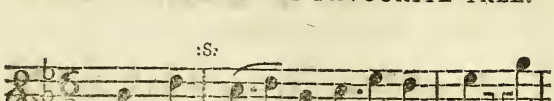
I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handſome, neat, and tight.
What joy, ſo neat a ſhip to man!
Oh! ſhe's my heart's delight.

So well ſhe bears the ſtorms of life,
I'd ſail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for ſuch a wife;
Then puſh the grog about.

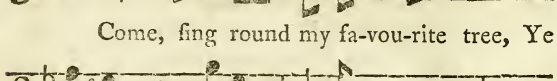
Thus to deſcribe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his beſt manner tried,
Till ſummon'd by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied:
Yet ſtill did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out;
For in ſoft viſions gentle ſleep
Still puſh'd the grog about.

SONG IV.

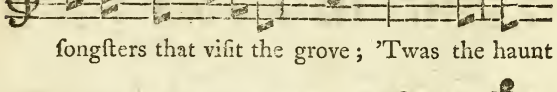
COME SING ROUND MY FAVOURITE TREE.



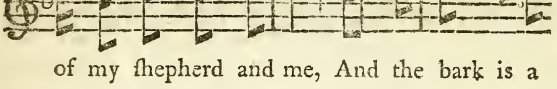
Come, ſing round my fa-vou-rite tree, Ye



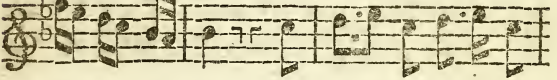
ſongſters that viſit the grove; 'Twas the haunt



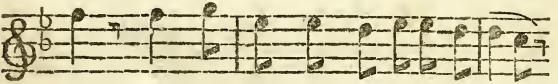
of my ſhepherd and me, And the bark is a



re-cord of love. Sing round my fa-vou-rite

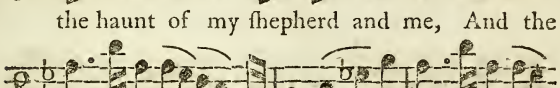


tree: Come, ye ſongſters that viſit the grove,

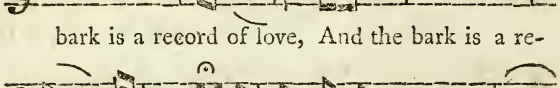


'Twas the haunt of my ſhepherd and me, 'Twas

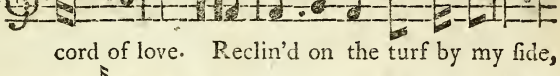
the haunt of my ſhepherd and me, And the



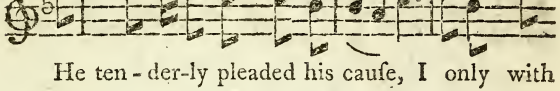
bark is a record of love, And the bark is a re-



cord of love. Reclin'd on the turf by my ſide,

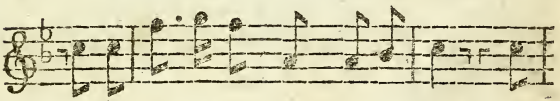


He ten-der-ly pleaded his cauſe, I only with



bluſhes reply'd, I on-ly with bluſhes reply'd,

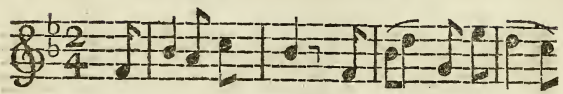
And the nightingale fill'd up the pauſe, The



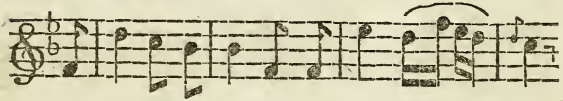
nightingale fill'd up the pauſe. Come ſing. *D. C.*

SONG V.

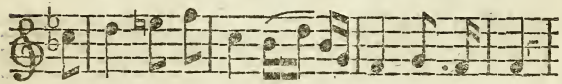
FOR TENDERNESS FORM'D.



For tenderneſs form'd in life's early day,



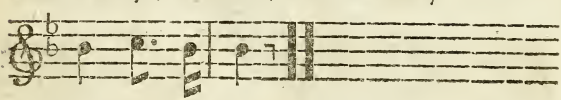
A parent's ſoft ſorrows to mine led the way,



A parent's ſoft ſorrows to mine led the way.

The leſſon of pi - ty was caught from

her eye, And ere words were my own I



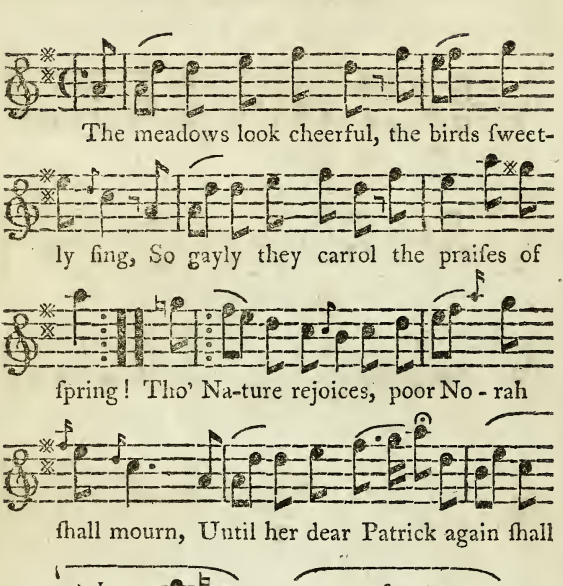
ſpoke with a ſigh.

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the ſuffering grove,
To youth as it ripen'd gave ſentiment new,
The object ſtill changing, the ſympathy true.

Soft embers of paſſion, yet reſt in the glow,
A warmth of more pain may this breaſt never know!
Or, if too indulgent the bleſſing I claim,
Let the ſpark drop from reaſon that wakens the flame.

SONG VI.

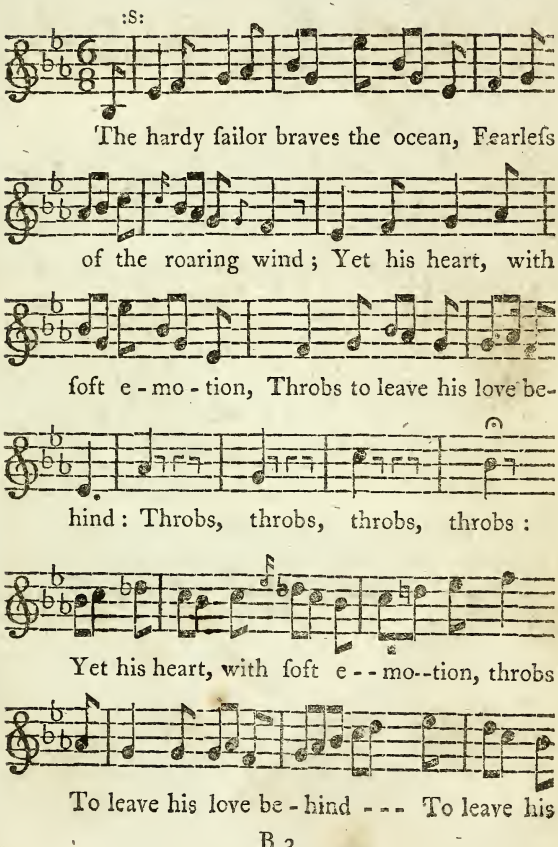
THE LASSES OF DUBLIN.

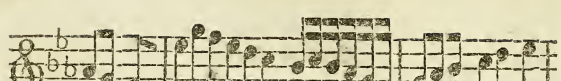


Ye Laſses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms;
Tho' ſattins, and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with ſuch feeling as mine.

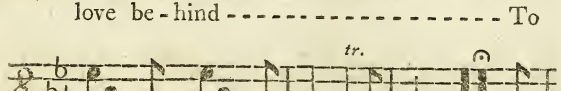
SONG VII.

THE HARDY SAILOR.

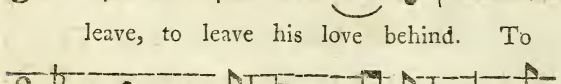




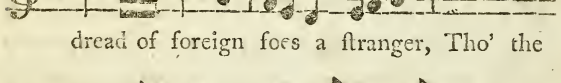
love be-hind - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - To



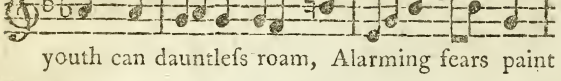
leave, to leave his love behind. To



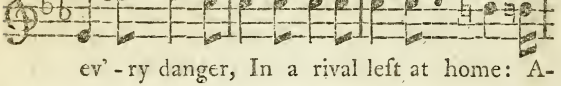
dread of foreign foes a ſtranger, Tho' the



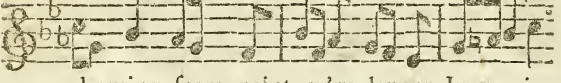
youth can dauntleſs roam, Alarming fears paint



ev'-ry danger, In a rival left at home: A-



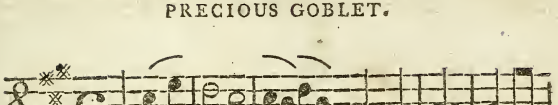
larming fears paint ev'ry danger In a ri-



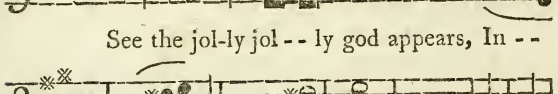
val left at home - - - - - - - - - - The. *D .C.*

SONG VIII.

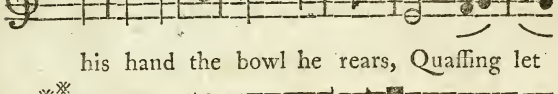
PRECIOUS GOBLET.



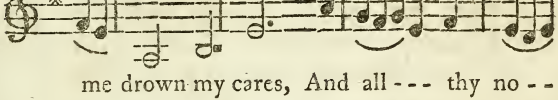
See the jol-ly jol - - ly god appears, In - -



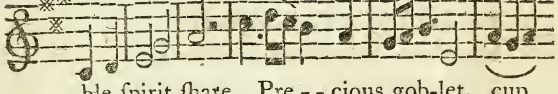
his hand the bowl he rears, Quaffing let



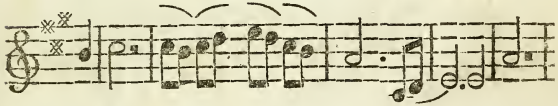
me drown my cares, And all - - - thy no - -



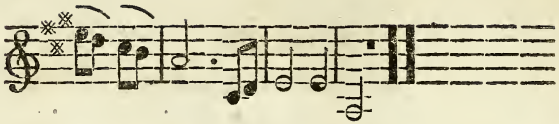
ble ſpirit ſhare Pre - - cious gob-let, cup



divine, Let me, let me quaff thy roſy wine:



Pre - - - cious gob - - let, cup divine, Let me



let me quaff thy ro - ſy wine.

Let my hoary honours grow,
Wrinkles treſpaſs on my brow;
Let them come, prepar'd I ſtand,
And graſp my goblet in my hand.
Precious goblet, &c.

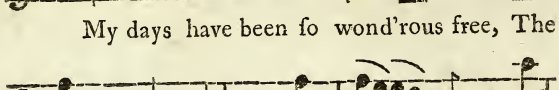
Cupid, in my youthful hour,
Led me captive of his pow'r,
Now, with branches from the vine,
I guard me from his dart divine.
Precious goblet, &c.

Bacchus! jolly God, appear!
None but choiceſt ſouls are here,
Pierce thy oldeſt, deepeſt caſk,
And let us drain the frequent flaſk.
Precious goblet, &c.

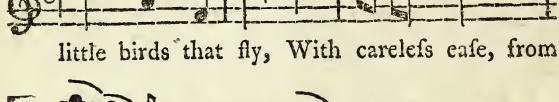
SONG IX.

MY DAYS HAVE BEEN SO WOND'ROUS FREE.

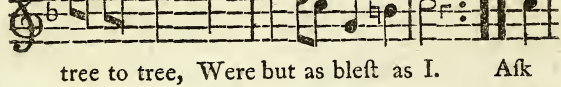
My days have been ſo wond'rous free, The



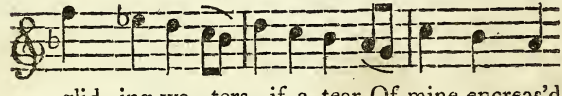
little birds that fly, With careleſs eaſe, from



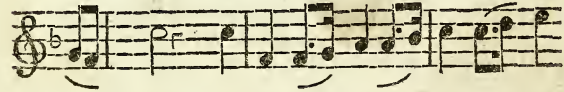
tree to tree, Were but as bleſt as I. Aſk



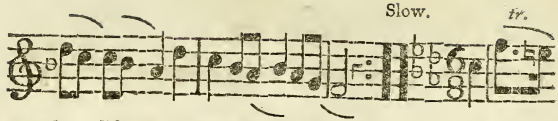
glid-ing wa-ters, if a tear Of mine encreas'd



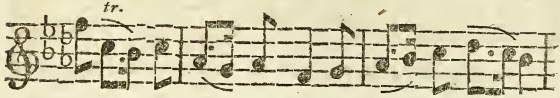
their ſtream; Or aſk the paſſing gales, if e'er



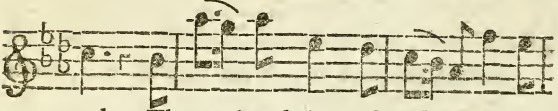
I lent a ſigh to them: Or aſk the paſſing



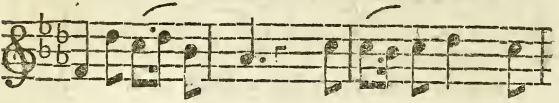
gales, If e'er I lent a ſigh to them. But now



my former days retire, And I'm by beauty



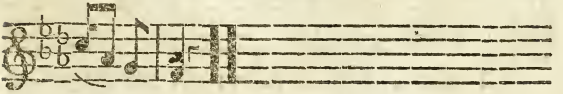
caught: The tender chains of ſoft deſire are



fix'd upon my thought: An ea-ger hope, with-

in my breaſt, Does every doubt controul,

And love-ly Bet-ſy ſtands confeſt the fav'rite



of my ſoul.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines,
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye cloſe retreats of love.
With all of nature, all of art,
Aſſiſt the dear deſign.
O teach a young unpractis'd heart
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of deſpair!
And hardly covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.
'Tis true, the paſſion of my mind
Is mixt with ſoft diſtreſs;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

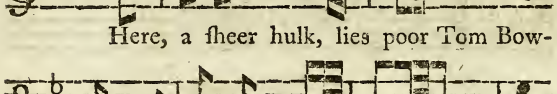
But if ſhe treats me with diſdain,
And ſlights my well-meant love,
Or looks with pleaſure on my pain,
A pain ſhe wont remove;
Farewell, ye birds, and lonely pines,
Adieu to groans and ſighs.
I'll leave my paſſion to the winds,
Love unreturn'd ſoon dies.

N. B. *The Second and Third Stanzas muſt be ſung to the laſt Air, and the Fourth Stanza to the Former.*

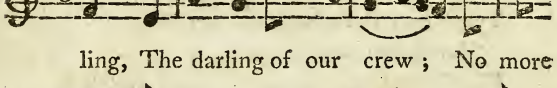
SONG X.

POOR TOM, OR THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

Here, a ſheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bow-

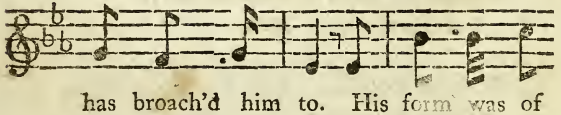


ling, The darling of our crew; No more

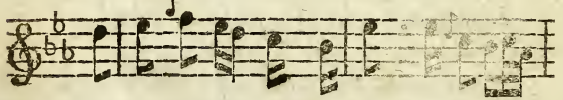


he'll hear the tempeſt howling, For death

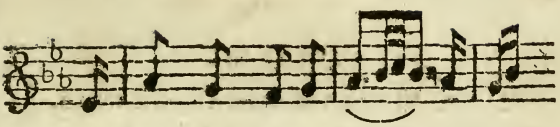
has broach'd him to. His form was of



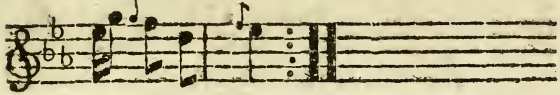
the manlieſt beauty, His heart was kind and



ſoft; Faithful below he did his du-ty,



And now he's gone a - - - loft, And now



he's gone a - - loft.

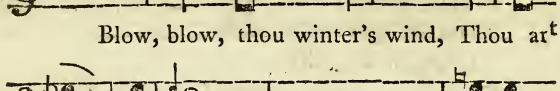
Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were ſo rare,
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd ſing ſo blithe and jolly,
Ah many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet ſhall Poor Tom find pleaſant weather,
When he who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars diſpatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For, tho' his body's under hatches,
His ſoul is gone aloft.

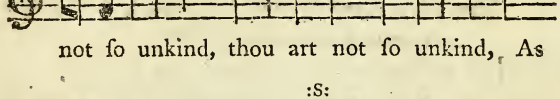
SONG XI.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER'S WIND.

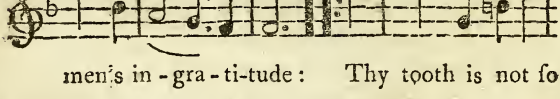
Blow, blow, thou winter's wind, Thou art



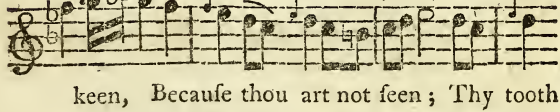
not ſo unkind, thou art not ſo unkind, As



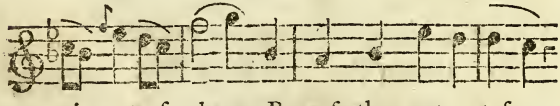
men's in - gra - ti-tude: Thy tooth is not ſo



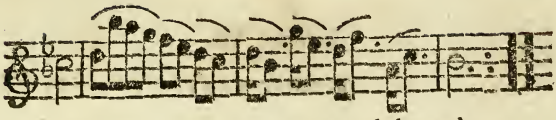
keen, Becauſe thou art not ſeen; Thy tooth



is not ſo keen, Becauſe thou art not ſeen;



Altho' thy breath be rude, Altho' thy breath

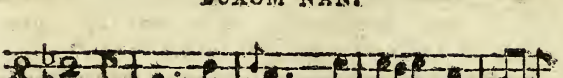


be rude, Al - tho' thy breath be rude.

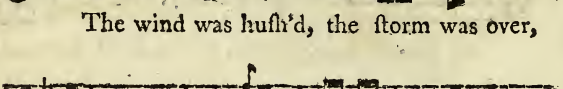
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefit forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remember'd not.

SONG XII.

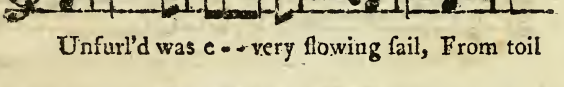
BUXOM NAN.



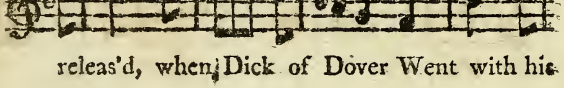
The wind was hush'd, the ſtorm was over,



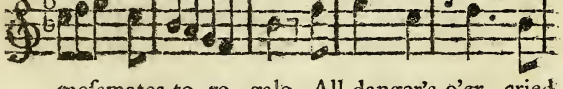
Unfurl'd was e - - very flowing ſail, From toil



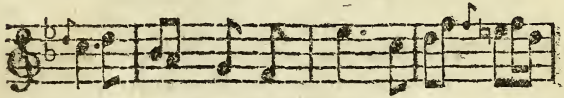
releas'd, when Dick of Dover Went with his



meſsmates to re - gale. All danger's o'er, cried

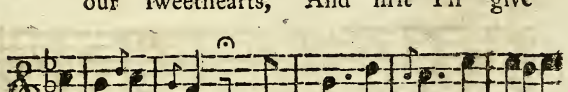


he, my neathearts, Drown care, then, in the

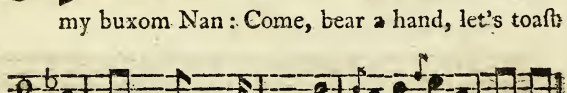


ſmiling can: Come, bear a hand, let's toaſt

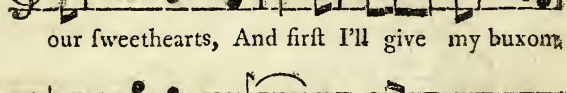
our ſweethearts, And firſt I'll give



my buxom Nan: Come, bear a hand, let's toaſt



our ſweethearts, And firſt I'll give my buxom



Nan, Firſt I'll give my buxom Nan.

She's none of they that's always gigging,
And ſtem and ſtern made up of art;
One knows a veſſel by her rigging,
Such ever ſlight a conſtant heart.

With ſtraw-hat, and pink-ſtreamers flowing,
How oft to meet me has ſhe ran;
While for dear life would I be rowing,
To meet with ſmiles my buxom Nan.

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies,
To ſee him ſtare when he came back,

The girls were ſo all off the hinges,
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack.

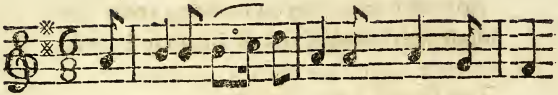
Tant maſted all, to ſee who's talleſt,
Breaſt works, top-ga'nt ſails, and a fan;
Meſſmate, cried I, more ſail than ballaſt,
Ah ſtill give me my buxom Nan.

None on life's ſea can ſail more quicker,
To ſhew her love, or ſerve a friend:
But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor,
This one word more, and there's an end.

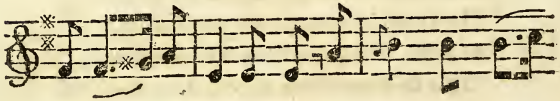
Of all the wenches whatſomever,
I ſay, then, find me out who can,
One half ſo true, ſo kind, ſo clever,
Sweet, trim, and neat, as buxom Nan.

SONG XII.

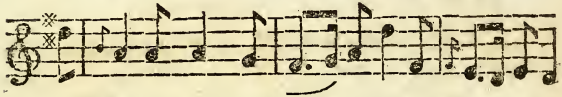
SOMEBODY.



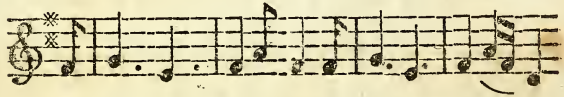
Were I oblig'd to beg my bread, And had



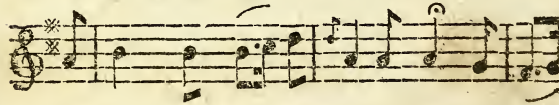
not where to lay my head, I'd creep where yon-



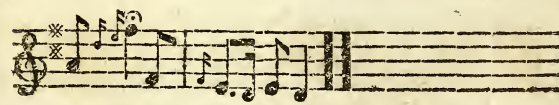
der herds are fed, And ſteal a look at ſomebody.



My own dear ſomebody, my conſtant ſomebody,



I'd creep where yonder herds are fed, and ſteal



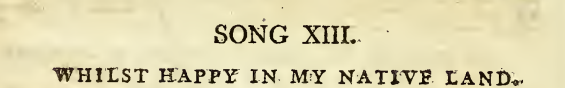
a look at ſome-bo-dy.

When I'm laid low, and am at reſt,
And maybe number'd with the bleſt,
Oh! may thy artleſs feeling breaſt
Throb with regard for—Somebody:
Ah! will you drop the pitying tear,
And ſigh for the loſt—Somebody?

But ſhould I ever live to ſee
That form ſo much ador'd by me,
Then thou'lt reward my conſtancy,
And I'll be bleſt with—Somebody:
Then ſhall my tears be dried by thee,
And I'll be bleſt with—Somebody.

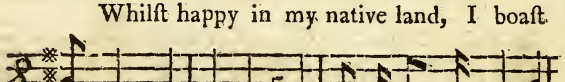
SONG XIII.

WHILST HAPPY IN MY NATIVE LAND.

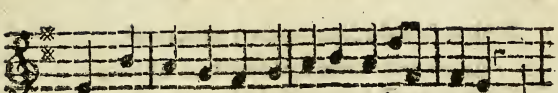


Whilſt happy in my native land, I boaſt

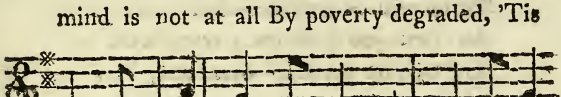
my country's charter, I'll never baſely lend my



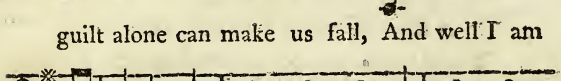
hand, Her liberties to bar-ter. The no-ble



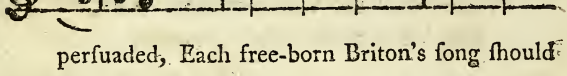
mind is not at all By poverty degraded, 'Tis



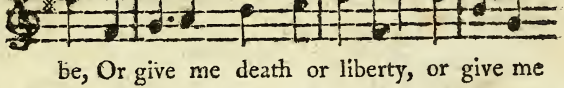
guilt alone can make us fall, And well I am



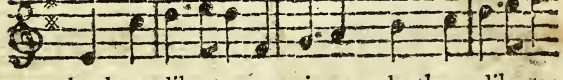
perſuaded, Each free-born Briton's ſong ſhould



be, Or give me death or liberty, or give me



death or liberty, or give me death or liberty,



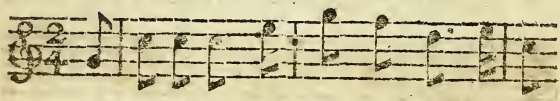
or give me death or liberty.

Tho' ſmall the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts ſhe ſends us,
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom which defends us.

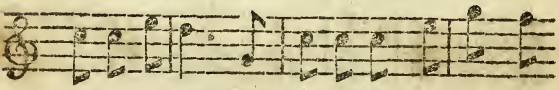
By law fecur'd from lawleſs ſtrife,
Our houſe is our caſtellum;
Thus bleſs'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre ſhall we ſell them?
No:—ev'ry Briton's ſong ſhould be,
Or give me death or liberty, &c.

SONG XIV.

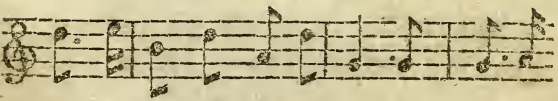
THE VOLUNTEER.



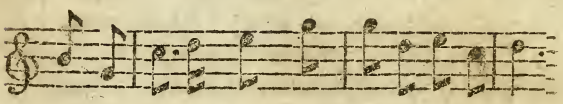
A ſcarlet coat, and ſmart cockade, Are paſ-



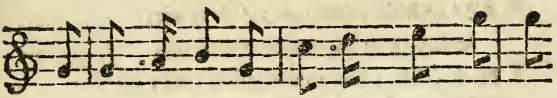
ports to the fair; For Venus ſelf was kind, 'tis



ſaid, To Mars the God of war. Then, ſince my

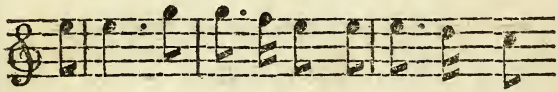


country calls to arms, Love's livery will I wear;

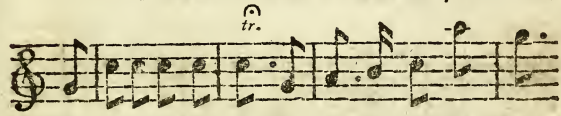


Nor ſeek reward ſave Nanny's charms, But go

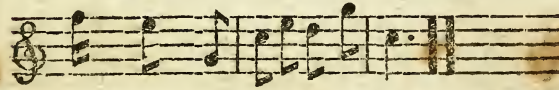
a volunteer, but go a volunteer, but go a vo-



lunteer; Nor ſeek reward ſave Nanny's charms,



But go a volunteer, Nor ſeek reward ſave Nan-



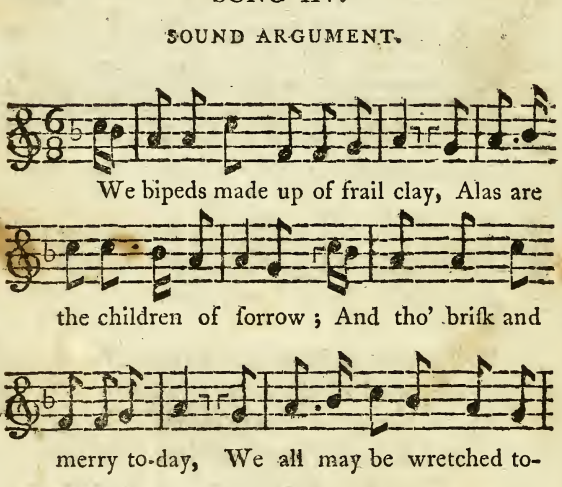
ny's charms, but go a volunteer.

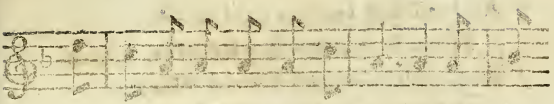
Should fortune ſmile, and grant me fame,
The laurel will be thine,
The flowers of love I only claim,
Ah! let their ſweets entwine.
Then ſince my country calls to arms,
Love's liv'ry will I wear,
Nor ſeek reward ſave Nanny's charms,
But go a volunteer.

All hardſhips ſeem as light as air,
While Britiſh maids we guard,
Each ſoldier has one darling care,
Her ſmiles his beſt reward.
Then ſince my country calls to arms,
Love's liv'ry will I wear,
Nor ſeek reward ſave Nanny's charms,
But go a volunteer.

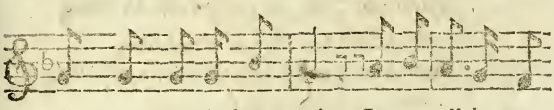
SONG XV.

SOUND ARGUMENT.

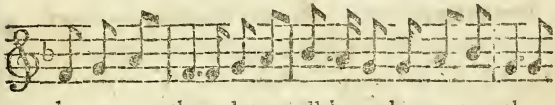




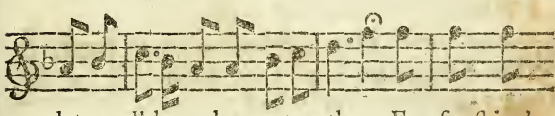
Then fearful of life's ſtormy weather, Leſt plea-



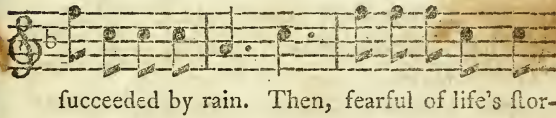
ſure ſhould only bring pain: Let us all be un-



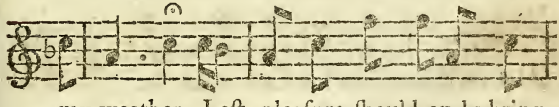
happy together, let us all be unhappy together,



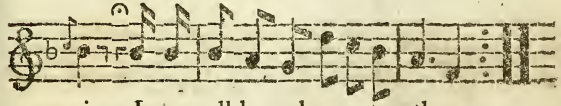
let us all be unhappy together, For ſunſhine's



ſucceeded by rain. Then, fearful of life's ſtor-



my weather, Leſt pleaſure ſhould on-ly bring



pain, Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the beſt bleſſing we know
Is a friend---for true friendſhip's a treaſure;
And yet, leſt your friend prove a foe,
Oh taſte not the dangerous pleaſure.
Thus friendſhip's a flimſy affair;
Thus riches and health are a bubble;
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleaſing but trouble.

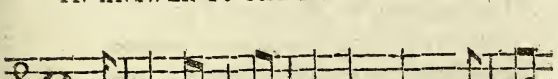
If a mortal would point out that life,
That on earth could be neareſt to heaven,
Let him, thanking his ſtars, chooſe a wife,
To whom truth and honour are given:
But honour and truth are ſo rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, ſo tingle,
That with all my reſpect for the fair,
I'd adviſe him to ſigh and live ſingle.

It appears from theſe premiſes plain,
That wiſdom is nothing but folly,
That pleaſure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy.
That all thoſe who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine friſk and fun to be grieving;
And that, ſince we muſt all of us die,
We ſhould all be unhappy while living.

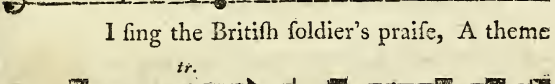
SONG XVII.

THE NEGLECTED SOLDIER.

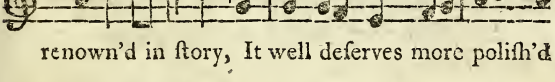
IN ANSWER TO THE NEGLECTED TAR.



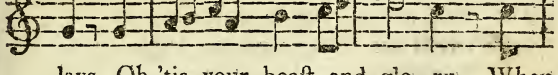
I ſing the Britiſh ſoldier's praiſe, A theme



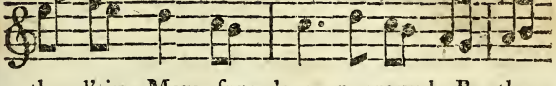
renown'd in ſtory, It well deſerves more poliſh'd



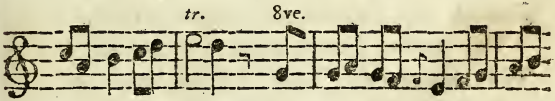
lays, Oh 'tis your boaſt and glo-ry. When



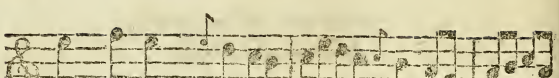
thund'ring Mars ſpreads war around, By them



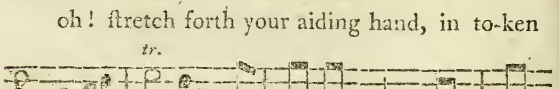
you are protected; But when in peace the na-



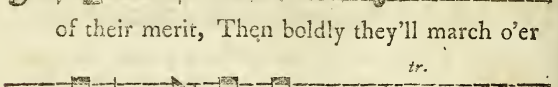
tion's found, Poor ſouls they are neglected. But



oh! ſtretch forth your aiding hand, in to-ken



of their merit, Then boldly they'll march o'er



the land, And ſhew a grateful ſpirit.

For you the muſket firſt he takes,
That you may reſt in quiet,
His wife and children he forſakes,
To ſhift for cloaths and diet.
He's ſudden call'd, he knows not where,
Nor knows he ſhall return
To thoſe he left in deep deſpair,
Whoſe hearts for him yet burn.
But oh! ſtretch forth your bounteous hand,
In juſtice to their merit,
Then cheerful they'll march through the land,
And ſhew a grateful ſpirit.

For you through many a tedious road
He goes without complaining,
From ſcorching heat he ſeeks abode,
Sometimes without obtaining:

By thirſt and hunger oft he's preſt,
Yet ſcorns to droop his head,
Ambition from within his breaſt
He ſubſtitutes as breaſt.
Then oh! ſtretch forth your friendly hand,
In juſtice to his merit,
How cheerful he'll march through the land,
And bleſs your gen'rous ſpirit!

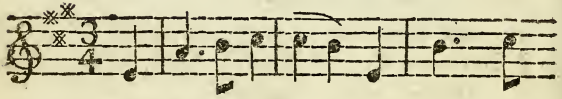
For you through fields of blood they'll ſeek
Your foes of ev'ry nation;
'Tis there bold actions loudly ſpeak
Their worth in ev'ry ſtation.
Firm as a flinty wall they'll ſtand,
Obſerving ſtrict decorum,
Until their leader gives command
To beat down all before 'em.
Then oh! ſtretch forth th' aſſiſting hand,
In juſtice to their merit,
When they return unto their land,
They'll bleſs your noble ſpirit.

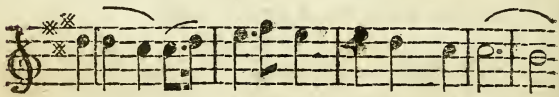
Well, now they've threſh'd the foe, we'll ſay,
Did all within their power,
But little more than blows have they,
Aud one farthing an hour.
Little within the Frenchman's fob.
To recompenſe their labours;
Why then it proves a ſorry job,
Little better than their neighbours.

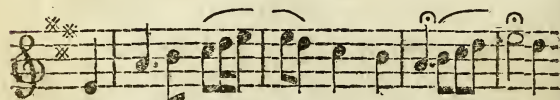
Then oh! ſtretch forth the lib'ral hand,
In juſtice to their merit,
So ſhall they bleſs their happy land,
The land of godlike ſpirit.

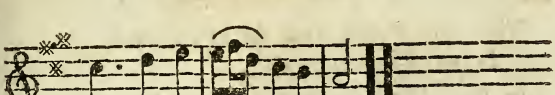
SONG XVIII.

THE PIDGEON.









ſend him a let-ter by thee.

To find him ſwift fly,
The letter I'll tye
Secure to thy leg with a ſtring:
Ah! not to my leg,
Fair lady I beg,
But faſten it under my wing.

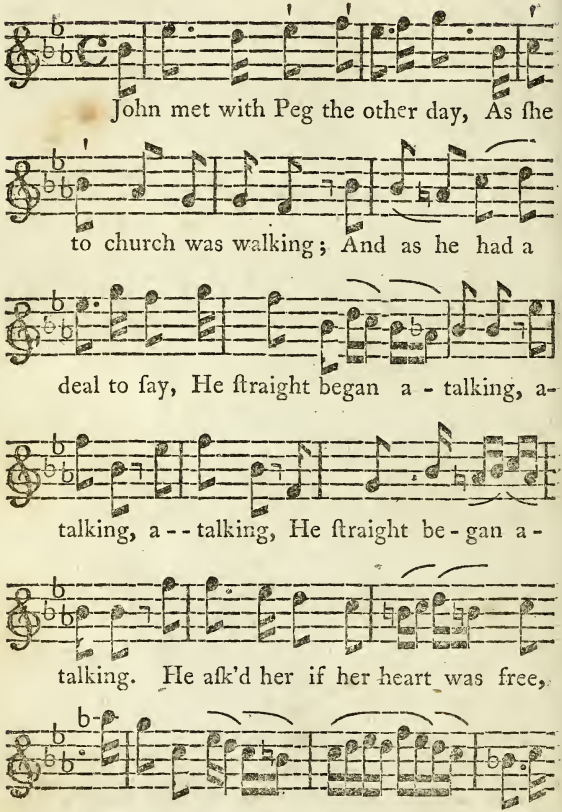
Her dove ſhe did deck,
She drew o'er his neck
A bell and a collar ſo gay;
She ty'd to his wing
The ſcroll with a ſtring,
Then kiſs'd him and ſent him away.

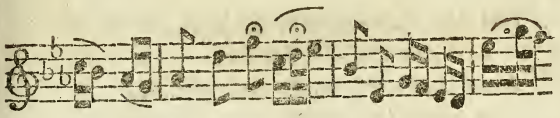
It blew and it rain'd,
The pidgeon diſdain'd
To ſeek ſhelter, undaunted he flew;
'Till wet was his wing,
And painful the ſtring,
So heavy the letter it grew.

He flew all around,
'Till Colin he found,
Then perch'd on his hand with the prize;
Whoſe heart while he reads,
With tenderneſs bleeds
For the pigeon,---that flutters---and dies!

SONG XIX.

LOVE AND TIME.





while could plainly ſee Her ſnowy boſom mov'd,

--- Her ſnowy bo - ſom mov'd.

His heart was yet 'tween hope and fear,
And ſtrove his thoughts to ſmother;
Unleſs thoſe heavings of his dear
Perchance were for ſome other.
A while ſhe bluſh'd, and now ſhe ſmil'd,
Cry'd, pr'ythee be not ſimple;
When love the more his heart beguil'd,
And ſported in each dimple.

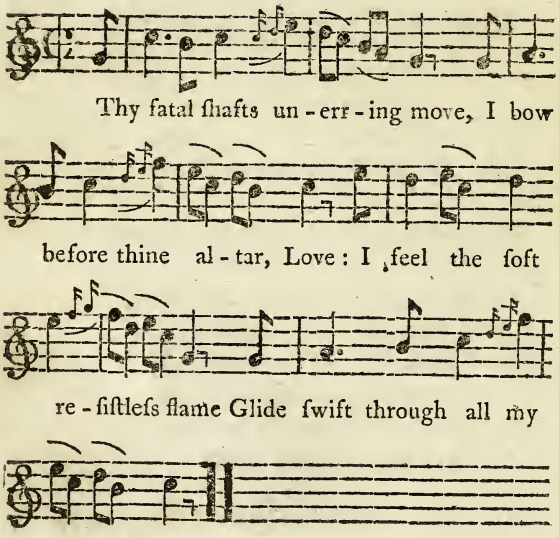
She thought he talk'd too ſoon of love---
'Twas time enough for wooing:
He told her time would ſwiftly move,
And time was love's undoing.
Peg then replied: If that's the caſe,
'Tis time that we were moving;
And ſaid, with ſadneſs in her face,
He ſure won't kill for loving.

Why then, cried John, let's haſte to church,
And all our fears deliver;

Old time ſhall linger in the lurch,
And love ſhall live for ever.
Away they went, made moſt of time,
In ſpite of all his flurry;
Love ſaw they both were in their prime,
And join'd them in a hurry.

SONG XX.

THY FATAL SHAFTS UNERRING MOVE.



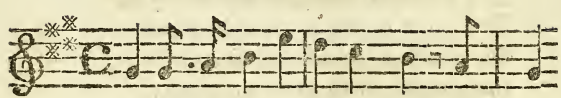
For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transport whelm my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain,
In soothing numbers to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

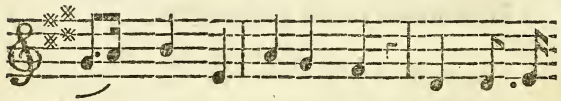
Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop this silent tear;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die.

SONG XX.

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

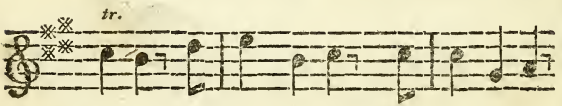


Dear is my little native vale, The ring-

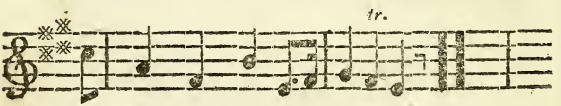


dove builds and warbles there, Close by my

cote she tells her tale To every passing vil-



la - ger: The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,



And shells his nuts at liberty.

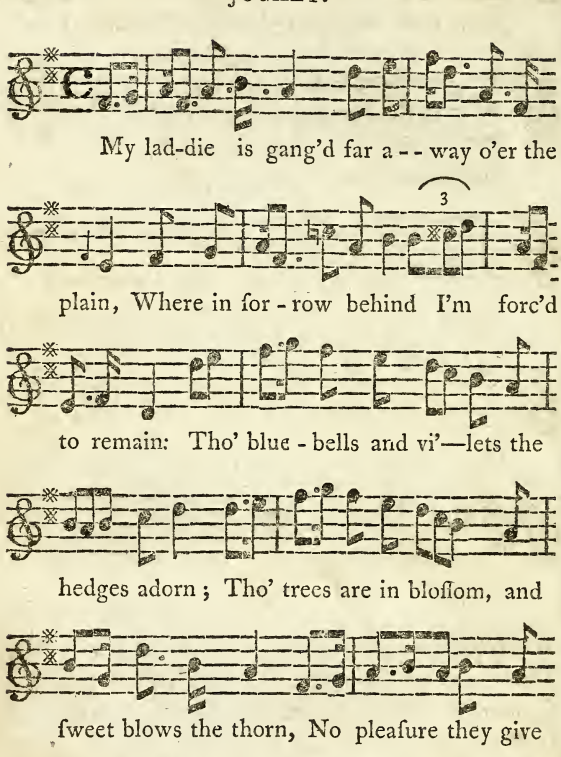
In orange groves, and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of frag'rance round,
I charm the fairy footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound.

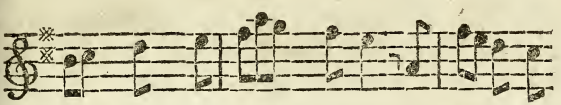
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For thoſe that win the race at eve.

The ſhepherds horn, at break of day,
The ballet danc'd at twilight glade,
The canzonet, and roundelay,
Sung in the ſilent greenwood ſhade:
Theſe ſimple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

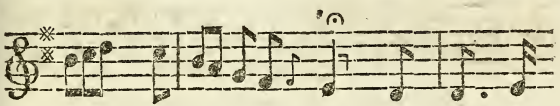
SONG XXI.

JOCKEY.



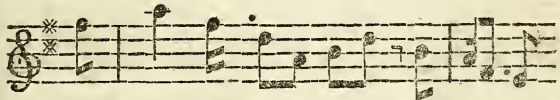


pleaſe now, my Jockey's away, Forlorn I ſit

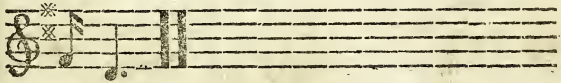


ſinging, and this is my ſtrain : Haſte, haſte my

deareſt Jockey, haſte, haſte my deareſt Jockey,



Haſte, haſte, my deareſt Jockey, to me back



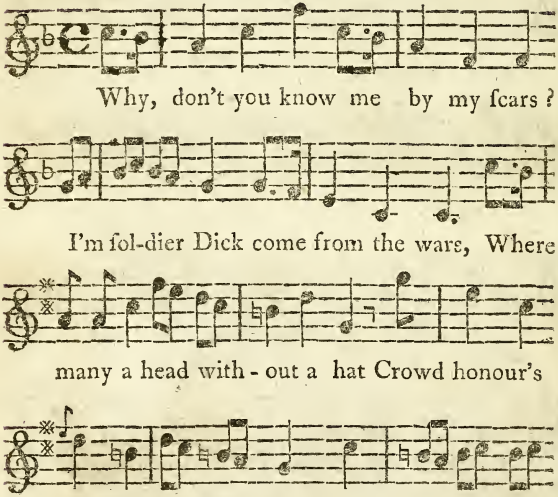
a - - gain.

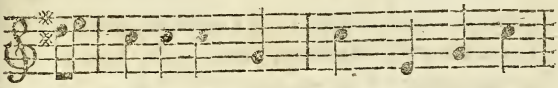
When the lads and their laſſes are on the green met,
They dance and they ſing, they laugh and they chat ;
Contented and happy, their hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment ſee :
Thoſe paſtimes offend me, my Shepherd's not there,
No pleaſure I reliſh that Jockey don't ſhare ;
It makes me to ſigh, I from tears ſcarce refrain,
I wiſh my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope ſhall ſuſtain me, nor will I deſpair;
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;
On fond expectation my wiſhes I'll feaſt,
For Love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haſte.
Then farewell, each care, and adieu each vain ſigh,
Who'll then be ſo bleſt or ſo happy as I:
I'll ſing on the meadows, and alter my ſtrain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

SONG XXII.

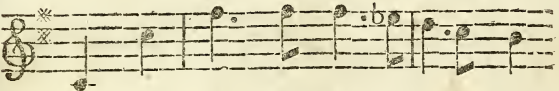
SOLDIER DICK.



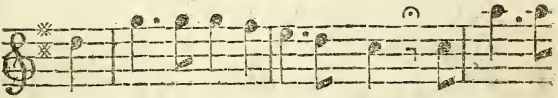


but what of that? Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis

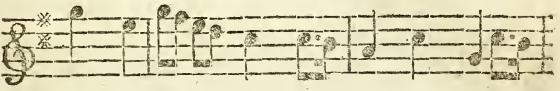
glo-ry calls, What ar-gufies who ſtands or



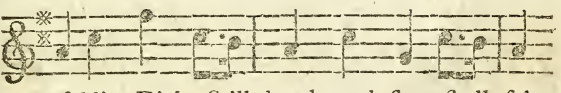
falls! Lord! what ſhould one be for-ry for?



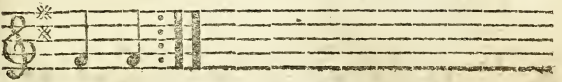
Life's but the fortune of the war: Then rich or



poor, or well or ſick, Still laugh and ſing ſhall



ſoldier Dick, Still laugh and ſing ſhall ſol-



dier Dick.

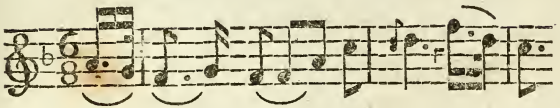
I uſed to look two ways at once,
A bullet hit me on the ſconce,
And douſh'd my eye---d'ye think I'd wince!
Why, Lord! I've never ſquinted ſince.
Beat drums, &c.

Some diſtant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms;
While others die ſafe in their beds,
Who all their lives had wooden heads.
Beat drums, &c.

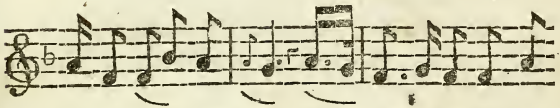
Thus gout or fever, ſword or ſhot,
Or ſomething ſends us all to pot:
That we're to die, then, do not grieve,
But let's be merry while we live.
Beat drums, &c.

SONG XXIII.

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

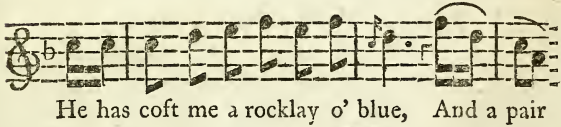


I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane, He lo'ed

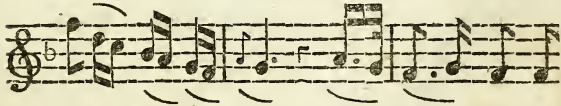


ne'er a laſſie but me; He is willing to mak' me

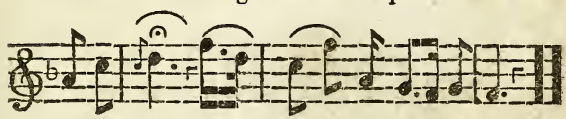
his ain, And his ain I am willing to be.



He has coft me a rocklay o' blue, And a pair



o' mit-tins o' green: The price was a kiſs



o' my mou' And I paid him the debt yeſtreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordly degree
I carena for ought but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordly to me:
His words mair than ſugar are ſweet,
His ſenſe drives ilk fear far awa';
I liſten, poor fool! and I greet,
Yet, oh! how ſweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear laſſie," he cries wi' a jeer,
"Ne'er heed what the auld anes will ſay;
"Tho' we've little to brag o', ne'er fear,
"What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
"Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
"Yet ſee! how he's dwining wi' care;
"Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,
"Are cantie and leil evermair.

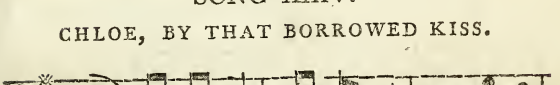
"O Menie! the heart that is true,
"Has ſomething mair coſtly than gear,
"Ilk e'en it has has naithing to rue,
"Ilk morn it has naithing to fear.
"Ye wardlings! gae hoard up your ſtore,
"And tremble for fear ought ye tyne:
"Guard your treaſures wi' lock, bar, and door,
"While thus in my arms I lock mine."

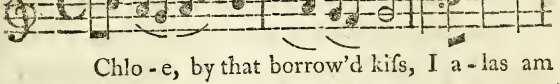
He ends wi' a kiſs and a ſmile,
Waes me! can I take it amiſs,

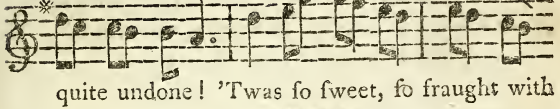
When a lad, fae unpractis'd in guile,
Smiles saftly, and ends wi' a kiss!
Ye lasses, wha lo'e to torment
Your lemans wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks,---for I've gi'en my consent,
And this night I'll take Jamie for life.

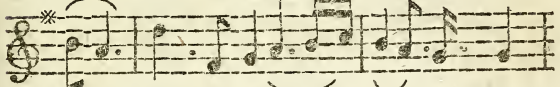
SONG XXIV.

CHLOE, BY THAT BORROWED KISS.





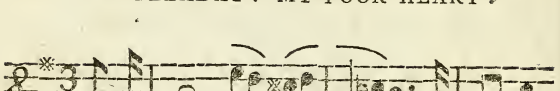




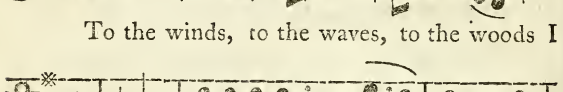
Lest the debt should break your heart,
(Roguish Chloe, smiling, cries)
Come, a thousand, then, in part,
For the present shall suffice.

SONG XXV.

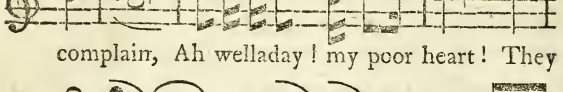
AH WELLADAY! MY POOR HEART!



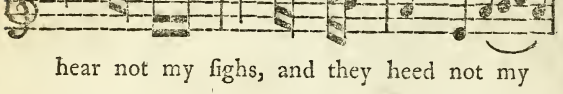
To the winds, to the waves, to the woods I



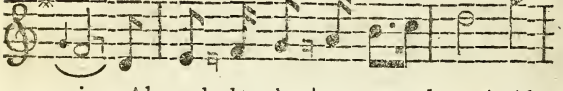
complain, Ah welladay! my poor heart! They



hear not my ſighs, and they heed not my



pain: Ah wel-la-day! my poor heart! Ah



welladay! my poor heart!

The name of my goddeſs I grave on each tree,
Ah well-a-day my poor heart!
'Tis I wound the bark, but Love's arrows wound me;
Ah well-a-day my poor heart!

The heavens I view, and their azure-bright ſkies;
Ah well-a-day my poor heart!
My heaven exiſts in her ſtill brighter eyes;
Ah well-a-day my poor heart!

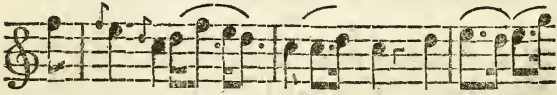
To the Sun's morning ſplendor the poor Indinn bows;
Ah well a-day my poor heart!
But I dare not worſhip where I pay my vows;
Ah well-a-day my poor heart!

His God each morn riſes, and he can adore;
Ah well-a-day my poor heart!
But my goddeſs to me muſt ſoon never riſe more;
Ah well-a-day my poor heart!

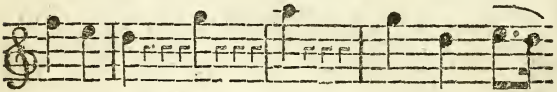
SONG XXVI.

THE SOV'REIGN OF THE SEAS.

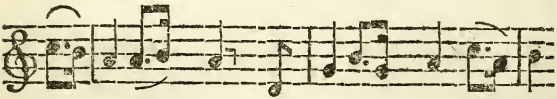
Thus, thus my boys, our anchor's weigh'd,



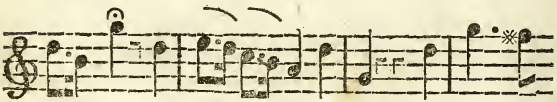
The glorious Britiſh flag's diſplay'd, Unfurl'd the



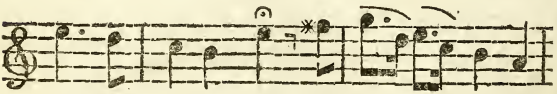
ſwelling ſail: Sound, ſound, ſound your ſhells,



ye Tritons, ſound, Let ev'-ry heart with joy

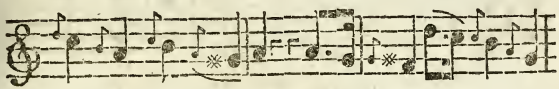


rebound, We ſcud before the gale; Let e-v'ry



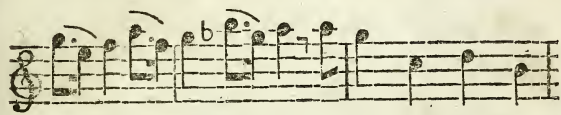
heart with joy rebound, We ſcud be-fore the

gale. For Neptune quits his wa - try car, De-

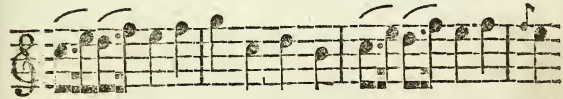


pos'd by Jove's de - cree, Who hails a free-born

Britiſh tar the Sov'reign of the ſeas: Who hails



a true-born Britiſh tar the ſov'reign of the



ſeas, The ſov'reign of the ſeas - - - The ſov'-

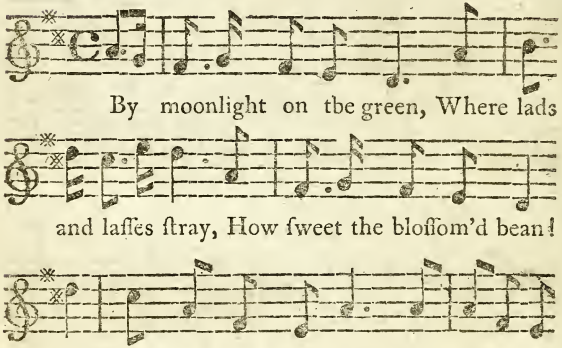
reign of the ſeas.

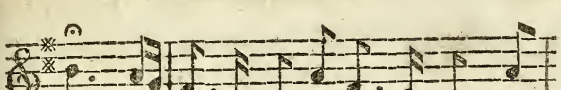
A ſail a head, our decks we clear,
Our canvas crowd, the chace we near,
In vain the Frenchman flies:

A broadſide pour'd through clouds of ſmoke,
Our Captain roars, my hearts of Oak,
Now draw and board your Prize.
For Neptune, &c.

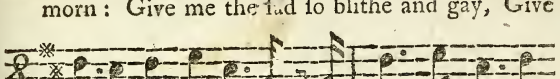
SONG XXVII.

THE TARTAN PLAIDIE.

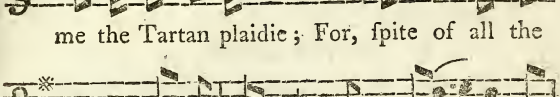




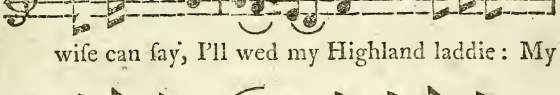
morn: Give me the lad ſo blithe and gay, Give



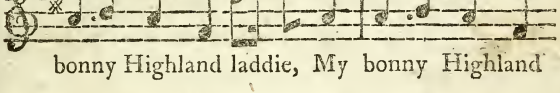
me the Tartan plaidie; For, ſpite of all the



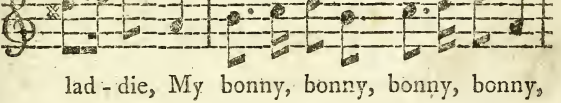
wiſe can ſay, I'll wed my Highland laddie: My



bonny Highland laddie, My bonny Highland



lad-die, My bonny, bonny, bonny, bonny,



bonny Highland lad-die.

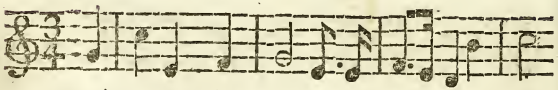
His ſkin is white as ſnow,
His e'en are bonny blue,
Like roſe-bud ſweet his mou'
When wet wi' morning dew.

Young Will is rich and great,
And fain wou'd ca' me his;
But what is pride or ſtate,
Without love's ſmiling Bliſs?
Give me the lad, &c.

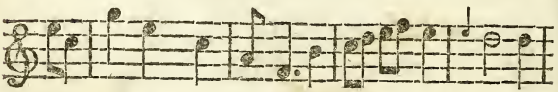
When firſt he talk'd of love,
He look'd ſae blithe and gay,
His flame I did approve,
And cou'd na ſay him nay.
Then to the kirk I'll haſte,
There prove my love and truth;
Reward a love ſae chaſte,
And wed the conſtant Youth.
Give me the lad, &c

SONG XXVIII.

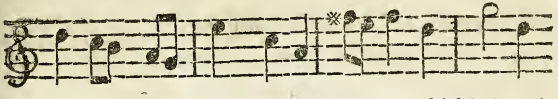
NEW ANACREONTIC SONG.



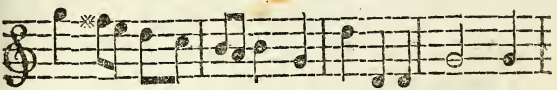
Anacreon they ſay was a jol-ly old blade,



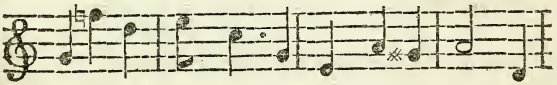
A Gr ecian choice ſpirit, and po-et by trade. A-



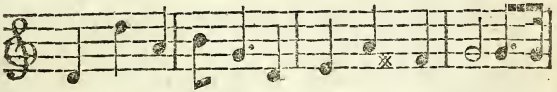
nacreon, they ſay, was a jol - - ly old blade, A



Grecian choice ſpirit, and poet by trade. To



Venus and Bacchus he tun'd up his lays; For



Love and a bumper he ſung all his days: To

Venus and Bacchus he tun'd up his lays, For

love and a bumper, For love and a bumper he

ſung all his days.

He laugh'd as he quaff'd ſtill the juice of the vine,
And tho' he was human was look'd on divine,
At the feaſt of good humour he always was there,
And his fancy and ſonnets ſtill baniſh'd dull care.

Good wine, boys, ſays he, is the liquor of Jove,
'Tis our comfort below and their nectar above;
Then while round the table the bumper we paſs,
Let the toaſt be to Venus and each ſmiling laſs.

Apollo may torment his catgut or wire,
Yet Bacchus and Beauty the theme muſt inſpire,
Or elſe all his humming and ſtrumming is vain,
The true joys of heaven he'd never obtain.

To love and be lov'd how tranſporting the bliſs,
While the heart-cheering glaſs gives a zeſt to each
kiſs;
With Bacchus and Venus I'll ever combine,
For drinking and kiſſing are pleaſures divine.

As ſons of Anacreon then let us be gay,
With drinking and love paſs the moments away;
With wine and with beauty let's fill up the ſpan,
For that's the beſt method, deny it who can.

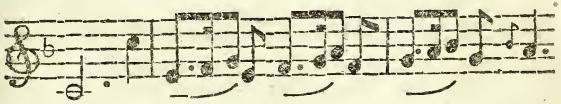
SONG XXIX.

HEDSOR DALE.

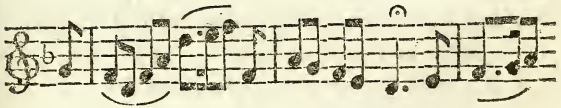
Each fluent bard, replete with wit, In

e--qual numbers ſhines, And ſmoothly flows

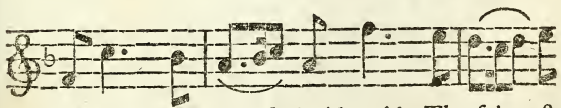
ſome fan-cied name To grace his po-liſh'd



lines: He calls the Mu--ſes to his aid,

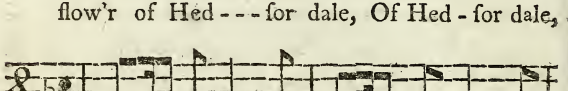


In verſe he tells his am'rous tale. Be thou

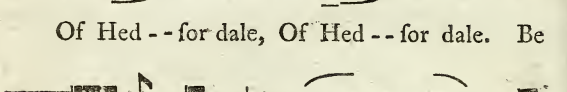


my muſe, thou much lov'd maid, The fair-eſt

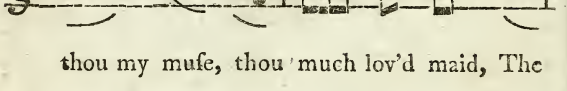
flow'r of Hed - - - for dale, Of Hed - for dale,



Of Hed - - for dale, Of Hed - - for dale. Be



thou my muſe, thou much lov'd maid, The



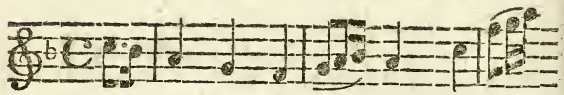
fair - - eſt flow'r of Hedſor dale.

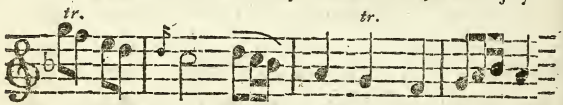
I feel the warm, the pleaſing fire
Within my boſom roll,
And pureſt love and chaſte deſire
Steal ſoftly on my ſoul:
In vain I wou'd the flame conceal,
And hide thoſe cares my heart aſſail;
My talk and looks and ſighs prevail,
I love the flow'r of Hedſor Dale!

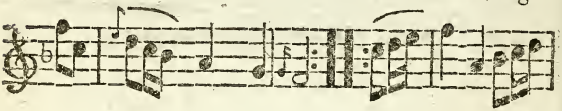
What pity—that a nymph so fair,
With winning shape and face,
Should be devoted to some clown,
Or rustic's rude embrace!
That form demands a better fate;
Sweet hope, perhaps I can prevail;
I'll try before it is too late,
To cull the flow'r of Hedsor Dale.

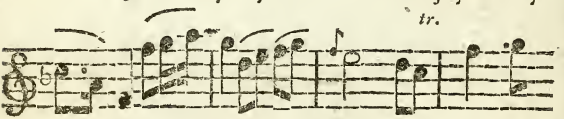
SONG XXX.

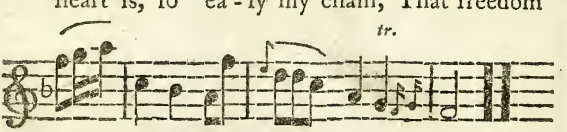
HOW BLEST HAS MY TIME BEEN.











Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we ſtray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleaſing their ſport is! the wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſy and me.

To try her ſweet temper, oft times am I ſeen,
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
Tho' painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and ſmiles.

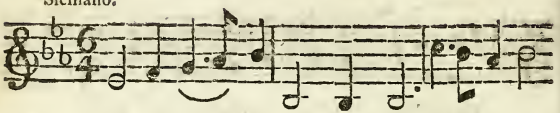
What tho' on her cheeks the roſe loſes its hue,
Her wit and good humour blooms all the year thro':
Time ſtill, as he flies, adds increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth.

Ye ſhepherds ſo gay, who make love to enſnare,
And cheat with falſe vows the too credulous fair,
In ſearch of true pleaſure how vainly you roam,
To hold it for life you muſt find it at home.

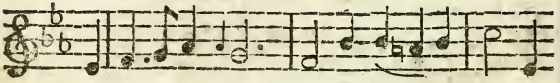
SONG XXXI.

THE WOLF.

Siciliano.



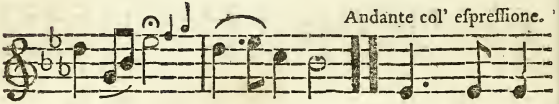
At the peaceful midnight hour, Every ſenſe



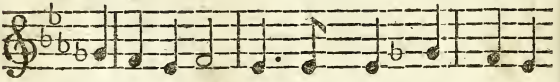
and e-ve-ry power, Fetter'd lies in downy

ſleep: Then our careful watch we keep, Then

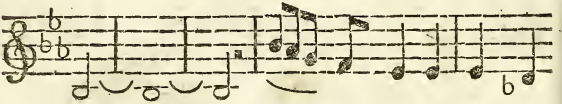
Andante col' eſpreſſione.



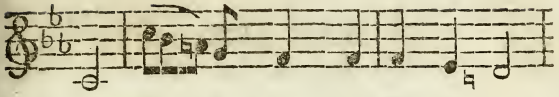
our careful watch we keep. While the wolf



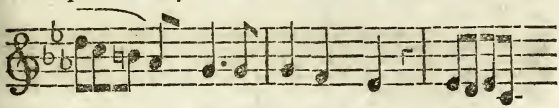
in nightly prowl, Bays the moon with hideous



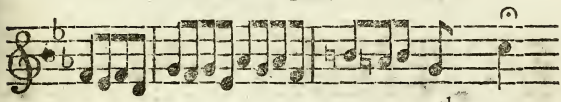
howl, - - - - - - While the wolf, in nightly



prowl, Bays the moon with hideous howl:

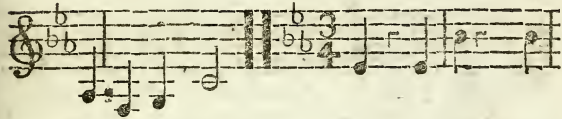


While the wolf in nightly prowl, Bays -----



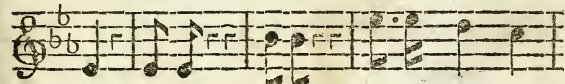
---------- the moon

Adagio. Allegro con ſpirito.

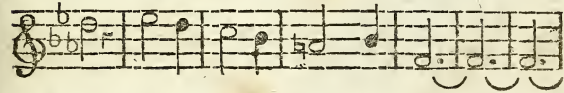


with hideous howl. Gates are barr'd, a

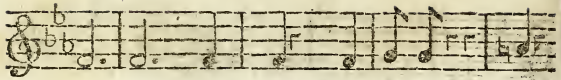
vain reſiſtance; Females ſhriek, but no aſſiſt-



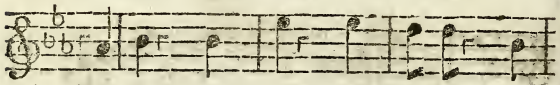
ance: Silence, ſilence, or you meet your



fate; Silence, or you meet your fate ------

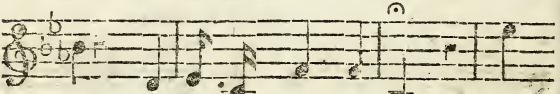


------ Your keys, your jewels, caſh

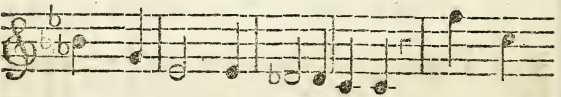


and plate! Your keys, your jewels, your

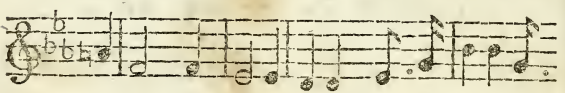
jewels, caſh and plate, your jewels, caſh and



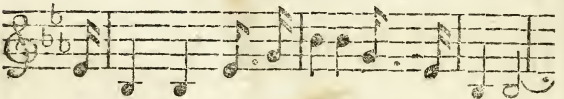
plate, your jewels, caſh and plate. Locks,



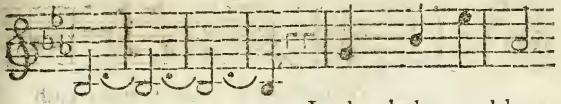
bolts, and bars, ſoon fly aſunder: Locks, bolts,



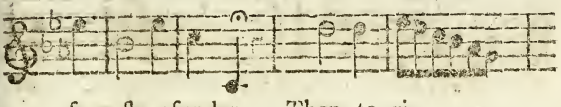
and bars, ſoon fly aſunder, Then to rifle, rob,



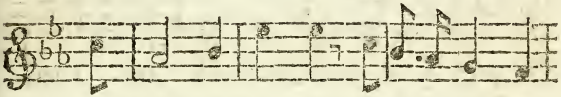
and plunder: Then to rifle, rob, and plunder



---------- Locks, bolts, and bars,



ſoon fly aſunder, Then to ri----- ---



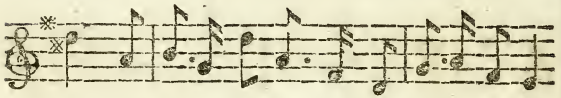
--fle, rob, and plunder, To rifle, rob, and

plunder, To rifle, rob, and plunder.

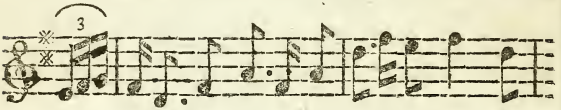
SONG XXXII.

JEMMY AND NANNY.

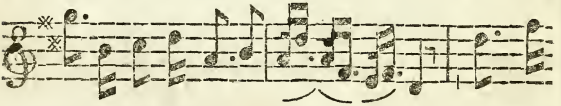
When innocent paſtime our pleaſure did



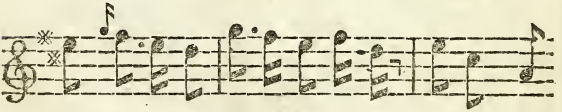
crown, Upon a green meadow, or under a tree;



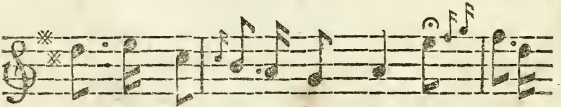
E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town, How



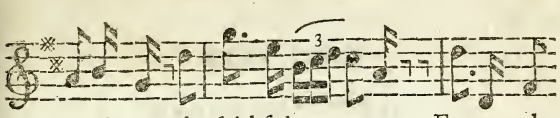
lovely and loving and bonny was ſhe! Rouze up



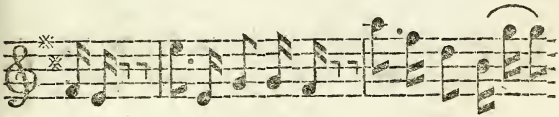
thy reaſon, my beautiful Nanny, Let no new



whim take thy fan-cy from me: Oh! as thou



art bonny, be faithful as o-ny, Favour thy



Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy

who doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the ſpleen?
Can tyning of trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can lap-dogs, or monkies, draw tears from theſe een?
That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me!
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me:
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think upon Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah! ſhould a new mantua, or Flanders-lace head,
Or yet a wee cotty, tho' never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetful, or let his heart bleed,
That anes had ſome hope of purchaſing thine?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And dinna prefer your fleegaries to me:

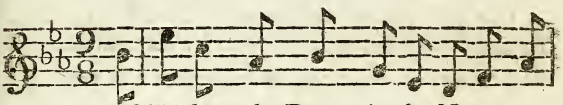
O! as thou art bonny, be ſolid and canny,
And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris-edition of new-fangled Sawny,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adorning himſelf be admir'd by fair Annie,
And aim at thoſe bennisons promiſ'd to me:
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And never prefer a light dancer to me:
O! as thou art bonny, be conſtant and canny,
Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

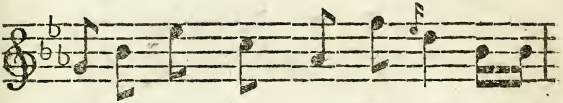
O think, my dear charmer, on ilka ſweet hour,
That ſlade awa' ſaftly between thee and me,
'Ere ſquirrels, or beaux, or fopp'ry had pow'r,
To rival my love, or impoſe upon thee.
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And let thy deſires be a' center'd in me:
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

SONG XXXIV.

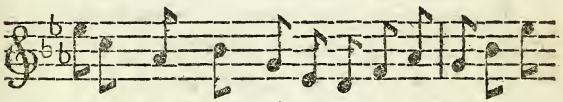
THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.



I ſail'd from the Downs in the Nancy, my

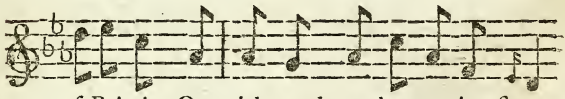


jibb how ſhe ſmack'd thro' the breeze! She's a

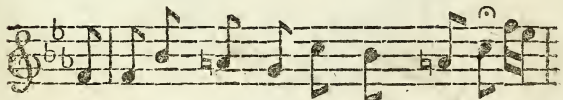


veſſel quite rigg'd to my fancy, As e'er ſail'd

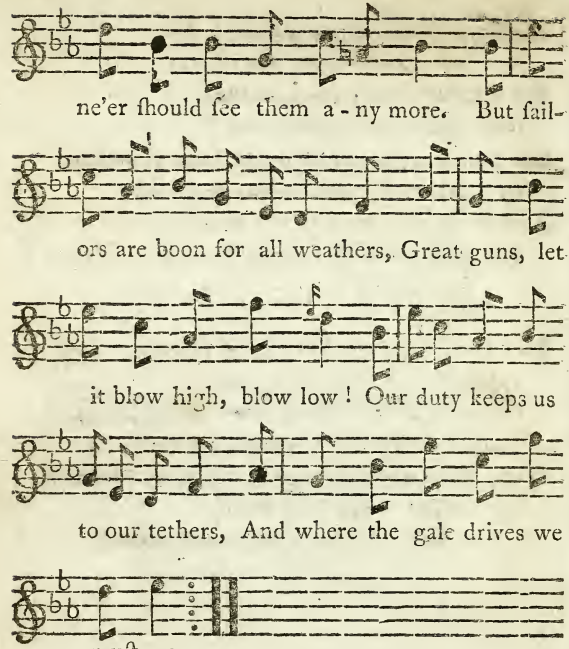
on the ſalt ſeas: Then adieu to the white cliffs



of Britain, Our girls, and our dear native ſhore,



For if ſome hard rock we ſhould ſplit on, We



When we enter'd the gut of Gibralter,
I verily thought ſhe'd have ſunk,
For the wind ſo began for to alter;
She yaul'd juſt as tho' ſhe was drunk.
The ſquall tore the mainſail to ſhivers,
Helm-a-weather the hoarſe botſwain cries;
Set the foreſail a-thwart ſea ſhe quivers,
As through the rough tempeſt ſhe flies.
But ſailors, &c

The ſtorm came on thicker and faſter,
As black then as pitch was the ſky;
But then what a dreadful diſaſter,
Befel three poor ſeamen and I.
Ben Buntlen, Sam Shroud and Dick Handſail,
By a gale that came furious and hard;
And as we were furling the mainſail,
We were every ſoul ſwept from the yard.
But ſailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam and Dick cried piecavi,
When I at the riſk of my neck,
While in peace they ſunk down to old Davy,
Caught a rope and ſo landed on deck.
Well, what would you have, we were ſtranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred, that ſail'd, never landed,
But I, and I think, twenty two.
But ſailors, &c.

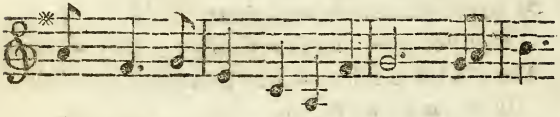
At laſt then at ſea having miſcarried,
Another gueſs way ſet the wind;
To England I came and got married,
To a laſs that was comely and kind.
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born;
Perhaps we may find a kind ſtation,
Perhaps we may touch at Cape Horn.
But ſailors, &c

SONG XXXV.

OUR TRADE TO WORK IN CLAY BEGAN.

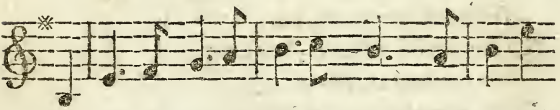
Our trade to work in clay began, Ere the

firſt man was made; For out of clay was made

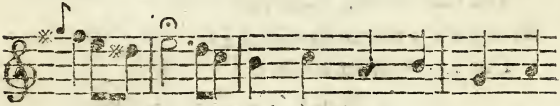


this man, And thus began our trade. Since man

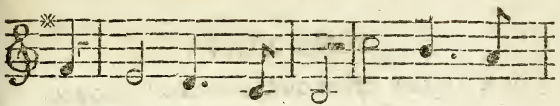
is but an earthen jug, The jug then let us fill;



For this to empty t'other mug good liquor's



welcome ſtill. In earth, my boys, let's work our



way, And when we're dry, and when we're

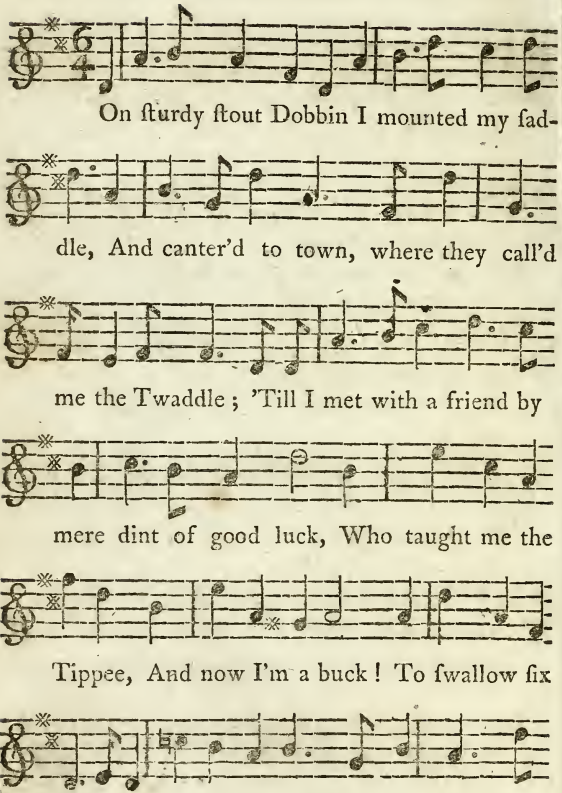
dry, we'll wet the clay.

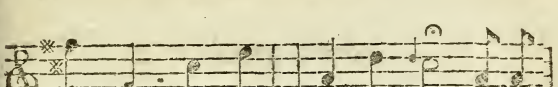
See here a noble chriſt'ning bowl,
But fill it to the brim;
So large, the baby (pretty ſoul)
May like young Indians ſwim:
The Covent Garden ſwell at jupps,
In this may take his go,
For Aſhley's punch houſe here are cups,
Pro bono publico.
And when we're dry, &c.

And why abroad our money fling,
To pleaſe our fickle fair,
No more from China, China bring,
Here's Engliſh China ware.
Then, friends, put round the foaming mug,
And take it with good will,
Since man is but an earthen jug,
This jug then let us fill.
And when we're dry, &c.

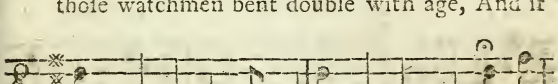
SONG XXXVI.

THE TWADDLE.

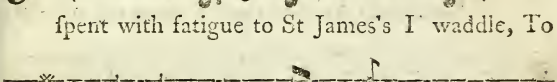




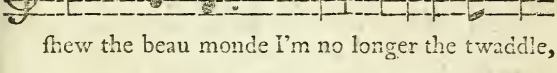
those watchmen bent double with age, And if



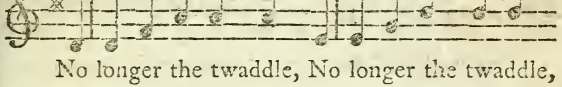
spent with fatigue to St James's I waddle, To



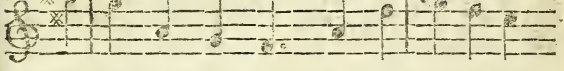
shew the beau monde I'm no longer the twaddle,



No longer the twaddle, No longer the twaddle,



To shew the beau monde I'm no longer the



twaddle.

Having now learnt to read why I take in the papers,
And draining a bumper to banish the vapours,
I scan the fresh quarrels 'twixt new-married spouses,
To match the debates in both Parliament houses.

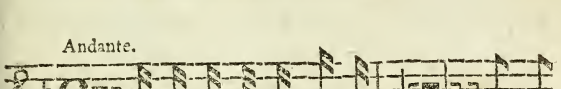
Where patriots and placemen keep wrangling for fame,
The outs are all faultleſs, the ins are to blame;
Tho' the outs are the Tippee, their brains are all addle,
Yet when they get in you ſoon find'em the Twaddle.

When Briton's baſe foes dare preſume to unite,
Old Elliot's the Tippee, becauſe he dare fight.
And to poets, who live on the floor next the ſky,
Roaſt beef is a Tippee they ſeldom come nigh.
The lawyer and doctor both ſtrictly agree
That all is the Twaddle—except 'tis their fee.
And when you from Dover to Calais would ſtraddle,
A balloon is the Tippee, a packet's the Twaddle.

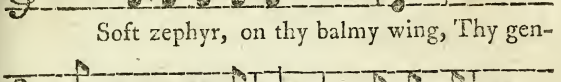
Dick Twiſting is now quite the Twaddle for tea,
Tho' he once was the Tippee for Green and Bohea;
But then we'd no tax to turn day into night,
No dire Commutation to block up our light.
"Leaſt ſaid's ſooneſt mended," I hope I'm not wrong,
If I am, pray excuſe, and I'll hence hold my tongue:
Perhaps you may think me a mere fiddle faddle,
Yet if not quite the Tippee, don't ſay I'm the Twaddle.

SONG XXXVII.

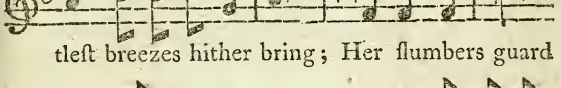
THE MANSION OF PEACE.



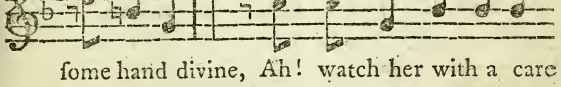
Soft zephyr, on thy balmy wing, Thy gen-



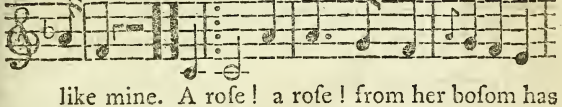
tleſt breezes hither bring; Her ſlumbers guard



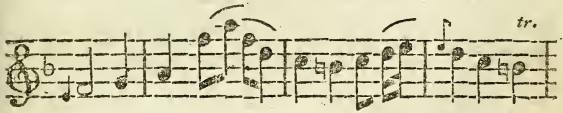
ſome hand divine, Ah! watch her with a care



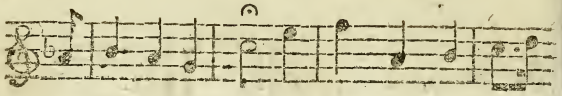
like mine. A roſe! a roſe! from her boſom has



ſtray'd; I'll ſeek to replace it, To replace it with

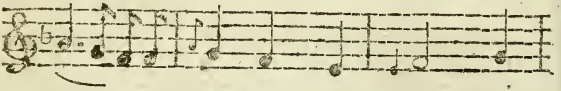


art. A. Art. But no, no, no, 'Twill

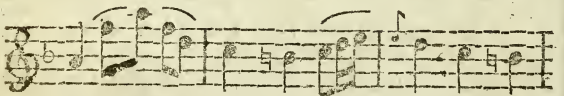


her ſlumbers invade, I'll wear it, fond youth!

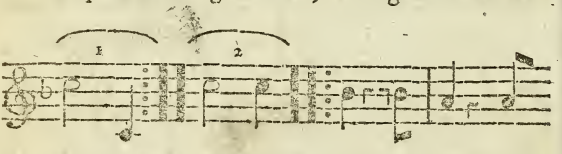
next my heart. But. heart. A-las! ſil-ly



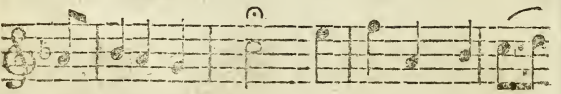
roſe, ſil-ly roſe, hadſt thou known, 'Twas



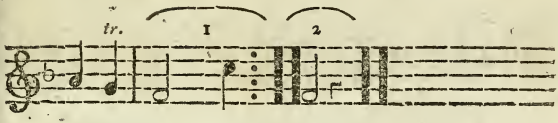
Daphne that gave thee, that gave thee that



place. A place. Thou ne'er, no ne'er from



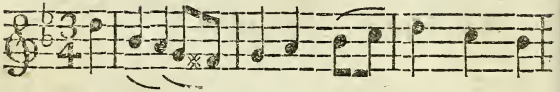
thy ſtation hadſt flown, Her boſom's the man-



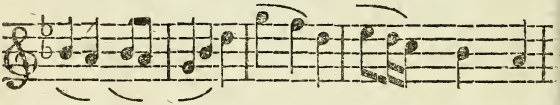
fion of peace. Thou peace.

SONG XXXVIII.

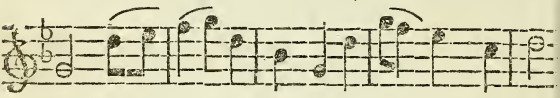
QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.



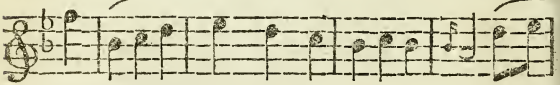
O! thou lov'd country, where my youth was



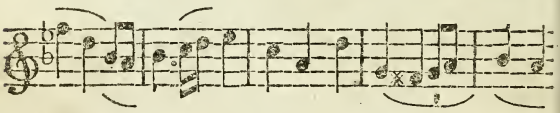
ſpent, Dear golden days, All paſt in ſweet con-



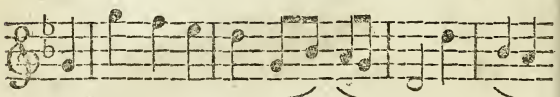
tent, Where the fair morning of my clouded day



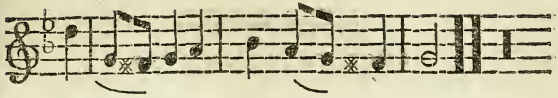
Shone mildly bright, and temperately gay. Dear



France, adieu, a long and ſad farewel! No thought



can image, and no tongue can tell, The pangs

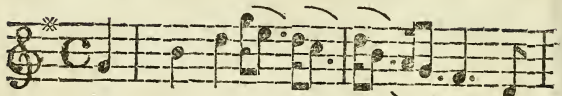


I feel at that drear word---farewell!

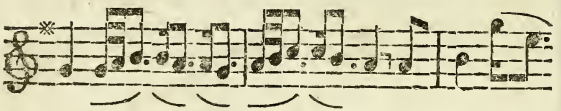
The ſhip that wafts me from thy friendly ſhore,
Conveys my body, but conveys no more.
My ſoul is thine, that ſpark of heav'nly flame,
That better portion of my mingled frame,
Is wholy thine, that part I give to thee,
That in the temple of thy memory,
The other ever may enſhrined be.

SONG XXXIX.

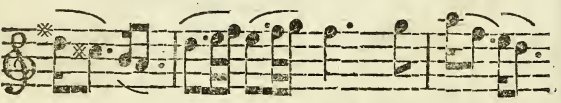
ONCE MORE I'LL TUNE.



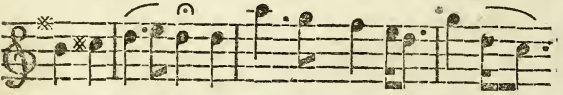
Once more I'll tune the vo - cal ſhell, To



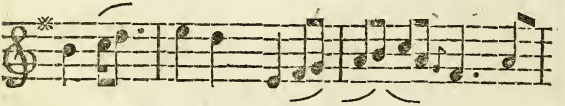
hills and dales my paſ - ſion tell, A flame which



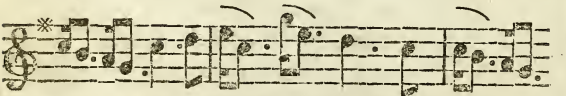
time can ne - - - - ver quell, That burns for



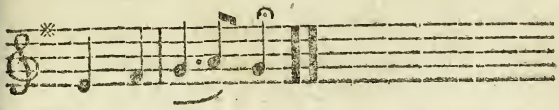
lovely Peggy. Ye greater bards the lyre ſhould



hit, For ſay what ſubject is more fit, Than



to re - cord the ſpark - ling wit, and bloom of



love - ly Peg - gy?

The ſun firſt riſing in the morn,
That paints the dew-beſpangled thorn,
Does not ſo much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy.
And when in Thetis lap to reſt,
He ſtreaks with gold the ruddy weſt,
He's not ſo beauteous, as undreſs'd
Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were ſhe array'd in ruſtic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon mine oaten reed,
To pleaſe my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when ſhe's in my ſight,
But when ſhe's gone it's endleſs night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

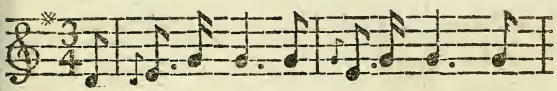
The zephyr's air the violet blows,
Or breathe upon the damaſk roſe,
He does not half the ſweets diſcloſe,
That does my lovely Peggy.
I ſtole a kiſs the other day,

And truſt me, nought but truth I ſay,
The fragrant breath of blooming May,
Was not ſo ſweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r ſhall rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or ſtately ſwans the waters love,
So long will I love Peggy.
And when Death with his pointed dart,
Shall ſtrike the blow that rives my heart,
My word ſhall be when I depart,
Adieu! my lovely Peggy.

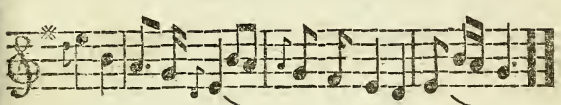
SONG XL.

OSCAR'S GHOST.



O ſee that form that faintly gleams! 'Tis

Oſcar come to cheer my dreams: On wings of

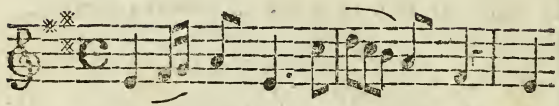


wind he flies away, O ſtay, my lovely Oſcar, ſtay!

Wake Oſſian, laſt of Fingal's line,
And mix thy tears and ſighs with mine.
Awake the Harp to doleful lays,
And ſoothe my ſoul with Oſcar's praiſe.
The Shell is ceas'd in Oſcar's Hall,
Since gloomy Kerbar wrought the fall:
The Roe on Morven lightly bounds,
Nor hears the cry of Oſcar's hounds.

SONG XLI.

BUSK YE, BUSK YE.

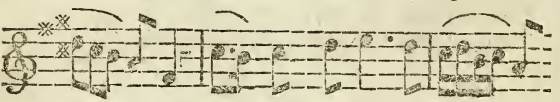


Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bon-ny bride, Buſk

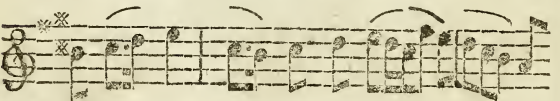
ye, buſk ye, my winſome marrow, Buſk ye,

buſk ye, my bonny bride, And let us to the

braes of Yarrow. There will we ſport and



gather dew, Dancing while lav'rocks ſing in



the morning. There learn frae turtles to prove

true, O Bell ne'er vex me with thy ſcorning!

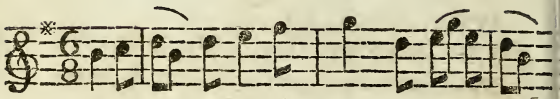
To weſtlin breezes Flora yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythneſs appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair freſh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roſes bloſſom,
Yet haſtily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their ſweetneſs in his boſom.

Haſte ye, haſte ye, my bonny Bell,
Haſte to my arms, and there I'll guard thee.
With free conſent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus ſang I ſaftly to my fair,
Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting,
O! Queen of Smiles, I aſk nae mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's conſenting.

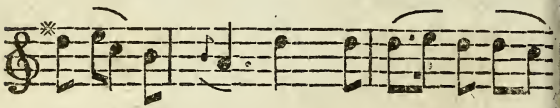
SONG XLII.

THE FAIRY.

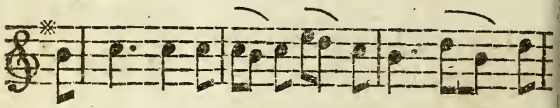
A MIDNIGHT MADRIGAL.



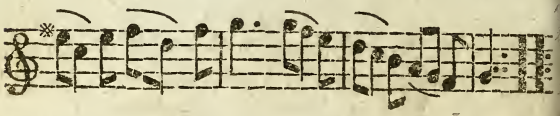
Faireſt of the virgin train, That trip it o'er



the ma - gic plain: Come and dance and ſing



with me, Under yonder aged tree: Come, and



dance and ſing with me, under yonder aged tree.

There I'll tell you many a tale,
Of mountain, rock, of hill and dale,
Which will make you laugh with me,
Under yonder aged tree.

See the moon all ſilver bright,
Shining with a tenfold light,
To try to ſee my Queen with me,
Thro' the boughs of yonder tree.

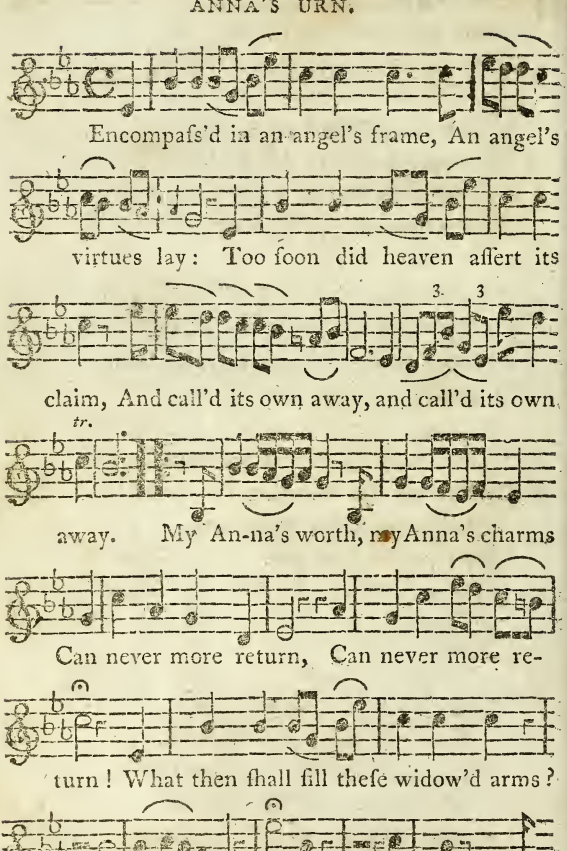
Who is that which I eſpy,
Juſt deſcended from thy ſky?
E'en faith 'tis Cupid, come to ſee
My fair beneath yon aged tree.

A little rogue! but he ſhall ſmart—
I'll take away his bow and dart,
And give them, 'fore his face, to thee,
Under yonder aged tree.

Then we'll play, and dance, and ſing,
Celebrating Pan our king,
And I'll always live with thee,
Under yonder aged tree

SONG XLIII.

ANNA'S URN.



An - na's urn!

Can I forget that bliſs refin'd,
Which, bleſt with her, I knew?
Our hearts, in ſacred bonds entwin'd,
Were bound by love too true.
That rural train, which once were uſ'd
In feſtive dance to turn,
So pleaſ'd, when Anna they amuſed,
Now weeping deck her Urn.

The ſoul eſcaping from its chain,
She claſp'd me to her breaſt,
"To part with thee is all my pain!"
She cried! then ſunk to reſt!
While mem'ry ſhall her ſeat retain,
From beauteous Anna torn,
My heart ſhall breathe its ceaſeleſs ſtrain
Of ſorrow oe'r her Urn.

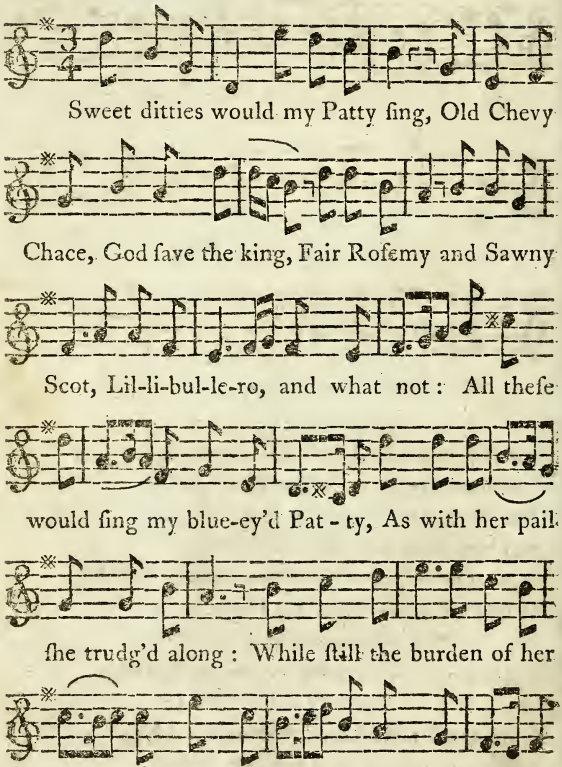
There with the earlieſt dawn, a dove
Laments her murder'd mate:
There Philomela, loſt to love,
Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew, and ivy round me ſpread,
My Anna there I'll mourn;
For all my ſoul, now ſhe is dead,
Concentres in her Urn.

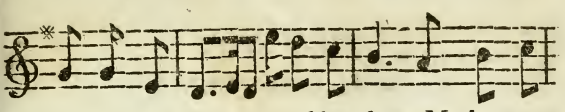
SONG XLIV.

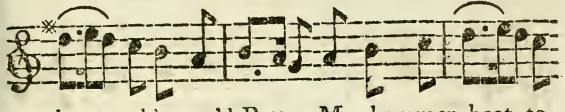
BLUE-EYED PATTY:

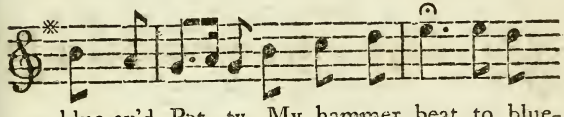
OR,

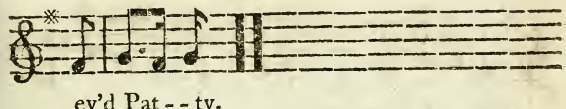
THE ORIGIN OF THE PATTEN.











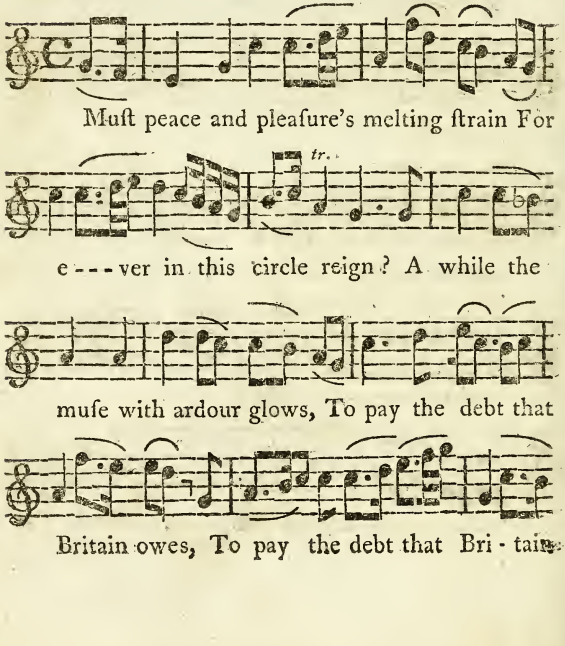
But nipping froſts and chilling rain,
Too ſoon alas! choak'd every ſtrain,
Too ſoon alas! the miry way
Her wet ſhod feet did ſore diſmay;
And hoarſe was heard my blue ey'd Patty:
While I for very mad did cry,
Ah! cou'd I but again, ſaid I,
Hear the ſweet voice of blue-ey'd Patty.

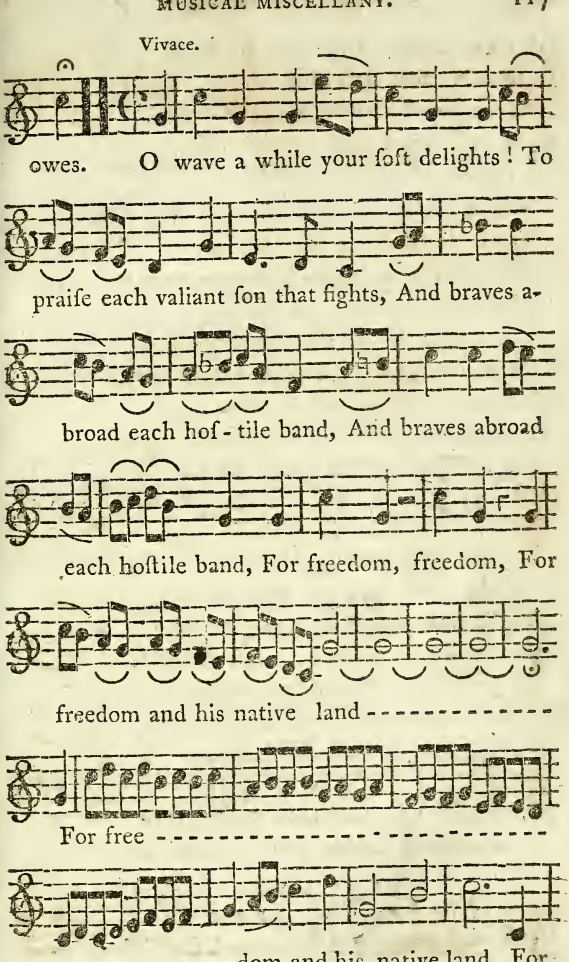
Love taught me how: I work'd I ſung,
My anvil glow'd, my hammer rung,

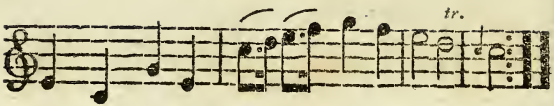
Till I had form'd, from out the fire,
To bear her feet above the mire,
An engine for my blue-ey'd Patty.
Again was heard each tuneful close,
My fair one on the *Patten* rose,
Which takes its name from blue-ey'd *Patty*.

SONG XLV.

FOR FREEDOM AND HIS NATIVE LAND.




Vivace.
owes. O wave a while your ſoft delights! To
praiſe each valiant ſon that fights, And braves a-
broad each hoſ-tile band, And braves abroad
each hoſtile band, For freedom, freedom, For
freedom and his native land
For free
dom and his native land, For



freedom, freedom, freedom, and his native land.

The ſoldier ſeeks a diſtant plain,
The ſailor ploughs the boiſt'rous main:
Their toil domeſtic eaſe ſecures,
The labour theirs, the pleaſure yours:
Then change a while your ſoft delights,
To praiſe each valiant ſon that fights,
And braves abroad each hoſtile band,
For freedom and his native land.

Ye wealthy, who domeſtic ſweets,
Enjoy within your gay retreats,
Think, think, on thoſe who guard the ſhore,
While unmoleſted ſprings your ſtore:
And change a while your ſoft delights,
To praiſe each valiant ſon that fights,
And braves abroad each hoſtile band,
For freedom and his native land.

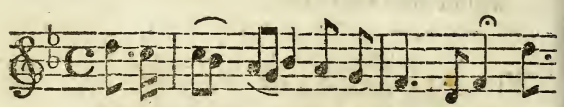
Ye ſwains who haunt the ſhady grove,
And tranquil breathe your vows of love,
Who hear not war's tremendous voice,
But in the arms of peace rejoice:
Change, change a while your ſoft delights,
To praiſe each valiant ſon that fights,

And braves abroad each hoſtile band,
For freedom and his native land.

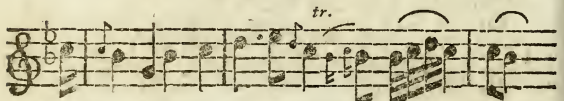
And ye, who in this frolic train,
Inſpir'd with muſic's ſprightly ſtrain,
And wild with pleaſure's airy round,
Bid flowing bowls with love be crown'd:
Amid your ſocial dear delights,
Remember him who boldly fights,
And braves abroad each hoſtile band,
For freedom and his native land.

SONG XLVI.

THOU ART GONE AWA FROM ME, MARY.

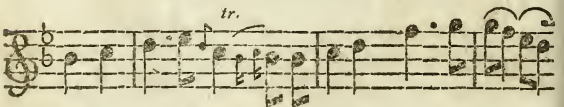


Thou art gone awa, thou art gone awa, thou



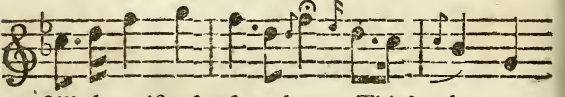
art gone awa from me, Ma-ry; Nor friends

nor I could make thee ſtay, Thou haſt cheated



them and me, Ma-ry. Until this hour I ne-ver

thought that ought could alter thee, Mary: Thour't



ſtill the miſtreſs of my heart, Think what you

will of me Ma--ry.

What e'er he ſaid or might pretend,
That ſtole that heart of thine, Mary;
True love I'm ſure was ne'er his end,
Or nae ſuch love as mine, Mary.
I ſpoke ſincere nor flatter'd much,
Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary;
Ambition, wealth, nor naething ſuch,
No—I lov'd only thee, Mary.

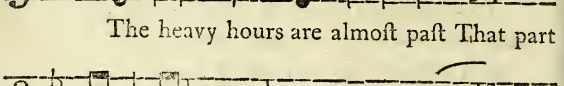
Tho' you've been falſe, yet while I live,
No other maid I'll woo, Mary;
Till friends forget, and I forgive
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
So then farewell: of this be ſure,
Since you've been falſe to me, Mary;
For all the world I'd not endure,
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

SONG XLVII.

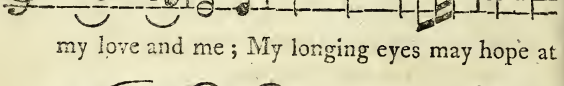
THE HEAVY HOURS.

Largo andante.

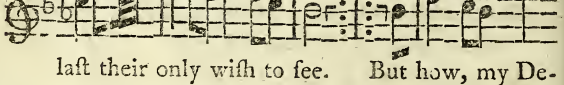
The heavy hours are almoſt paſt That part



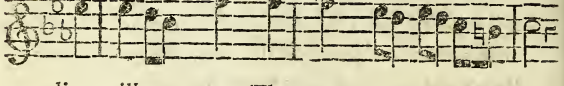
my love and me; My longing eyes may hope at



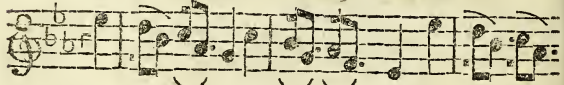
laſt their only wiſh to ſee. But how, my De-



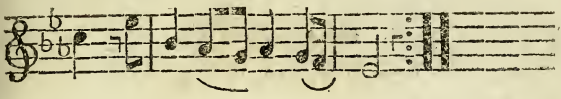
lia, will you meet The man you've loſt ſo long?



Will love in all your pulſes beat, And tremble



on your tongue? Will love in all your pulſes



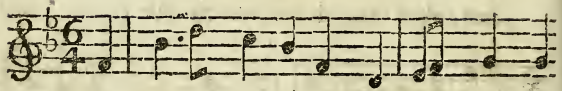
beat, And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is ſtill the ſame ?
And heal each idly anxious care,
Our fears in abſence frame ?
Thus, Delia, thus I paint the ſcene,
When we ſhall ſhortly meet ;
And try what yet remains between,
Of loit'ring time to cheat !

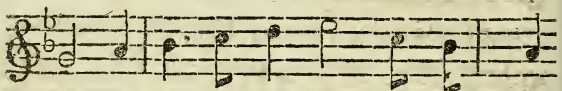
But if the dream that ſoothes my mind,
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove ;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love :
All I of Venus aſk is this,
No more to let us join ;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliſs,
To die and think you mine.

SONG XLVIII.

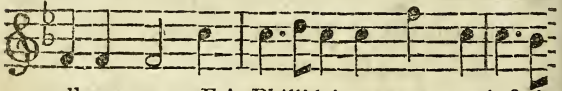
THE SUMMER WAS OVER.



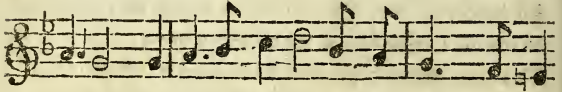
The ſummer was o-ver, my flocks were all



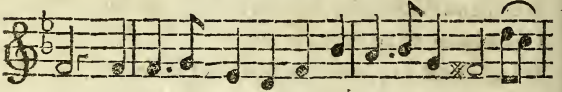
ſhorn, My meadows were mow'd, And I'd houſ'd



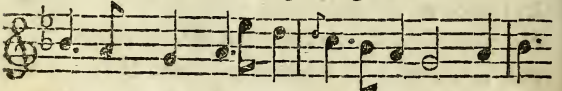
all my corn, Fair Phillida's cottage was juſt in



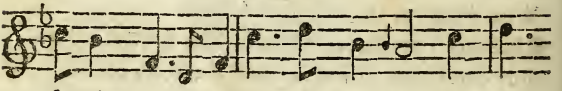
my view, A-wooing I went I had nought elſe to



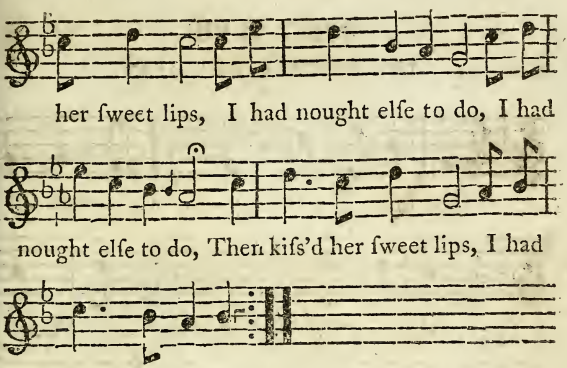
do. On Flora's ſoft ſopha together we ſat, And



ſpent ſome long hours in amorous chat. I told



her I lov'd, and I hop'd ſhe lov'd too, Then kiſs'd

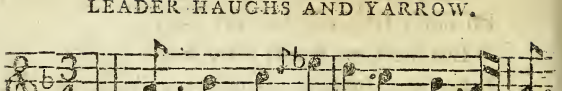


She hung down her head and with bluſhes reply'd,
I'll love you, but firſt you muſt make me your bride.
Without heſitation, I make her a vow,
To make her my wife—I had nought elſe to do.
To the village in queſt of a prieſt did we roam,
By fortune's decree, the grave Don was at home,
I gave him a fee to make one of us two,
He married us then—he had nought elſe to do.

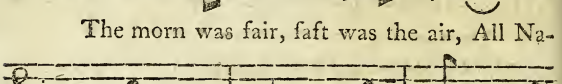
E'er ſince we've been happy with peace and content,
Nor taſted the ſorrows of thoſe who repent,
Our neighbours all round us we love, and 'tis true,
Each other beſide!—when we've nought elſe to do,
With Phœbus the toil of the day we begin,
I ſhepherd my flock, while ſhe ſits down to ſpin,
Our cares thus domeſtic we'll arduous purſue,
And ever will love—when we've nought elſe to do.

SONG XLIX.

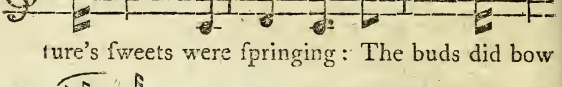
LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.



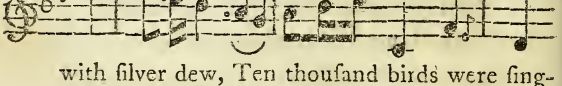
The morn was fair, ſaft was the air, All Na-



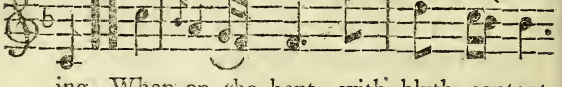
ture's ſweets were ſpringing: The buds did bow



with ſilver dew, Ten thouſand birds were ſing-



ing, When on the bent, with blyth content,



young Jamie ſang his marrow, Nae bonnier laſs e'er

trode the graſs on Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How ſweet her face, where every grace
In heavenly beauty's planted!

Her ſmiling e'en and comely mein,
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bleſs my bonny marrow:
If her dear ſmile my doubts beguile,
My mind ſhall ken nae ſorrow.

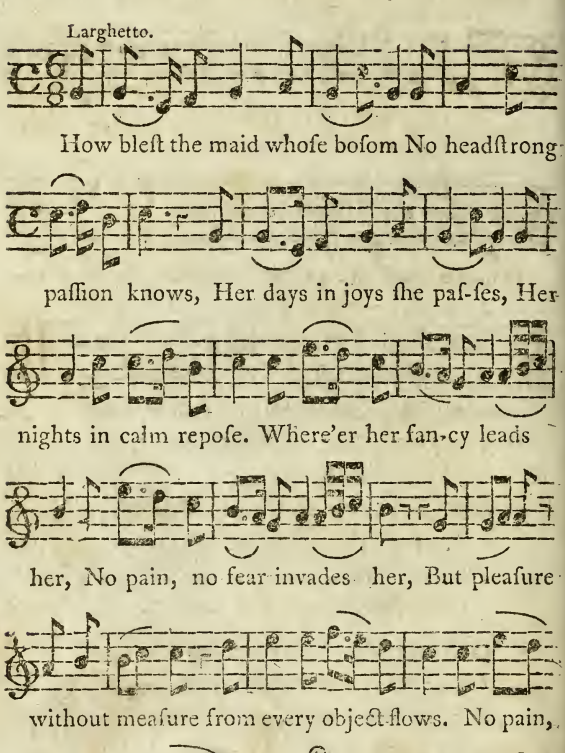
Yet tho' ſhe's fair, and has full ſhare
Of ev'ry charm inchanting,
Each good turns ill, and ſoon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny laſs! have but the grace
To think ere ye gae further,
Your joys maun flit, if you commit
The crying ſin of murder.

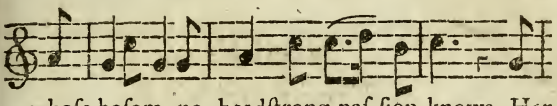
My wand'ring ghaiſt will ne'er get reſt,
And day and night affright ye;
But if ye're kind, and joyful mind,
I'll ſtudy to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joy ſhall borrow:
Thus none ſhall be more bleſt than we,
On leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O ſweeteſt Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wiſhes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this beſt of bliſſes.
Thou art my ſun, and thy leaſt frown
Would blaſt me in the bloſſom:
But if thou ſhine, and make me thine,
I'll flouriſh in thy boſom.

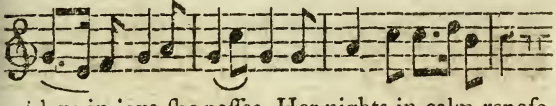
SONG L.

HOW BLEST THE MAID.

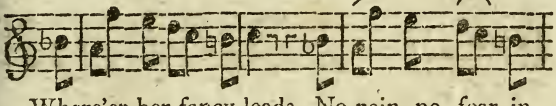




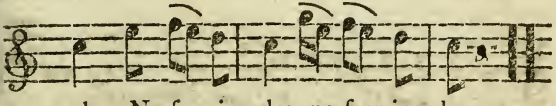
whoſe boſom no headſtrong paſ-ſion knows, Her



days in joys ſhe paſſes, Her nights in calm repoſe.



Where'er her fancy leads, No pain no fear in-

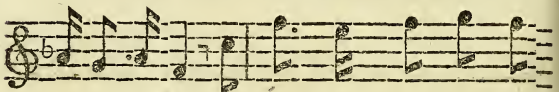


vades, No fear invades, no fear invades.

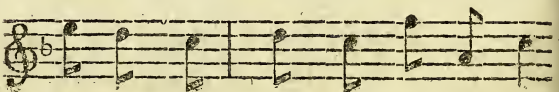
SONG LI.

HAD I A HEART.

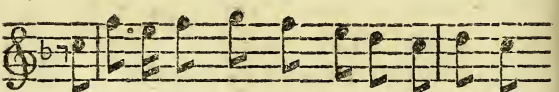
Had I a heart for falſehood fram'd, I ne'er



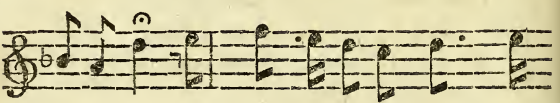
could injure you; For tho' your tongue no pro-



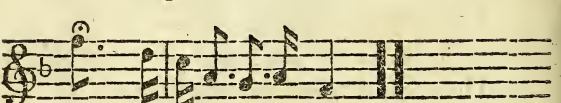
miſe claim'd, your charms would make me true.



To you no ſoul ſhall bear deceit, No ſtranger



offer wrong; But friends in all the ag'd you'll



meet, And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have bleſt
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aſpiring paſſion reſt,
And act a brother's part.
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to ſuffer wrong,
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

SONG LII.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

TO THE FOREGOING TUNE.

As down on Banna's banks I ſtray'd,
One evening in May,
The little birds, in blytheſt notes,
Made vocal ev'ry ſpray:
They ſung their little tales of love
They ſung them o'er and o'er;
Ah Gramachree, ma Colleenouge,
Ma Molly Aſhtore!

The daiſy pied, and all the ſweets
The dawn of nature yields;
The primroſe pale, the vi'let blue,
Lay ſcatter'd o'er the fields:

Such fragrance in the boſom lies
Of her whom I adore.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my ſad fate,
That doom'd me thus the ſlave of love,
And cruel Molly's hate:
How can ſhe break the honeſt heart
That wears her in its core?
Ah Gramachree, &c.

You ſaid you lov'd me, Molly dear!
Ah! why did I believe?
Yet, who could think ſuch tender words
Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I aſk'd on earth,
Nay, heav'n could give no more.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze
On youder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds
That yon green paſture fill;
With her I love I'd gladly ſhare
My kine and fleecy ſtore.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

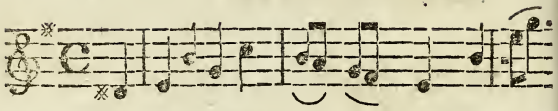
Two turtle doves above my head
Sat courting on a bough;

I envied not their happineſs,
To ſee them bill and coo:
Such fondneſs once for me ſhe ſhew'd;
But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

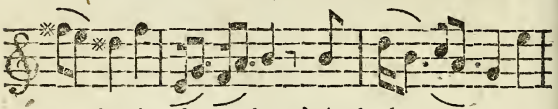
Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
Thy loſs I e'er ſhall mourn;
Whilſt life remains in Strephon's heart,
'Twill beat for thee alone:
Tho' thou art falſe, may heaven on thee
Its choiceſt bleſſings pour.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

SONG LIII.

FOR EVER FORTUNE.



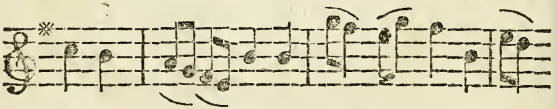
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove An un-



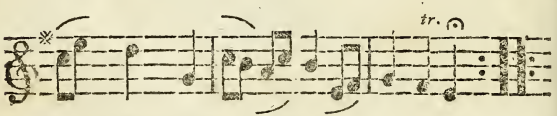
re - lenting foe to love? And when we meet a

mutual heart, Come in between and bid us part?

Bid us ſigh on, from day to day, And wiſh and



wiſh our ſouls away, Till youth and genial years



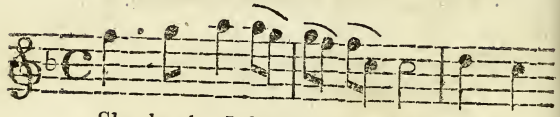
are flown, And all the life of life is gone

But busy, busy still art thou
To bind the loveless, joyless vow;
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To bind the gentle with the rude.

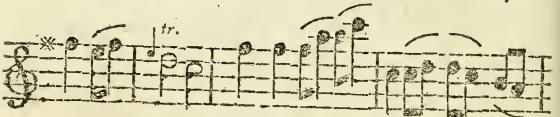
For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG LIV.

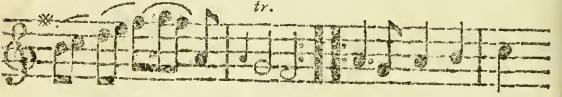
THE BANKS OF BANNA.



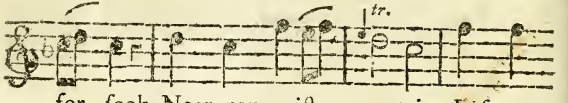
Shepherds, I have loſt my love, Have you



ſeen my Anna, Pride of ev'ry ſhady grove, Up-

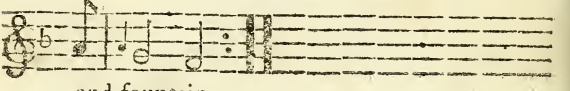


pon the banks of Banna. I for her my home



for-ſook Near yon miſty mountain, Left my

flock, my pipe, my crook, greenwood ſhade,



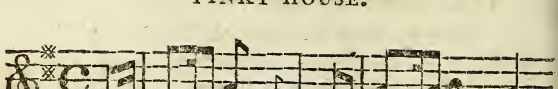
and fountain.

Never ſhall I ſee them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladneſs chang'd to mourning:

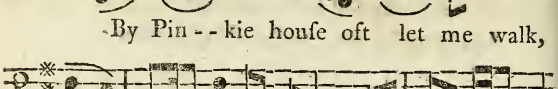
Whither is my charmer flown.
Shepherds tell me whither,
Ah! woe for me, perhaps ſhe's gone
For ever, and for ever.

SONG LV.

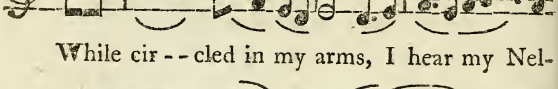
PINKY HOUSE.



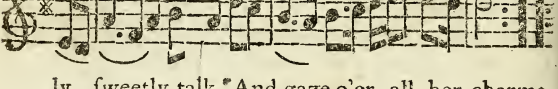
By Pin - - kie houſe oft let me walk,



While cir - - cled in my arms, I hear my Nel-

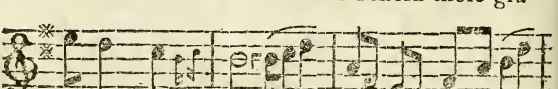


ly ſweetly talk, And gaze o'er all her charms



O let me e - ver fond behold thoſe gra-

ces void of art, Thoſe chearful ſmiles that



ſweet-ly hold in will - ing chains my heart.

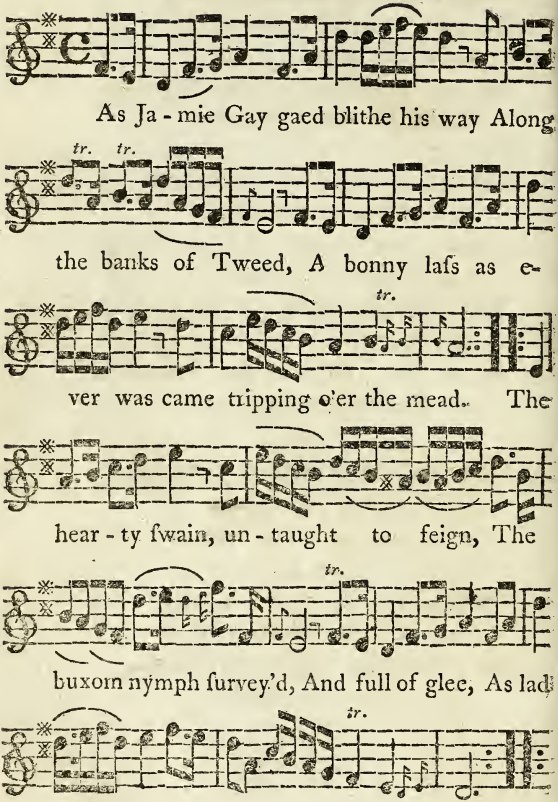
O come, my love, and bring anew
That gentle turn of mind;
That gracefulneſs of air, in you,
By nature's hand deſign'd:
That beauty like the bluſhing roſe,
Firſt lighted up this flame!
Which, like the ſun, for ever glows
Within my breaſt the ſame.

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!
How vain is all your art!
How ſeldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!
O gather from my Nelly's charms,
That ſweet, that graceful eaſe;
That bluſhing modeſty that warms;
That native art to pleaſe!

Come then, my love, O! come along,
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair inſpirer of my ſong,
O fill my longing arms!
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms, ſo bright as thine,
So heav'nly fair, both pleaſe the eye,
And fill the ſoul divine.

SONG LVI.

JAMIE GAY.



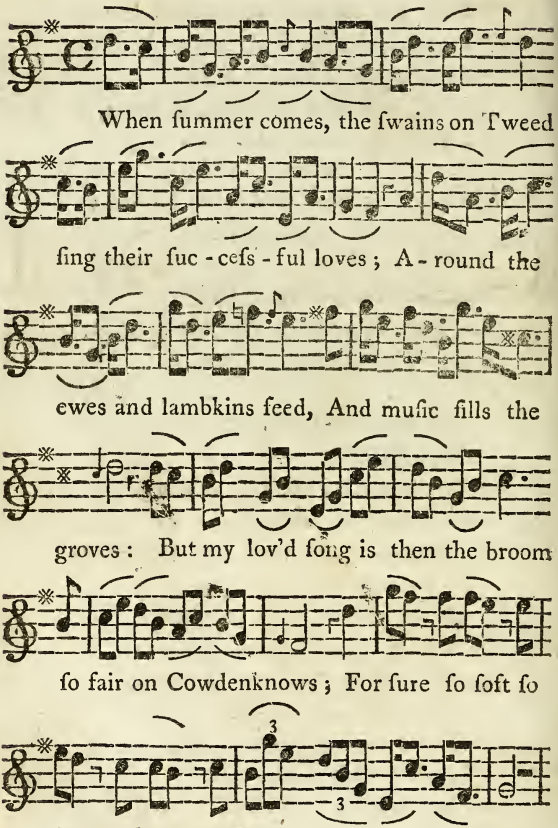
Dear laſſie, tell, why by thyſell
Thou lonely wander'ſt here?
My ewes, ſhe cry'd, are ſtraying wide;
Canſt tell me, laddie, where?
To town I hie, he made reply,
Some pleaſing ſport to ſee:
But thou'rt ſo neat, ſo trim, ſo ſweet,
I'll ſeek thy ewes with thee.

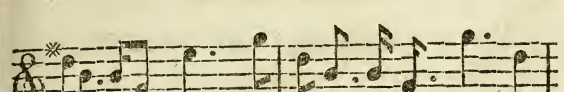
She gave her hand, nor made a ſtand;
But lik'd the youth's intent:
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went.
The birds ſang ſweet, the pair to greet,
And flow'rets bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And lovers joys when crown'd.

And now the ſun had roſe to noon,
The zenith of his pow'r,
When to the ſhade their ſteps they made
To paſs the mid-day hour.
The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
The laſs, who ſcorn'd to frown:
She ſoon forgot the ewes ſhe ſought,
And he to gang to town.

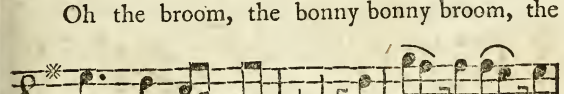
SONG LVII.

THE BROOM ON COWDENKNOWS.

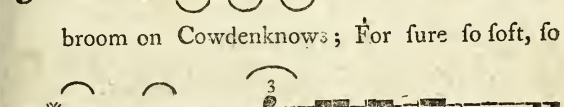




Oh the broom, the bonny bonny broom, the



broom on Cowdenknows; For ſure ſo ſoft, ſo



ſweet a bloom Elſewhere there ne - ver grows.

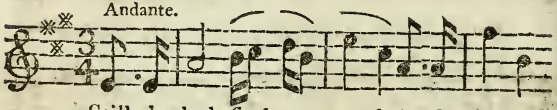
There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half ſuch art.
He ſung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde
The hills and dales all round;
Of Leader haughs and Leader ſide,
Oh! how I bleſſ'd the ſound.
Oh! the broom, &c.

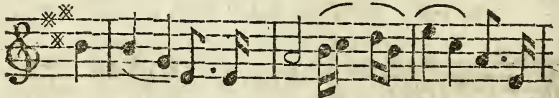
Not Tiviot braes, ſo green and gay,
May with its broom compare;
Not Yarrow banks, in flow'ry May,
Nor the Buſh aboon Traquair.

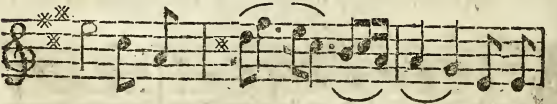
More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At eve among the broom.
Oh! the broom, &c.

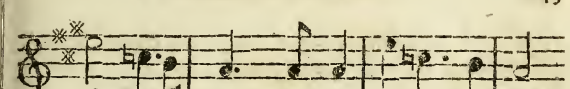
SONG LVIII.

STILL THE LARK FINDS REPOSE.

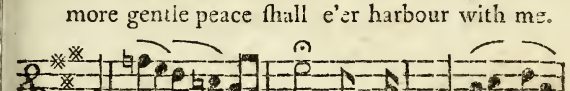




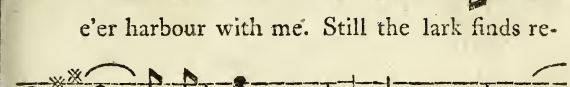




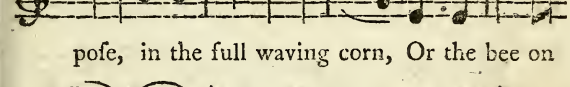
more gentle peace ſhall e'er harbour with me.



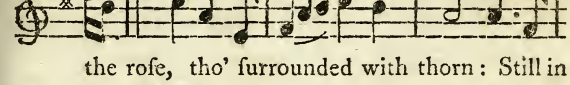
e'er harbour with me. Still the lark finds re-



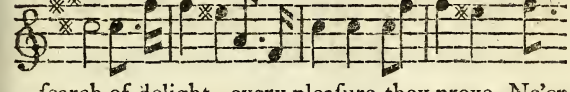
poſe, in the full waving corn, Or the bee on



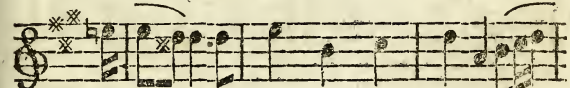
the roſe, tho' furrounded with thorn: Still in



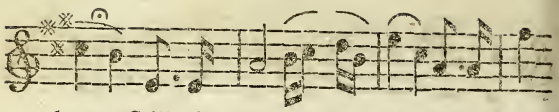
ſearch of delight, every pleaſure they prove, Ne'er



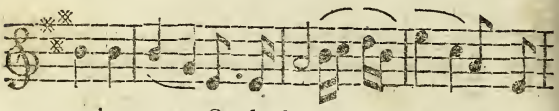
torment-ed by pride, nor the ſlights of fond



love, the ſlights of fond love, the ſlights of fond



love. Still the lark finds repose in the full

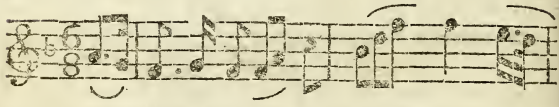


waving corn, Or the bee on the rose, tho' sur-

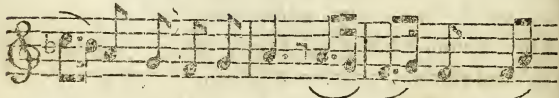
rounded with thorn.

SONG LIX.

MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

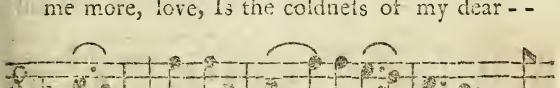


My lodging is on the cold ground, And

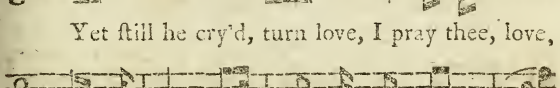


ve - ry hard is my fare; But that which grieves

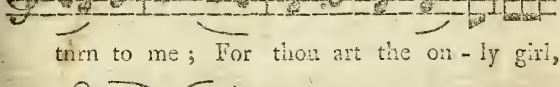
me more, love, Is the coldneſs of my dear - -



Yet ſtill he cry'd, turn love, I pray thee, love,



turn to me; For thou art the on - ly girl,



love, that is ado - red by me.

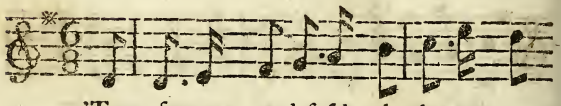
With a garland of ſtraw I'll crown thee, love,
I'll marry thee with a ruſh ring;
Thy frozen heart ſhall melt with love,
So merrily I ſhall ſing.
Yet ſtill, &c.

But if you will harden your heart, love,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan:
Oh! I muſt endure the ſmart, love,
And tumble in ſtraw all alone.
Yet ſtill, &c.

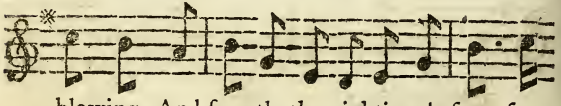
Ma

SONG LX.

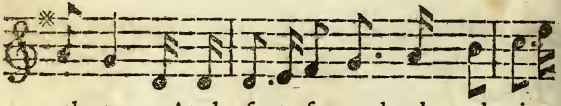
THE BANKS OF THE DEE.



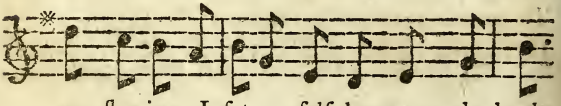
'Twas ſummer, and ſoftly the breezes were



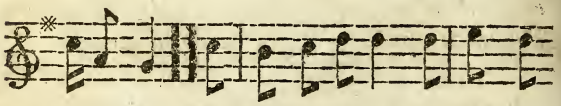
blowing, And ſweetly the nightingale ſung from



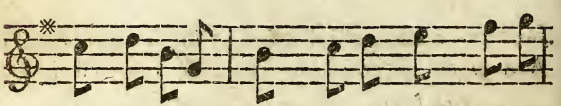
the tree; At the foot of a rock where the river



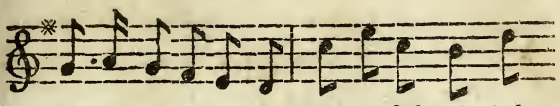
was flowing, I ſat myſelf down on the banks



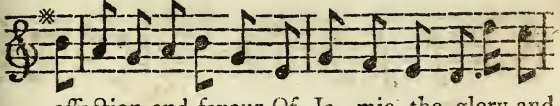
of the Dee. Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou



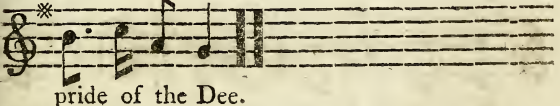
ſweet river, Thy banks, pureſt ſtream, ſhall be



dear to me ever: For there I firſt gain'd the



affection and favour Of Ja-mie the glory and



pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels---for valiant is he;
And ah! there's no hopes of his ſpeedy returning,
To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapleſs youth, o'er the loud-roaring billows,
The kindeſt and ſweeteſt of all the gay fellows,
And left me to ſtray 'mongſt the once loved willows,
The lonlieſt maid on the Banks of the Dee,

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet reſtore him,
Bleſt peace may reſtore my dear ſhepherd to me;
And when he returns, with ſuch care I'll watch o'er him,

He never ſhall leave the ſweet Banks of the Dee.
The Dee then ſhall flow, all its beauties diſplaying;
The lambs on its banks ſhall again be ſeen playing;
While I, with my Jamie, am careleſsly ſtraying,
And taſting again all the ſweets of the Dee.

ADDITIONS BY A LADY.

Thus ſung the fair maid on the banks of the river,
And ſweetly re-cho'd each neighbouring tree;
But now all theſe hopes muſt evaniſh for ever,
Since Jamie ſhall ne'er ſee the Banks of the Dee.
On a foreign ſhore the ſweet youth lay dying,
In a foreign grave his body's now lying;
While friends and acquaintaince in Scotland are crying
For Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

Miſ-hap on the hand by whom he was wounded;
Miſ-hap on the wars that call'd him away (ed,
From a circle of friends by which he was ſurround-
Who mourn for dear Jamie the tedious day.
Oh! poor hapleſs maid, who mourns diſcontented,
The loſs of a lover ſo juſtly lamented;
By time, only time, can her grief be contented,
And all her dull hours become chearful and gay.

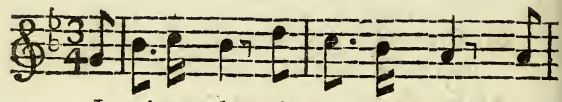
'Twas honour and brav'ry made him leave her mourning,

From unjuſt rebellion his country to free;
He left her in hopes of a ſpeedy returning,
To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
For this he deſpiſed all dangers and perils;
'Twas thus he eſpouſed Britannia's quarrels,
That when he came home he might crown her with laurels,
The happieſt maid on the Banks of the Dee.

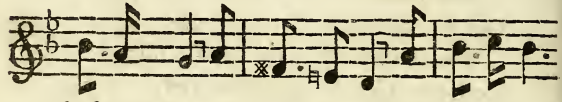
But fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,
Tho' dreadful the thought muſt be unto me;
He fell, like brave Wolfe, when the troops were victorious;
Sure each tender heart muſt bewail the decree:
Yet, tho' he is gone, the once faithful lover,
And all our fine ſchemes of true happineſs over,
No doubt he implored his pity and favour
For me he had left on the Banks of the Dee.

SONG LXI.

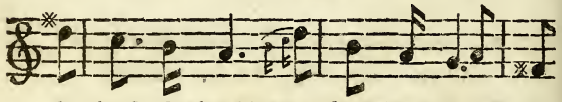
TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



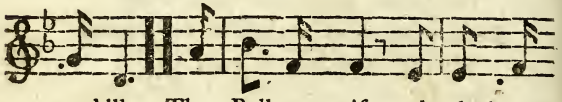
In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And



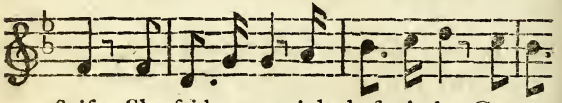
froſt and ſnaw on il - - - ka hill, And Boreas wi'



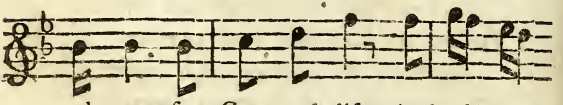
his blaſts ſae bauld, was threat'ning a' our ky



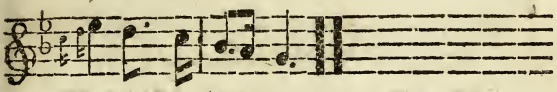
to kill; Then Bell my wife, who loe's nae



ſtrife, She ſaid to me right haſ - ti - ly, Get up,



gudeman, ſave Crummy's life, And tak' your



auld cloak a - bout ye.

My Crummy is a uſeful cow,
And ſhe is come of a guid kine;
Aft has ſhe wet the bairns mou',
And I am laith that ſhe ſhould tyne:
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a guid gray cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its ſcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year.
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they coſt but half a crown;
He ſaid they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about ye.

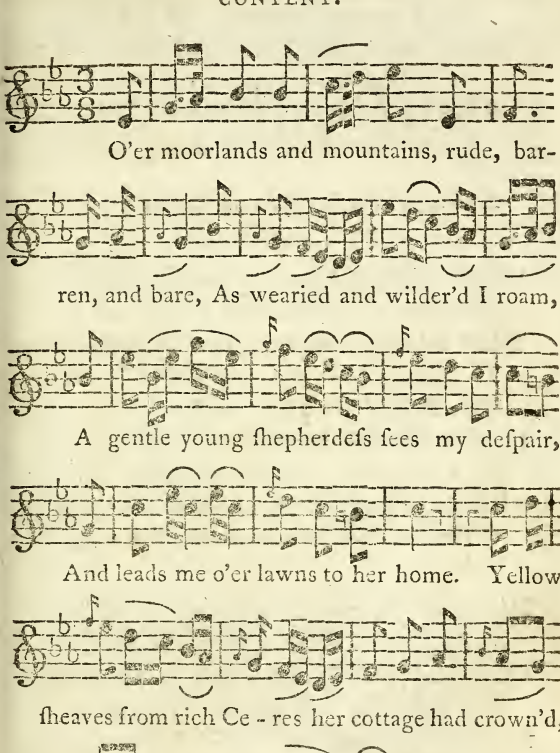
Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not ſee Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly?
While I ſit hurklen in the aſe---
I'll have a new cloak about me.

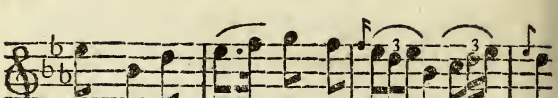
Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny laſſes ten:
Now they are women grown and men.
I wiſh and pray well may they be
And if you prove a good huſband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife ſhe lo'es nae ſtrife;
But ſhe wad guide me if ſhe can:
And, to maintain an eaſy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye give her a' the plea:
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

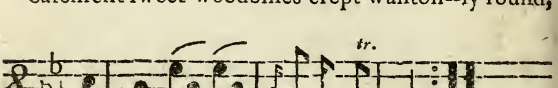
SONG LXII.

CONTENT.





caſement ſweet woodbines crept wanton--ly round,



And deckt the ſod-ſeats at the door.

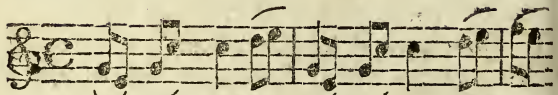
We ſat ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt,
Freſh fruits, and ſhe cull'd me the beſt;
Whilſt thrown from my guard by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſlily ſtole into my breaſt.
I told my ſoft wiſhes, ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
"I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
"Yet take me, fond ſhepherd, I'm thine."

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek,
So ſimple--tho' ſweet--were her charms;
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few ſheep,
And if on the banks by the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom, I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

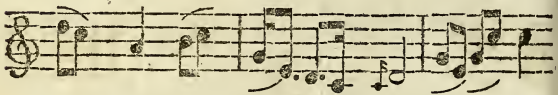
Together we range o'er the flow rifing hills,
Delighted with paftoral views;
Or reft on the rock whence the ftreamlet diftils,
And mark out new themes for my mufe.
To pomp or proud titles fhe ne'er did afpire,
The damfel's of humble defcent;
The cottager *Peace* is well known for her fire,
The fhepherds have nam'd her CONTENT.

SONG LXV.

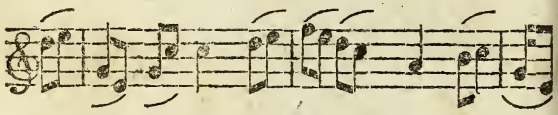
JOHNNY AND MARY.



Down the burn and thro' the mead, His gol-

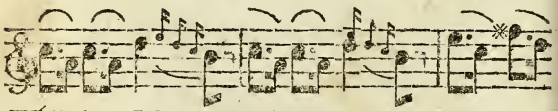


den locks wav'd o'er his brow, Johnny lilt-

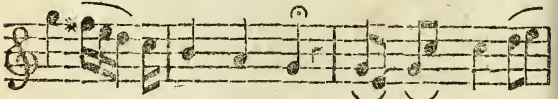


ing tun'd his reed, And Ma-ry wip'd her bon-

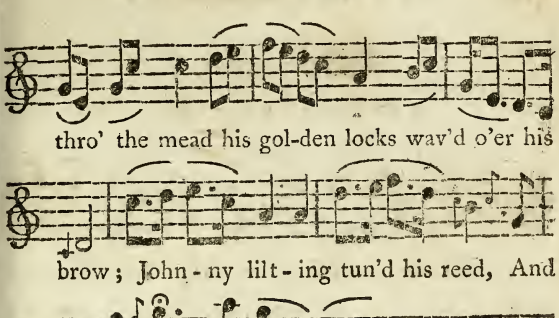
ny mou'. Dear she lo'ed the well-known song,



While her John-ny, blyth and bonny, Sung her



praise the whole day long. Down the burn and

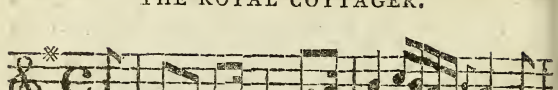


Coſtly claiths ſhe had but few;
Of rings and jewels nae great ſtore;
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnny wiſely wiſh'd nae more:
Love's the pearl the ſhepherds prize;
O'er the mountain---near the fountain,
Love delights the ſhepherd's eyes,
Down the burn, &c.

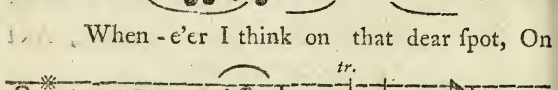
Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnny cou'd nae theſe impart;
Youthfu' Mary's greateſt wealth
Was ſtill her faithfu' Johnny's heart:
Sweet the joy's the lovers find,
Great the treaſure,--ſweet the pleaſure,
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the burn, &c.

SONG LXVI.

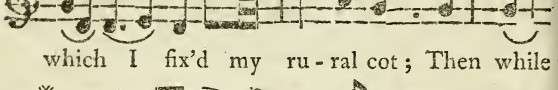
THE ROYAL COTTAGER.



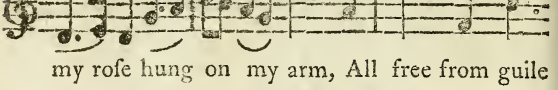
When-e'er I think on that dear ſpot, On



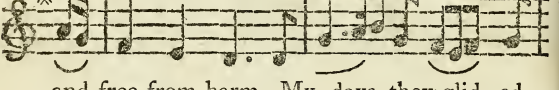
which I fix'd my ru-ral cot; Then while



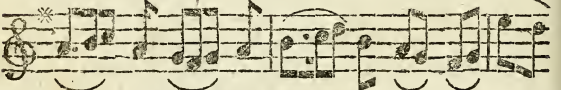
my roſe hung on my arm, All free from guile



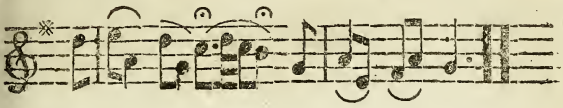
and free from harm, My days they glid-ed



on with glee, And all things then were well



with me: My days they glided on with glee,



And all things then were well with me.

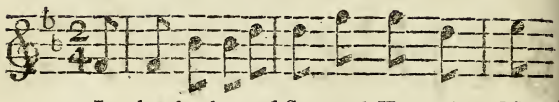
But when once drawn away by fate
Unto a more exalted ſtate,
By ſmiling Fortune promiſ'd fair
Until ſhe brought her train of care:
'Twas then I firſt began to ſee
That happineſs had fled from me.

The noiſe of cities, glare of courts,
Where gay diſſimulation ſports,
Where envy fain wou'd blight my Roſe,
Becauſe her cheek ſo purely glows;
Let fortune take her ſtores again,
Give me my cot, and rural plain.

And while I tread the ocean's ſide,
The greateſt pleaſure, greateſt pride,
Shall be each day with Roſe to walk,
In ſocial inoffenſive talk;
And when each bliſsful day ſhall cloſe,
The waves ſhall lull us to repoſe.

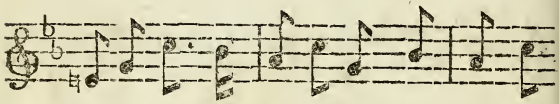
SONG LXVII.

PEGGY PERKINS.

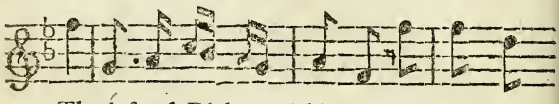


Let bards elate of Sue and Kate, And Mog-

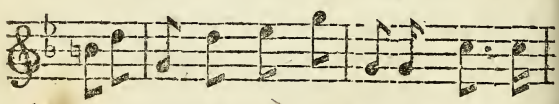
gy take their fill, O; And pleas'd rehearse in



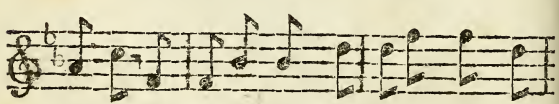
jingling verse, The Lass of Richmond hill, O,



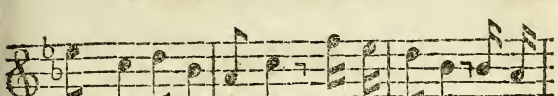
The lass of Richmond hill, O. A lass more



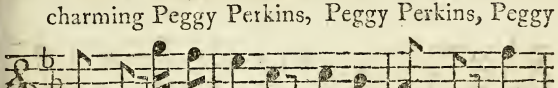
bright my am'rous flight, Impell'd by Love's fond



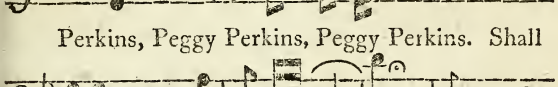
workings, Shall fondly sing, like a-ny thing, 'Tis



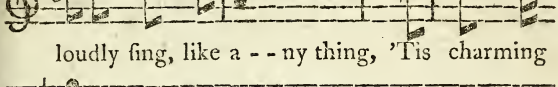
charming Peggy Perkins, Peggy Perkins, Peggy



Perkins, Peggy Perkins, Peggy Perkins. Shall



loudly ſing, like a - - ny thing, 'Tis charming



Peg - gy Perkins.

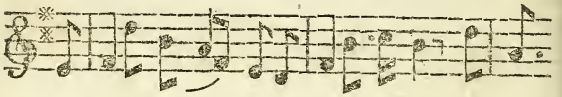
Some men compare the fav'rite fair
To every thing in nature;
Her eyes divine are ſuns that ſhine,
And ſo on with each feature.
Leave, leave ye fools, theſe hackneyed rules,
And all ſuch ſubtile quirkings;
Sun, moon, and ſtars, are all a farce,
Compar'd to Peggy Perkins.

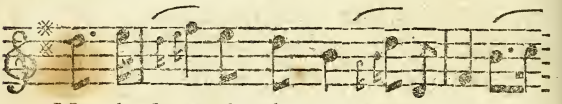
Each twanging dart that through my heart
From Cupid's bow has morric'd,
Were it a tree---why I ſhould be
For all the world a foreſt!

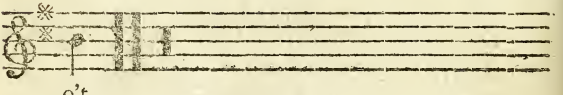
Five hundred fops, with ſhrugs and hops,
And leers, and ſmiles, and ſmirkings,
Moſt willing ſhe would leave for me—
Oh what a Peggy Perkins!

SONG LXVIII.

THE BLATHRIE O'T.







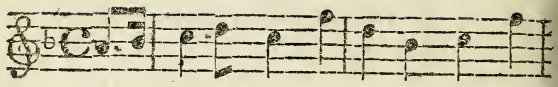
Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh;
He thinks nae mair of me that wears the plaiden coat;
May the ſhame, &c.

Jenny was the laſſie that mucked the byre,
But now ſhe is clad in her ſilken attire,
And Jockie ſays he loes her, and ſwears he's me forgot;
May the ſhame, &c.

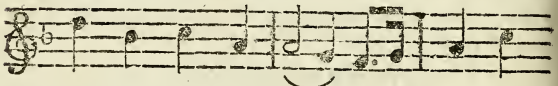
But all this ſhall never danton me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free:
For the lad that's ſae inconſtant, he is not worth a groat;
May the ſhame, &c.

SONG LXIX.

JENNY MAY.

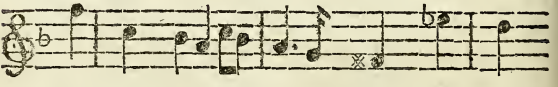


When Phœbus firſt ſalutes the eaſt, And

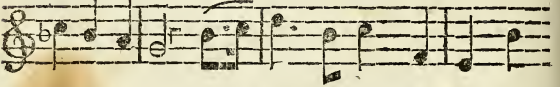


dew-drops deck each thorn, When ploughmen

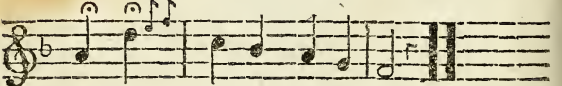
ſhake off downy reſt, And hunters wind the horn:



Then light as air I ſeek the ſhade Where glides



the ſilver Tay, And tune my pipe to that ſweet



maid Whoſe name is JENNY MAY.

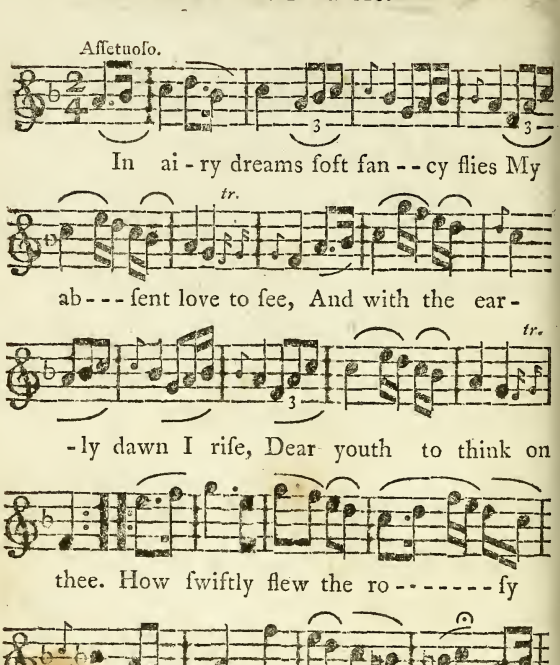
At noon, when ſultry ſol is found
To ſcorch the verdant plain;
When nimbling flocks are panting round,
And ſeem to live in pain;
Then, ſhelter'd in the ſtraw thatch'd cot,
I paſs the time away;
The higheſt folks I envy not,
Give me but Jenny May.

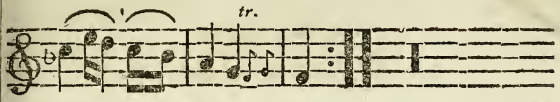
When, riding down the diſtant weſt,
The god of light declines,
By many varied ſtreaks conſeſt,
Delightfully he ſhines:
With nymphs and ſhepherds on the plain,
I ſtill am blithe and gay;
But yet my ſofteſt, ſweeteſt ſtrain
Muſt flow to Jenny May.

In ſpring, in ſummer, autumn too,
In winter's furieſt rage,
Days, hours, and months I'll ſtill purſue
My fancy to engage:
For ev'ry moment, ev'ry hour,
And ev'ry paſſing day
Shall, while kind nature gives me pow'r,
Be true to Jenny May.

SONG LXX.

IN AIRY DREAMS.





ah - - - as tranſient too.

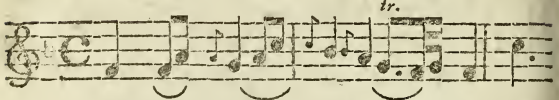
The moments now move ſlowly on,
Until thy wiſh'd return;
I count them oft, as all alone
The penſive ſhades I mourn.
Return, return my love, and charm
Each anxious care to reſt;
Thy ſmiles ſhall every care diſarm,
And ſoothe my ſoul to reſt.

SONG LXXI.

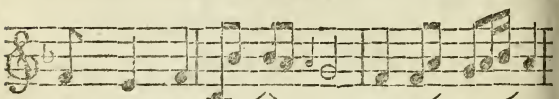
THE EGYPTIAN LOVE-SONG.

FROM POTIPHAR'S WIFE TO YOUNG JOSEPH.

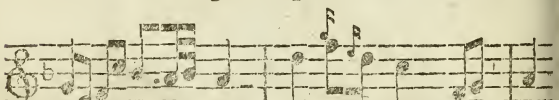
Tranſlated from an Oriental Eſſay on Chaſtity.



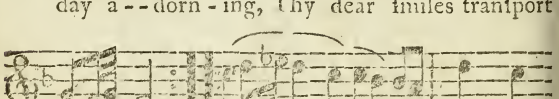
Sweet doth bluſh the ro - ſy morn-ing, Sweet



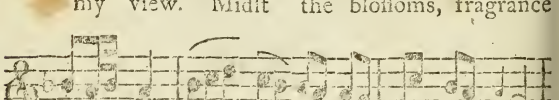
doth beam the gliſt'ning dew; Sweeter ſtill the



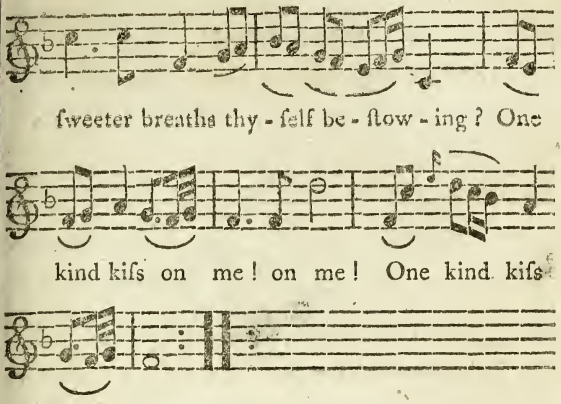
day a - - dorn - ing, Thy dear ſmiles tranſport



my view. Midſt the bloſſoms, fragrance

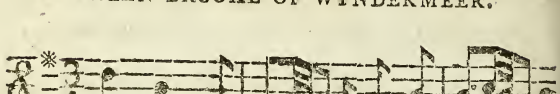


flow - - ing, Why delights the hon - - ied bee,

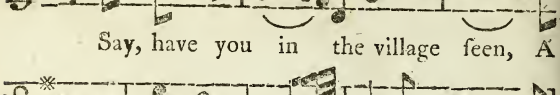

ſweeter breaths thy - ſelf be - ſtow - ing? One
kind kiſs on me! on me! One kind kiſs
on me.

SONG LXXII.

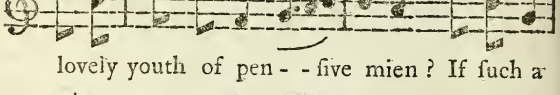
ALLEN BROOKE OF WYNDERMEER.



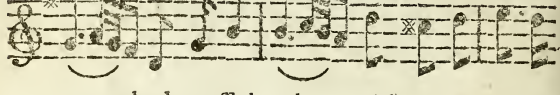
Say, have you in the village seen, A



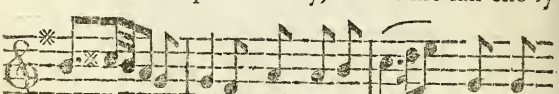
lovely youth of pen - - five mien? If such a



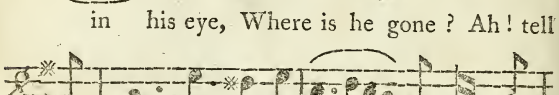
one hath passed by, with me-lan-cho-ly



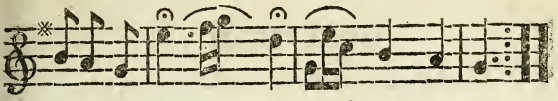
in his eye, Where is he gone? Ah! tell



me where?--'Tis Allen Brooke of Wyn-der-



meer: Where is he gone? Ah! tell me where?



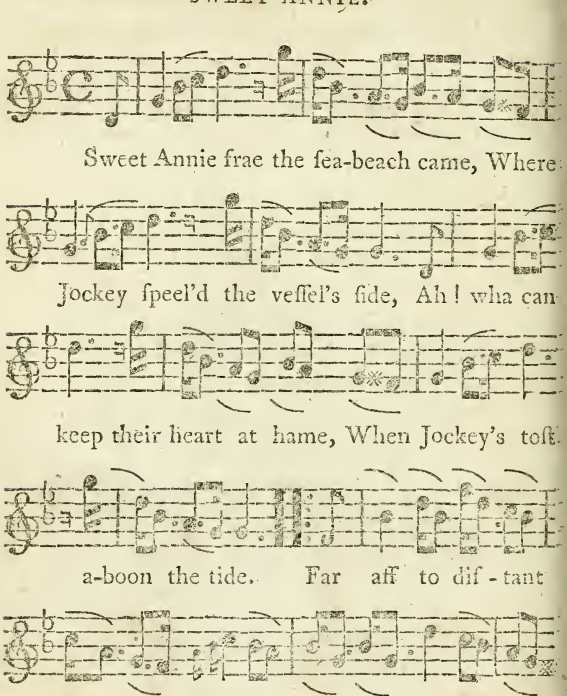
'Tis Allen Brooke ----- of Wyndermeer.

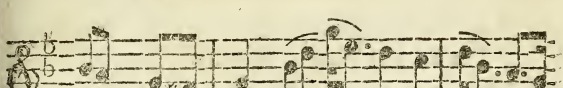
Laſt night he ſighing took his leave,
Which caus'd me all the night to grieve;
And many maids I know there be,
Who try to wean his love from me.
But Heaven knows my heart's ſincere
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermeer.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,
To think that he ſhould leave me ſo:
But if my love ſhould anger'd be,
And try to hide himſelf from me,
Then Death ſhall bear me on a bier
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermeer.

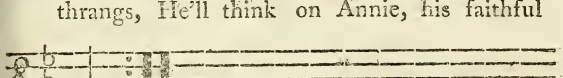
SONG LXXIII.

SWEET ANNIE.





thrangs, He'll think on Annie, his faithful



ane.

I met our wealthy laird yeſtreen,
Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me,
He praiſ'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag of what he'd gi'e.
What tho' my Jockey's far away,
Toſt up and down the anſome main,
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jockey may return again.

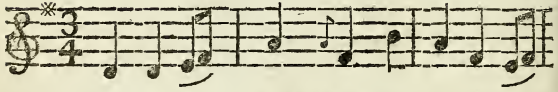
Nae mair, falſe Jamie, ſing nae mair,
And fairly caſt your pipe away;
My Jocky wad be troubled ſair,
To ſee his friend his love betray:
For a' your ſongs and verſe are vain,
While Jockey's notes do faithful flow;
My heart to him ſhall true remain,
I'll keep it for my conſtant jo.

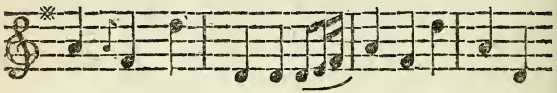
Blaw ſaft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
And gar your waves be calm and ſtill;
His hameward ſail with breezes ſpeed,
And dinna a' my pleaſure ſpill.

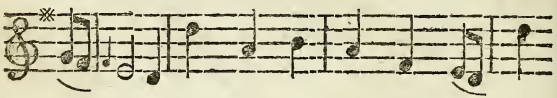
What tho' my Jockey's far away,
Yet he will braw in ſiller ſhine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jockey may again be mine.

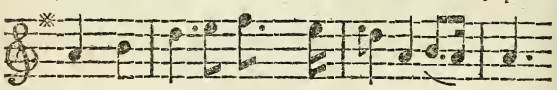
SONG LIV.

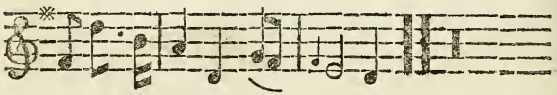
DONNEL AND FLORA.











" Loud howls the northern blaſt,
" Bleak is the dreary waſte ;—
" Haſte then, O Donnel haſte,
" Haſte to thy Flora.
" Twice twelve long months are o'er,
" Since in a foreign ſhore
" You promiſ'd to fight no more,
" But meet me in Mora.

" Where now is Donnel dear ?"
" Maids cry with taunting ſneer,
" Say, is he ſtill ſincere
" To his lov'd Flora ?"
" Parents upbraid by moan,
" Each heart is turn'd to ſtone—
" Ah Flora ! thou'rt now alone,
" Friendleſs in Mora !

" Come, then, O come away,
" Donnel no longer ſtay ;
" Where can my rover ſtray
" From his dear Flora.
" Ah ſure he ne'er could be
" Falſe to his vows to me---
" O heaven ! is not yonder he
" Bounding in Mora ?

" Never, O wretched fair,
(Sigh'd the ſad meſſenger)
" Never ſhall Donnel mair
" Meet his lov'd Flora.

" Cold, cold beyond the main
" Donnel thy love lies ſlain ;
" He ſent me to ſoothe thy pain
" Weeping in Mora.

" Well fought our gallant men,
" Headed by brave Burgoyne ;
" Our heroes were thrice led on
" To Britiſh glory,
" But ah! tho' our foes did flee,
" Sad was the loſs to thee,
" While every freſh victory
" Drown'd us in ſorrow."

" Here, take this truſty blade,"
(Donnel expiring, ſaid)
" Give it to yon dear maid
" Weeping in Mora.
" Tell her, O Allan, tell,
" Donnel thus bravely fell,
" And that in his laſt farewell,
" He thought on his Flora."

Mute ſtood the trembling fair,
Speechleſs with wild deſpair,
Then ſtriking her boſom bare,
Sigh'd out poor Flora !
" Oh Donnel ! O welladay !"
Was all the fond heart could ſay ;
At length the ſound died away,
Feebly in Mora.

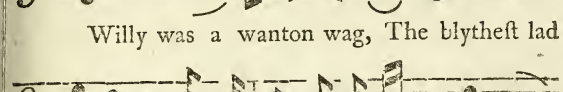
. careful not to remove the C

In Writing the Book to

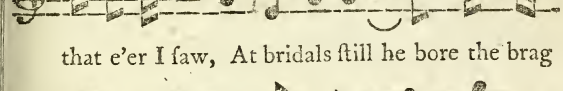
SONG LXXV.

WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.

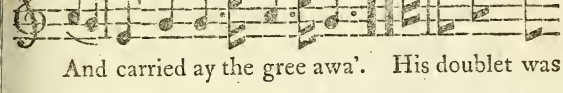
Willy was a wanton wag, The blytheſt lad



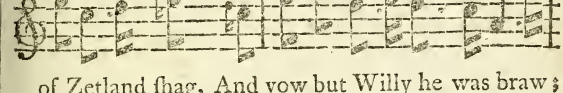
that e'er I ſaw, At bridals ſtill he bore the brag



And carried ay the gree awa'. His doublet was

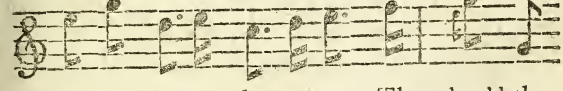


of Zetland ſhag, And vow but Willy he was braw;



At his ſhoulder hang a tag, That pleas'd the

2d Verſe.



laſſes beſt of a'. He was a man

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willy ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-ſhaw
Upon the green nane durſt him brag,
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd,
He wan the love of great and ſma';
For after he the bride had kiſſ'd,
He kiſſ'd the laſſes hale-ſale a'?
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen?
When he danc'd with the laſſes round,
The bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been:
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my ſhanks are ſair.
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he dow do na mair

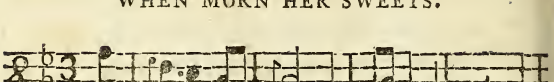
Then reſt ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;

But ſhame light on his ſouple ſnout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling:
Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny face;
With bobbing, Willy's ſhanks are fair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

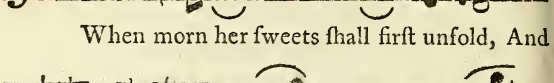
Bridgroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unleſs, like Willy, ye advance;
(O! Willy has a wanton wag:)
For wi't he learns us a to ſteer,
And foremoſt ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae ſick dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

SONG LXXVI.

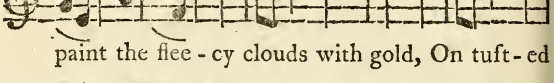
WHEN MORN HER SWEETS.



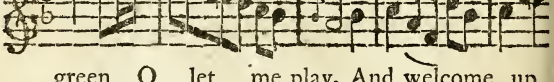
When morn her ſweets ſhall firſt unfold, And



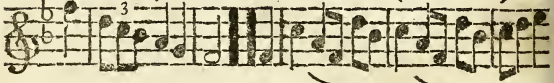
paint the flee - cy clouds with gold, On tuft - ed



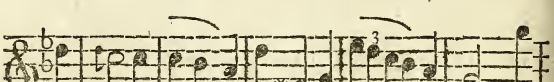
green O let me play, And welcome up



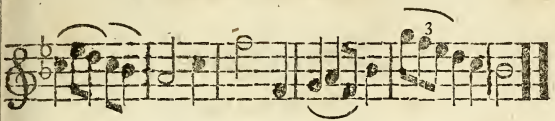
the jo-cund day. Wak'd by the gen - tle voice



of love, A--riſe, my fair, a--riſe and prove The



dear delights fond lovers know, The beſt of bleſſings



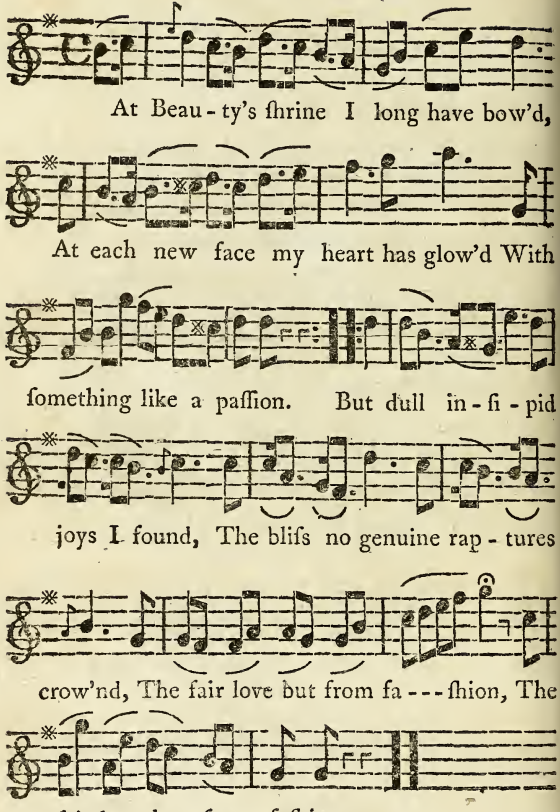
here below, The beſt of bleſſings here below.

To ſome clear river's verdant ſide,
Do thou my happy footſteps guide;
In concert with the purling ſtream
We'll ſing, and love ſhall be the theme:
E'er night aſſumes her gloomy reign,
When ſhadows lengthen o'er the plain;
We'll to the myrtle grove repair,
For peace and pleaſure wait us there.

The laughing god there keeps his court,
And little loves inceſſant ſport;
Around the winning graces wait,
And calm contentment guards the ſeat.
There loſt in extaſies of joy,
While tendereſt ſcenes our thoughts employ,
We'll bleſs the hour our loves begun,
The happy moment made us one.

SONG LXXVII.

FAIR ELIZA.

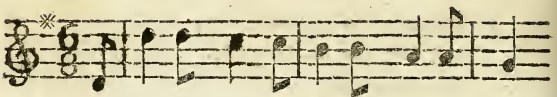


Inconſtant I of courſe became,
No care kept up the lambent flame,
  Which thus unheeded died:
To whim was ſacrificed each grace,
To vanity each pleaſing face,
  And love too oft to pride.

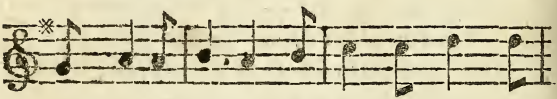
At length I fair Eliza ſaw,
Whoſe beauties fire---whoſe virtues awe;
  I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.
Her ſweet attention ſoothes each care,
Nought can our mutual bliſs impair,
  Time has our flame improv'd.

SONG LXXVIII.

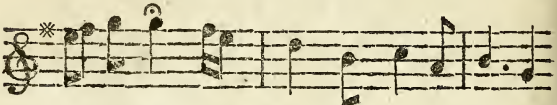
THE FLOWING CAN.



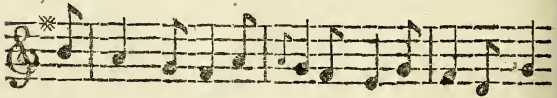
A ſailor's life's a life of woe, He works



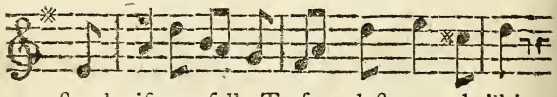
now late now early; Now up and down, now



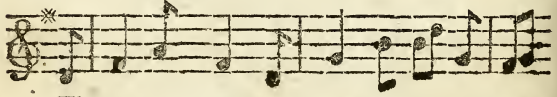
to and fro, What then? he takes it cheerly



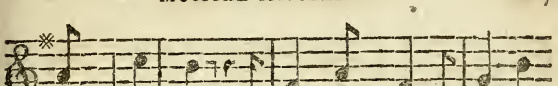
Bleſt with a ſmiling can of grog, If duty call,



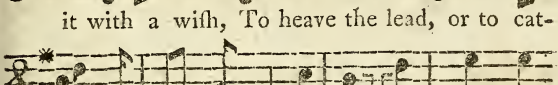
ſtand, riſe, or fall, To fates laſt verge he'll jog.



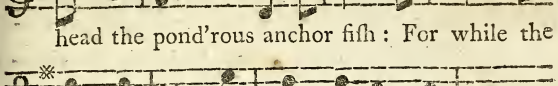
The cadge to weigh, the ſheets belay, He does



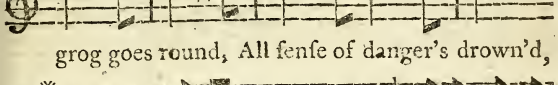
it with a wiſh, To heave the lead, or to cat-



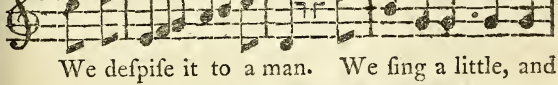
head the pond'rous anchor fiſh: For while the



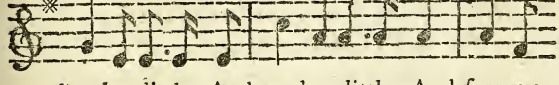
grog goes round, All ſenſe of danger's drown'd,



We deſpiſe it to a man. We ſing a little, and

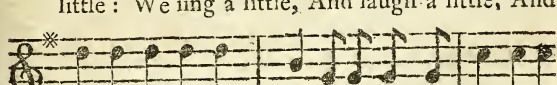


laugh a little, And work a little, And ſwear a

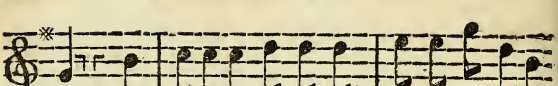


little: We ſing a little, And laugh a little, And

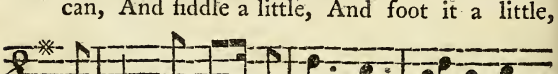
work a little, And ſwear a little: And fiddle a



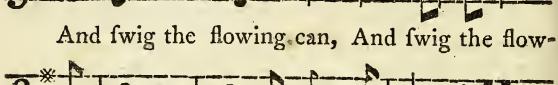
little, And foot it a little, And ſwig the flowing



can, And fiddle a little, And foot it a little,



And ſwig the flowing can, And ſwig the flow-



ing can, And ſwig the flowing can.

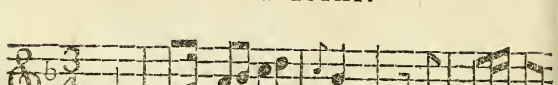
If howling winds and roaring ſeas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the ſtorm, our hearts at eaſe,
For Jack's to fear a ſtranger.
Bleſt with the ſmiling grog, we fly
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now riſe on mountains high:
Spight of the gale,
We hand the ſail,
Or take the needful reef;
Or man the deck,
To clear ſome wreck,
To give the ſhip relief.
Though perils threat around,
All ſenſe of danger's drown'd,

We deſpiſe it to a man.
We ſing a little, &c.

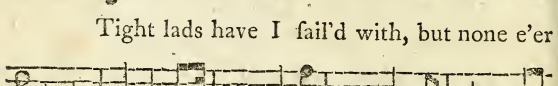
But yet think not our caſe is hard,
Though ſtorms at ſea thus treat us,
For coming home--a ſweet reward,
With ſmiles our ſweathearts greet us.
Now too the friendly grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toaſt,
Her we love moſt,
And gayly ſing and laugh,
The ſails we furl,
Then for each girl,
The petticoat diſplay.
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms ſurvey.
And then the grog goes round,
All ſenſe of danger's drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man.
We ſing a little, &c.

SONG LXXIX.

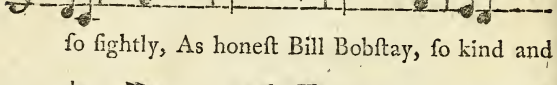
BILL BOBSTAY.



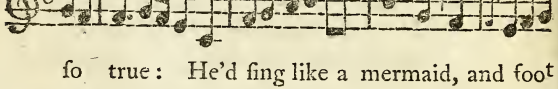
Tight lads have I fail'd with, but none e'er



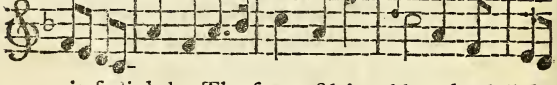
ſo ſightly, As honeſt Bill Bobſtay, ſo kind and



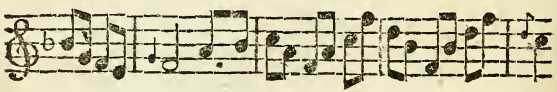
ſo true: He'd ſing like a mermaid, and foot



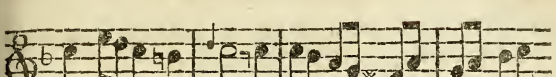
it ſo lightly, The forecaſtle's pride, the delight



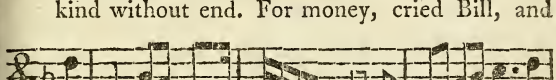
of the crew: But poor as a beggar, and of-



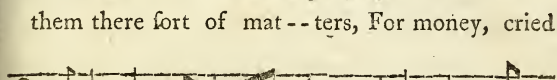
ten in tat--ters He went, tho' his fortune was



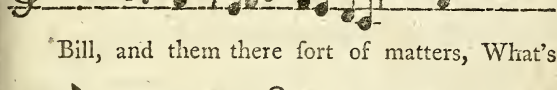
kind without end. For money, cried Bill, and



them there ſort of mat--ters, For money, cried



Bill, and them there ſort of matters, What's



the good on't d'ye ſee, but to ſuccour a friend?

There's Nipcheeſe, the purſer, by grinding and
ſqueezing,
Firſt plund'ring, then leaving the ſhip like a rat;
The eddy of fortune ſtands on a ſtiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.

My bark, though hard ſtorms on life's ocean ſhould
rock her,
Tho' ſhe roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end,
No, never ſhall Bill keep a ſhot in the locker,
When by handing it out he can ſuccour a friend.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, ſpight of
the croſſes,
And forgetful of toil that ſo hard'ly they bore,
That " Sailors at ſea earn their money like horſes,
" To ſquander it idly like aſſes aſhore."

Such lubbers their aw would coil up, could they
meaſure.
By their feeling, the gen'rous delight without end,
That gives birth in us tars to that trueſt of pleaſure,
The handing our rhino to ſuccour a friend.

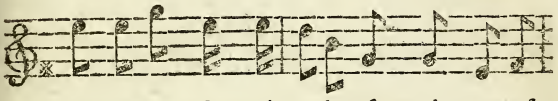
Why, what's all this nonſenſe they talks of and pother
All about *rights of men*, what a plague are they at?
If they means that each man to his meſſmate's
a brother,
Why, the lubberly ſwabs! ev'ry fool can tell that.

The rights of us Britons we knows to be loyal,
In our country's defence our laſt moments to ſpend:
To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
To be true to our wives—and to ſuccour a friend.

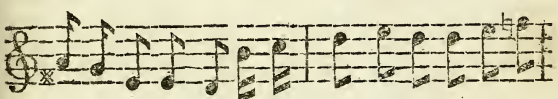
SONG LXXX.

LEAP YFAR.

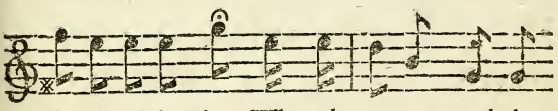
Won't you hail the leap year, by that am'rous



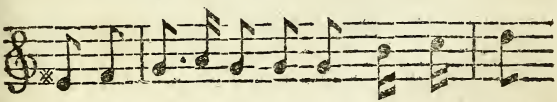
rogue Janus, Once in ev'ry four times conſe-



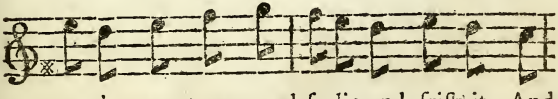
crated to Venus? Oh the fine lovely ſeaſon for



frolic and ſporting, When the men are made love

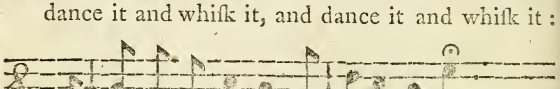


to, and girls go a-courting: Then come round

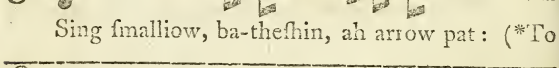


me dear creatures, and frolic and friſk it, And

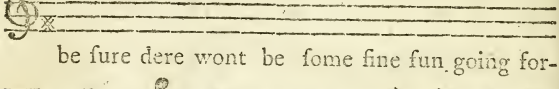
dance it and whiſk it, and dance it and whiſk it:



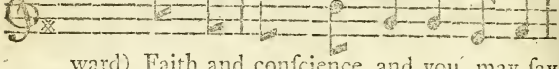
Sing ſmalliow, ba-theſhin, ah arrow pat: (*To



be ſure dere wont be ſome fine fun going for-



ward) Faith and conſcience and you may ſay



dat.

Miſter Vanus come put on a maſculine air,
Throw yourſelf on your knees, curſe your ſtars, lie and ſwear;
Perfection, ſays you, to your beauty's a quiz,
Cries Miſs Mars, do you love me, I do, dam'me, whiz!
Then come round me, &c.
(To be ſure dere won't be fine ſighing and dying and wooing and cooing!)
Fait and conſcience and you may ſay dat.

* To be ſung *ad libitum*.

Rich young ladies of ſixty new born to love's joys,
Shall hobble and mumble their courtſhip to boys;
Girls ſhall court from the ſhiners of old men aſſiſtance,
With their eye on a handſome tight lad in the diſtance,
Then come round me, &c.
(To be ſure they won't make the beſt uſe of their time!)
Fait and conſcience and you may ſay dat.

Miſs Maypole ſhall ſtoop to the arms of an imp,
And the tall lady Gauky ſhall court my Lord Shrimp,
Miſs Pigmy ſhall climb round the neck of a tall man,
And the rich widow Mite court a big Iriſh Jollman!
Then come round me, &c.
(To be ſure dere won't be fine ſimpering and ogling and leering!)
Fait and conſcience and you may ſay dat.

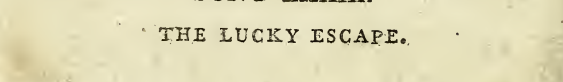
Miſs Champanſy, whoſe monky has ſo many charms,
Of a fine powder'd coxcomb ſhall ruſh to the arms;
To court Miſter Sciatic Miſs Spaſm ſhall hop,
And Miſs Cheveux de frize ſhall addreſs Mr Crop!
Then come round me, &c.
(To be ſure de bold little devils won't put the men in a fine fluſteration!)
Fait and conſcience and you may ſay dat;

Thus you've nothing to do Jollmen all but ſit ſtill,
And fait ev'ry Jack will ſoon find out a Jill;

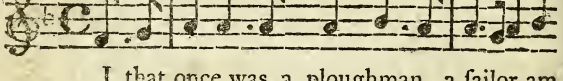
Come on, ye bold devils, ſwear, lie, and make ſpeeches,
Tis leap-year, and the petticoats govern the breeches!
Then come round me, &c.
(Ah the dear creatures! to be ſure they wont cut a comical figure when they are dreſs'd in their inexpreſſibles!)
Fait and conſcience and you may ſay dat.

SONG LXXXI.

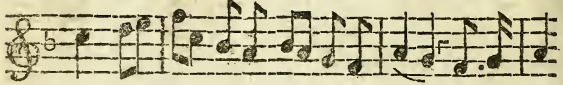
THE LUCKY ESCAPE.



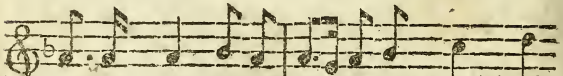
I that once was a ploughman, a ſailor am



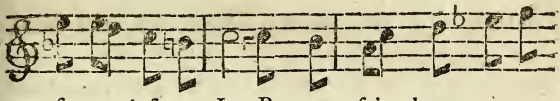
now. No lark that aloſt in the ſky, E-ver flut-



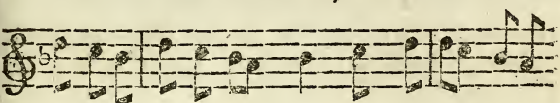
ter'd his wings to give ſpeed to the plough Was



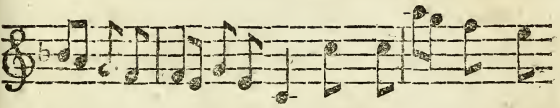
ſo gay and ſo careleſs as I, Was ſo gay and



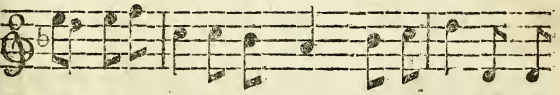
ſo careleſs as I; But my friend was a car-



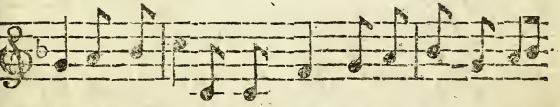
findo a-board a king's ſhip, And he ax'd me to



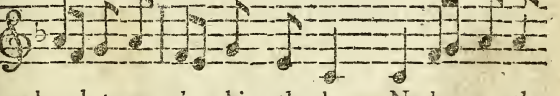
go juſt to ſea for a trip; And he talk'd of ſuch



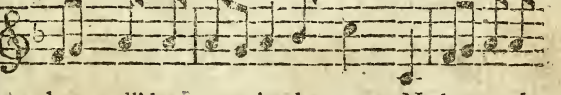
things as if ſailors were kings, And ſo teazing did



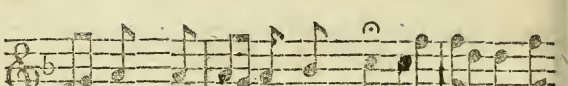
keep, and ſo teazing did keep, That I left my poor



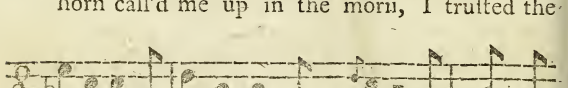
plough to go ploughing the deep. No long-er the



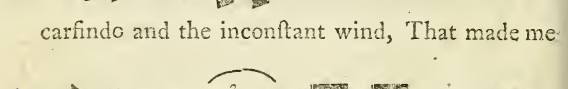
horn call'd me up in the morn, No longer the



horn call'd me up in the morn, I truſted the



carſindo and the inconſtant wind, That made me



for to go and leave my dear be - hind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a ſhip,
When in danger there is no door to creep out;
I liked the jolly tars, I liked bumbo and ſlip,
But I did not like rocking about;

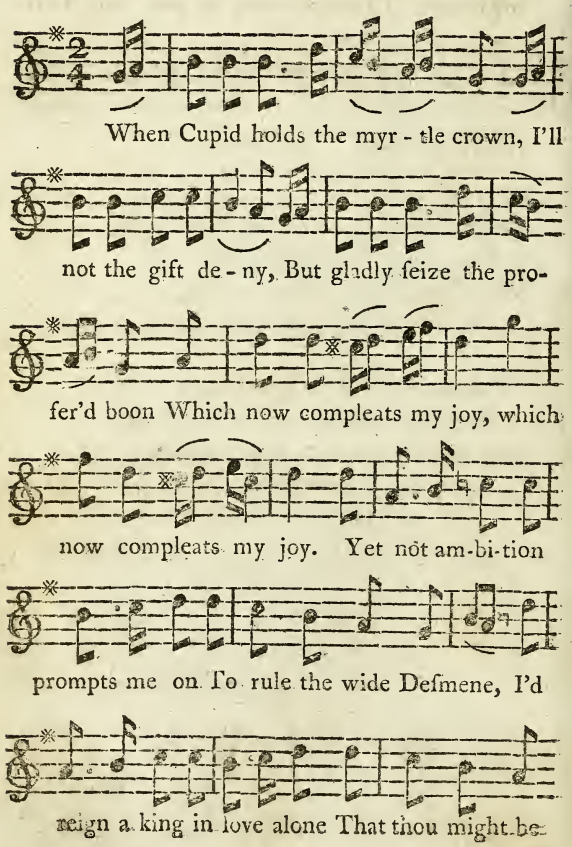
By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
Next a battle that many a ſailor laid flat;
Ah! cried I, who would roam,
That like me had a home;
When I'd ſow and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep,
Where ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I truſted the Carſindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

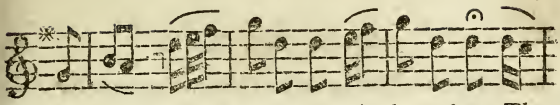
At laſt ſafe I landed, and in a whole ſkin,
Nor did I make any long ſtay,
Ere I found by a friend who I ax'd for my kin,
Father dead, and my wife ran away!
Ah who but thyſelf, ſaid I, haſt thou to blame?
Wives looſing their huſbands oft loſe their good name.
Ah why did I roam
When ſo happy at home:
I could ſow and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep:
When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Curſe light upon the Carſindo and inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the caſe, ſaid this very ſame friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gi'e's a ſhake by the fiſt, all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive and your wife's ſafe at home.
Stark ſtaring with joy, I leapt out of my ſkin,
Buſſ'd my wife, mother, ſiſter, and all of my kin:
Now, cried I, let them roam,
Who want a good home,
I am well, ſo I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep;
Once more ſhall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor ſhall any damn'd Carſindo, nor the inconſtant wind
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

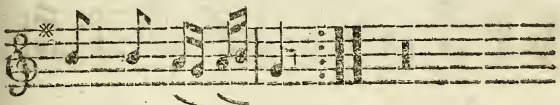
SONG LXXXII.

WHEN CUPID HOLDS THE MYRTLE CROWN.





my queen, I'd reign a king in love alone That



thou might be my queen.

Or ſhould the goddeſs, bright and fair,
Stoop from the Paphian iſle,
And ſtrewing roſy chaplets here,
On thee prefer to ſmile:

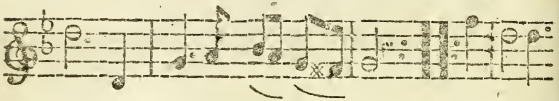
I'll ne'er repine at this decree,
Nor other bleſſing crave;
Sole monarch thou in love ſhalt be,
And I thy captive ſlave.

SONG LXXXIII.

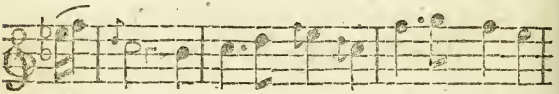
HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND.

How ſtands the glaſs around? For ſhame ye

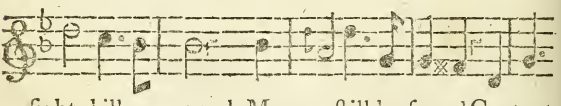
take no care, my boys, How ſtands the glaſs a-



round? Let mirth and wine a-bound. The trum-



pets ſound, the colours they are flying, boys, To



fight, kill, or wound, May we ſtill be found Content

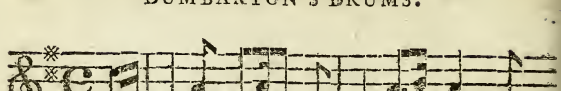
with our hard fate, my boys, On the cold ground.

Why, foldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, foldiers, why?
Whofe bufinefs 'tis to die!
What, fighing? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And fcorn to fly!

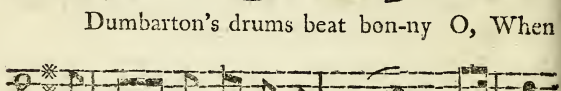
'Tis but in vain,—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—
'Tis but in vain,
For foldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and a kind landlady
Cure all again.

SONG LXXXIV.

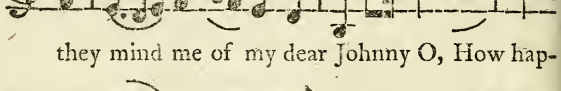
DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.



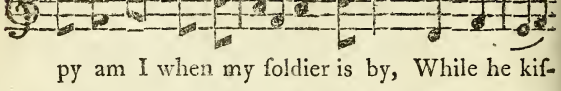
Dumbarton's drums beat bon-ny O, When



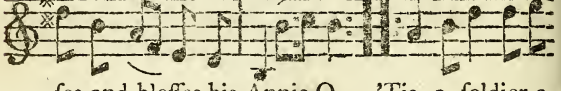
they mind me of my dear Johnny O, How hap-



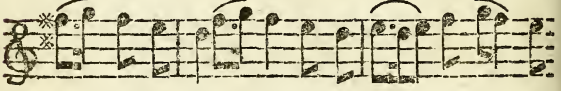
py am I when my foldier is by, While he kif-



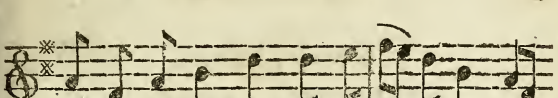
ſes and bleſſes his Annie O. 'Tis a foldier a-



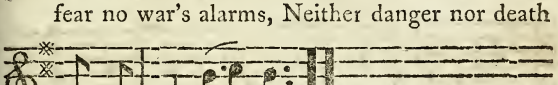
lone can delight me O For his graceful looks do



invite me O: Whilſt guarded in his arms, I'll



fear no war's alarms, Neither danger nor death



ſhall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handſome laddie, O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppiſh nor gaudy, O:
Tho' commiſſions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he ſhall ſerve no longer a cadie, O.
A ſoldier has honour and bravery, O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O:
He minds no other thing,
But the ladies or the King;
For every other care is but ſlavery O.

Then I'll be the Captain's lady, O,
Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready, O.
Dumbarton's Drums ſound bonny, O;
They are ſprightly, like my dear Johnny, O,
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my ſoldier's knee,
And he kiſſes and bleſſes his Annie, O.

SONG LXXXV.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

To the foregoing Tune.

O WHY ſhould old age ſo much wound us, O?
There is nothing in't at all to confound us, O;
For how happy now am I,
With my old wife ſitting by,
And our bairns and our oyes all around us, O.
For how happy now am I, &c.

We began in this world with naething, O,
And we've jogg'd on and toild for the aething, O;
We made uſe of what we had,
And our thankful hearts were glad,
When we got the bit meat and the claithing, O.
We made uſe of what we had, &c.

When we had any thing we never vaunted, O,
Nor did we hing our heads when we wanted, O;
We always gave a ſhare
Of the little we could ſpare,
When it pleas'd the ALMIGHTY to grant it, O.
We always gave a ſhare, &c.

We have liv'd all our lifetime contented, O,
Since the day we became firſt acquainted, O:

It's true we have been poor,
And we are ſo to this hour,
Yet we never repin'd nor lamented, O.
It's true we have been poor, &c.

We never laid a plot to be wealthy, O,
By ways that were cunning or ſtealthy, O,
But we always had the bliſs,
(And what further could we wis'?)
To be pleas'd with ourſelves and be healthy, O.
But we always had the bliſs, &c.

But tho' we cannot boaſt of our *guineas*, O,
We have plenty of *Jockies* and *Jeannies*, O;
And theſe I'm certain are
More deſireable by far
Than a bag full of poor *yellow ſtanies*, O.
And theſe I'm certain are, &c.

We have ſeen many wonder and fairly, O,
At changes that have almoſt been yearly, O,
Of rich folks up and down,
Both in country and in town,
That now live but ſcrimply and ſparely, O.
Of rich folks up and down, &c.

Then why ſhould people brag of proſperity, O,
Since a ſtraiten'd life we ſee is no rarity, O?
Indeed we've been in want,
And our living's been but ſcant,

Yet we never were reduc'd to ſeek charity, O.
Indeed we've been in want, &c.

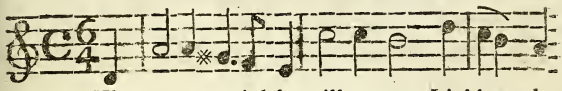
In this houſe we firſt came together, O,
Where we've long been a father and mother, O,
And tho' not of ſtone and lime,
It will ſerve us all our time,
And I hope we ſhall never need another, O.
And tho' not of ſtone and lime, &c.

And when we leave this habitation, O
We'll depart with a good commendation, O,
Well go hand in hand I wis'
To a better place than this,
And make room for the next generation, O,
We'll go hand in hand I wis', &c.

Then why ſhould old age ſo much wound us, O?
There is nothing in't at all to confound us, O,
For how happy now am I,
With my old wife ſitting by,
And our bairns and our oyes all around us, O.
For how happy now am I, &.

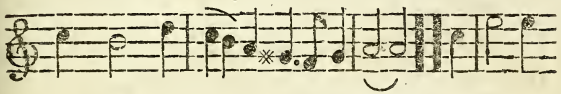
SONG LXXXVI.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.

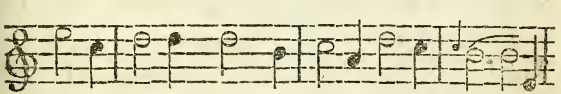


There was a jol-ly miller once Liv'd on the

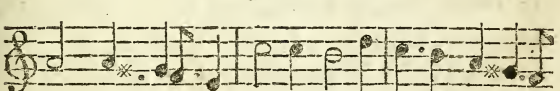
ri-ver Dee, He danc'd and he ſung from morn



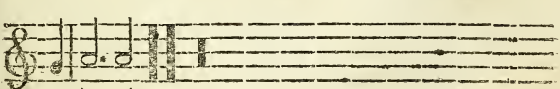
till night, No lark ſo blithe as he. And this the



burden of his ſong for e-ver us'd to be: I



care for nobody, no, not I, If no-bo-dy cares



for me.

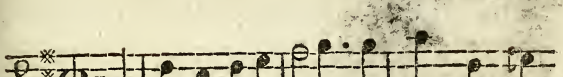
I live by my mill, God bleſs her! ſhe's kindred,
child and wife;
I would not change my ſtation for any other in life.
No lawyer, ſurgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from
me.
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

When ſpring begins its merry career, oh! how his
heart grows gay!
No ſummer's drouth alarms his fears, nor winter's
ſad decay;
No foreſight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to
ſing and ſay,
Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to
day.

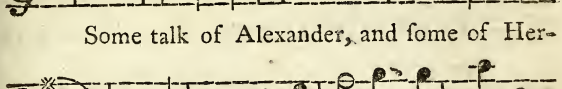
Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice
and ſing:
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on
the wing.
This ſong ſhall paſs from me to thee, along this
jovial ring:
Let heart and voice and all agree, to ſay,—long live
the King!

SONG LXXXVII.

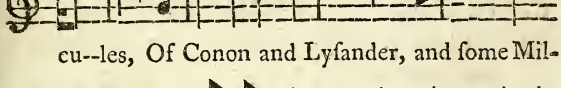
BRITISH GRENADIERS.



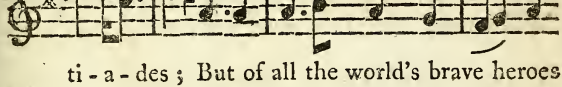
Some talk of Alexander, and ſome of Her-



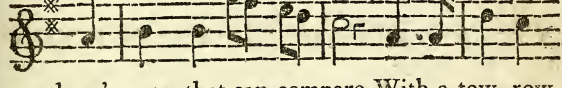
cu--les, Of Conon and Lyſander, and ſome Mil-



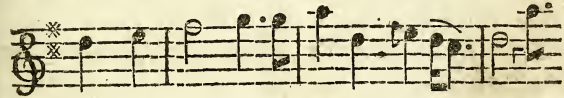
ti - a - des ; But of all the world's brave heroes



there's none that can compare With a tow, row,

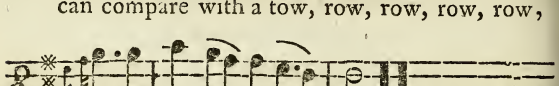


row, row, row, to the Britiſh grenadiers. But



of all the world's brave heroes there's none that

can compare with a tow, row, row, row, row,



to the Britiſh gre-na-diers.

None of thoſe ancient heroes e'er ſaw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to ſlay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and baniſh all their fears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the Britiſh Grenadiers.
But our brave boys, &c

Whene'er we are commanded to ſtorm the Paliſades,
Our leaders march with fuſees, and we with hand Granades,
We throw them from the glacis about our enemies ears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the Britiſh Grenadiers,
We throw them, &c.

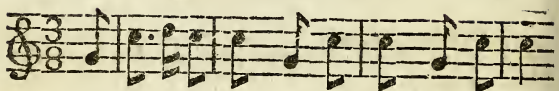
The god of war was pleaſed, and great Bellona ſmiles,
To ſee theſe noble heroes of our Britiſh Iſles;

And all the gods celeſtial, deſcended from their
ſpheres,
Beheld with admiration the Britiſh Grenadiers.
And all the gods celeſtial, &c.

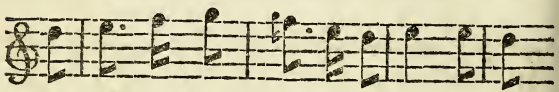
Then let us crown a bumper, and drink a health to
thoſe
Who carry caps and pouches that wear the looped
clothes.
May they and their commanders live happy all their
years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the Britiſh Gre-
nadiers.
May they and their commanders, &c.

SONG LXXXVIII.

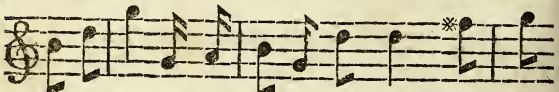
THE ECHOING HORN.



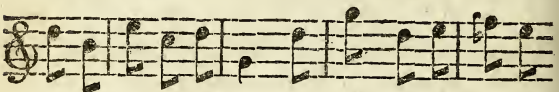
The echoing horn calls the ſportſmen abroad



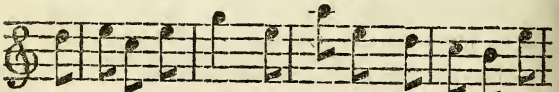
To horſe, my brave boys, and away. The morn-



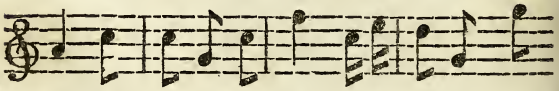
ing is up, and the cry of the hounds Upbraids



our too tedious delay. What pleaſure we feel in

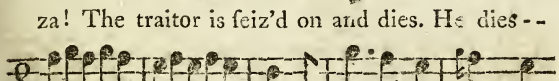


purſuing the fox! O'er hill and o'er valley he



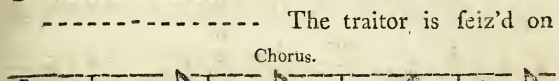
flies: Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him: huz-

za! The traitor is ſeiz'd on and dies. He dies--

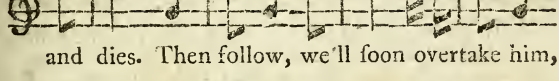


---------- The traitor is ſeiz'd on

Chorus.



and dies. Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him,

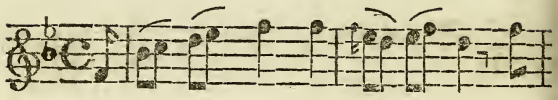


huzza! The traitor is ſeiz'd on, and dies.

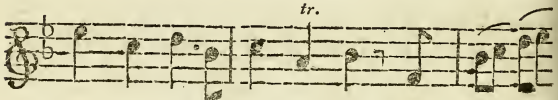
Triumphant returning at night with the ſpoil,
Like Bacchanals, ſhouting and gay;
How ſweet with a bottle and laſs to refreſh,
And drown the fatigues of the day!
With ſport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours.
Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
Let's ſtrew the way over with flow'rs.
With flow'rs; lets ſtrew, &c.

SONG LXXXIX.

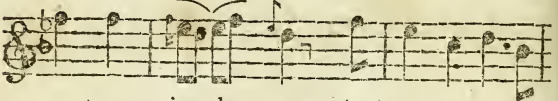
HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.



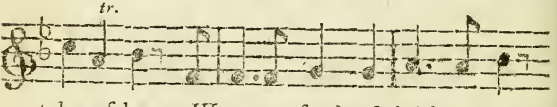
The fields were green, the hills were gay, And



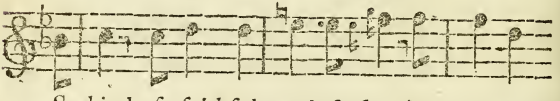
birds were ſinging on each ſpray, When Colin



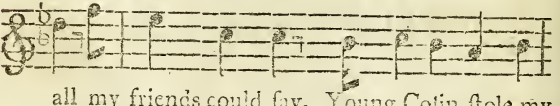
met me in the grove, And told me tender



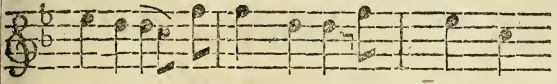
tales of love. Was ever ſwain ſo blithe as he?



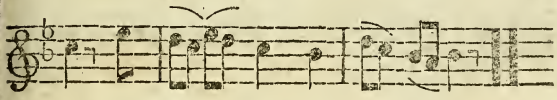
So kind, ſo faithful, and ſo free? In ſpite of



all my friends could ſay, Young Colin ſtole my



heart away. In ſpite of all my friends could



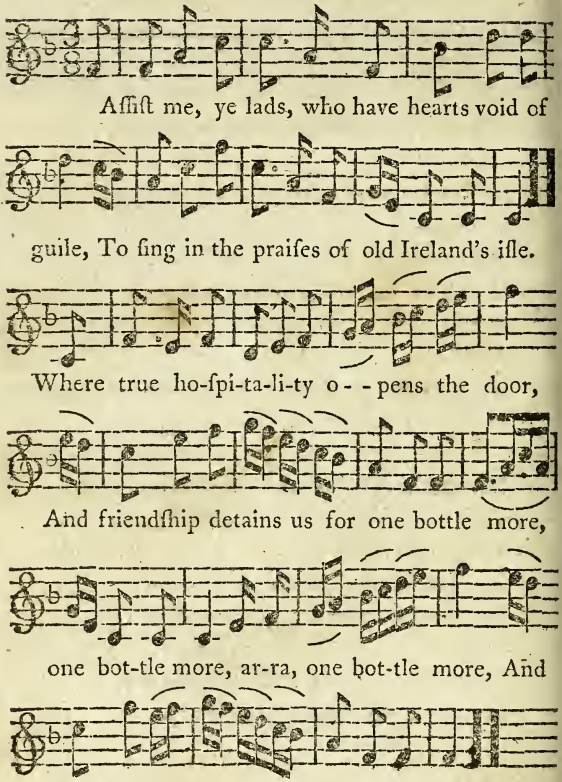
ſay, Young Colin ſtole my heart away.

Whene'er he trips the meads along,
He ſweetly joins the woodlark's ſong;
And when he dances on the green,
There's none ſo blithe as Colin ſeen.
If he's but by I nothing fear;
For I alone am all his care:
Then, ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
And ſeems ſurpris'd I quit my home:
But ſhe'd not wonder that I rove,
Did ſhe but feel how much I love.
Full well I know the gen'rous ſwain
Will never give my boſom pain:
Then, ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

SONG XC.

ONE BOTTLE MORE.



Old England, your taunts on our country forbear;
With our bulls, and our brogues, we are true and
sincere,
For if but one bottle remain'd in our ſtore,
We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

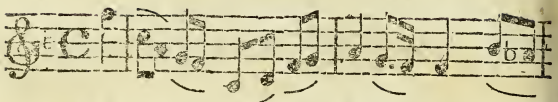
In Candy's, in Church-ſtreet, I'll ſing of a ſet
Of ſix Iriſh blades who together had met;
Four bottles a-piece made us call for our ſcore,
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loath to depart,
For friendſhip had grappled each man by the heart;
Where the leaſt touch you know makes an Iriſhman
roar,
And the whack from ſhilella brought ſix bottles more.

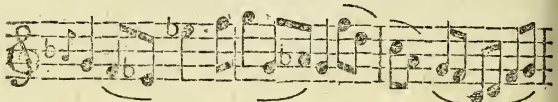
Slow Phœbus had ſhone thro' our window ſo bright,
Quite happy to view his bleſt children of light.
So we parted with hearts neither ſorry nor ſore,
Reſolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.

SONG XCI.

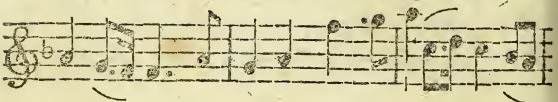
BONNY CHRISTY.



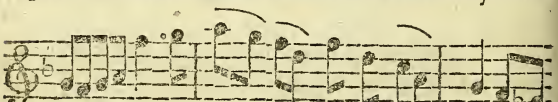
How ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green! Sweet



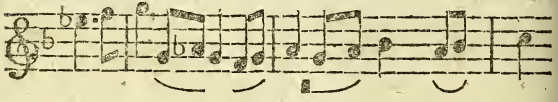
taſtes the peach and cherry: Painting and or-der



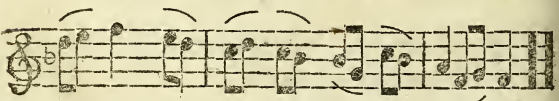
pleaſe our een, And claret makes us mer-ry: But



fin-eſt colours, fruits, and flowers, and wine, tho'



I be thir-ſty, Loſe a' their charms and weak-



er powers, Compar'd with thoſe of Chriſ-ty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No natural beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting!
But if my Chriſty tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with ecſtaſies rejoice,
And drap the haill creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a woman:
But dubious of my ain deſert,
My ſentiments I ſmother;
With ſecret ſighs I vex my heart,
For fear ſhe loves another.

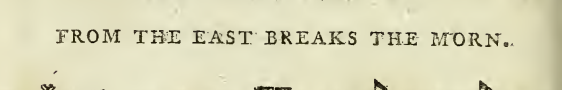
Thus ſang blate Edie by a burn,
His Chriſty did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her;
He wiſely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Chriſty!——witneſs, bonny ſtream,
Sic joy frae tears ariſing,

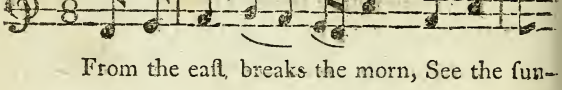
I wiſh this mayna be a dream;
O love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for talk;
This point of a' his wiſhes
He wadna with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kiſſes.

SONG XCII.

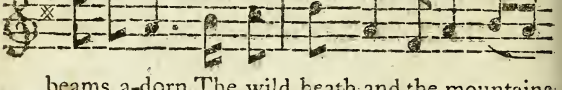
FROM THE EAST BREAKS THE MORN.



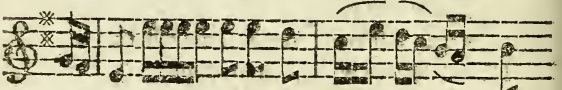
From the eaſt breaks the morn, See the ſun-



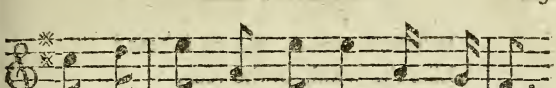
beams a-dorn The wild heath and the mountains



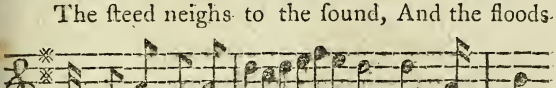
ſo high--, The wild heath and the moun-



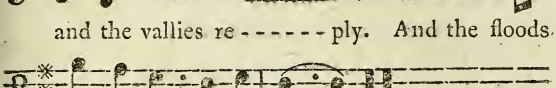
tains ſo high---. Shrilly opes the ſtaunch hound,



The ſteed neighs to the ſound, And the floods



and the vallies re - - - - - - ply. And the floods



and the val - lies re - - ply.

Our forefathers, ſo good,
Prov'd their greatneſs of blood
By encount'ring the pard and the boar;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and foreſts to roar.

Hence of noble deſcent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the boſom of nature's reveal'd;
Tho' in life's buſy day
Man of man make a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full ſight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mutual ſenſations refine!

Where is care? Where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's loſt in ſomething divine.

Now to horſe, my brave boys:
Lo! each pants for the joys
That anon ſhall enliven the whole:
Then at eve we'll diſmount,
Toils and pleaſures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

SONG XCIII.

LET GAY ONES AND GREAT.

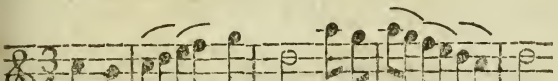
To the foregoing tune.

Let gay ones and great
Make the moſt of their fate;
From pleaſure to pleaſure they run:
Well, who cares a jot?
I envy them not
While I have my dog and my gun.

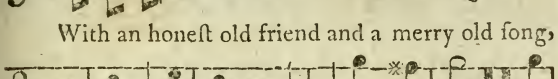
For exerciſe, air,
To the field I repair,
With ſpirits unclouded and light;
The bliſſes I find,
No ſtings leave behind,
But health and diverſion unite.

SONG XCIV.

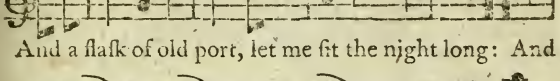
WITH AN HONEST OLD FRIEND.



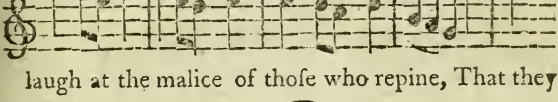
With an honeſt old friend and a merry old ſong,



And a flaſk of old port, let me ſit the night long: And



laugh at the malice of thoſe who repine, That they



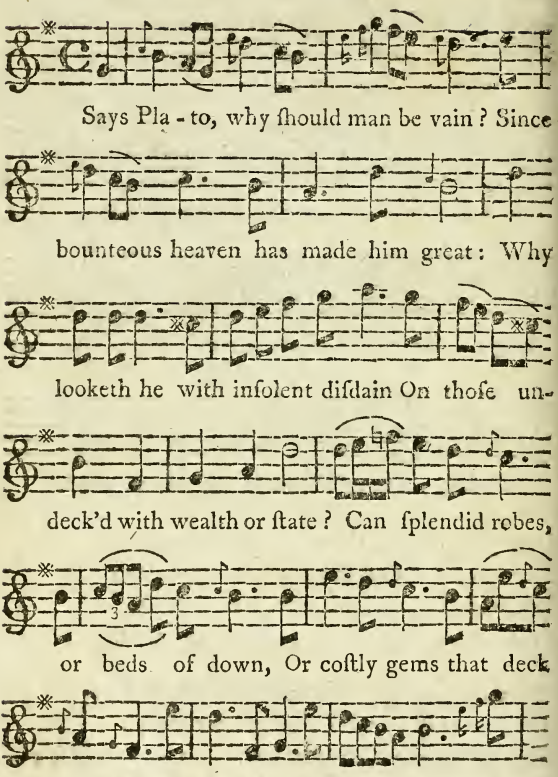
muſt ſwig porter, While I can drink wine.

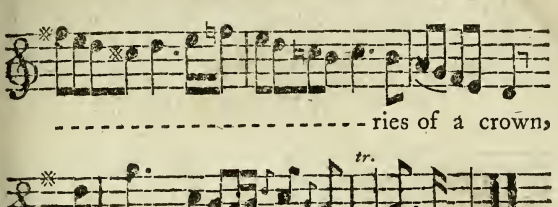
I envy no mortal, though ever ſo great,
Nor ſcorn I a wretch for his lowly eſtate;
But what I abhor, and eſteem as a curſe,
Is poorneſs of ſpirit not poorneſs in purſe.

Then dare to be generous, dauntleſs, and gay;
Let's merrily paſs life's remainder away:
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may deſpiſe;
For the more we are envied the higher we riſe.

SONG XCV.

PLATO'S ADVICE.





---------- ries of a crown,

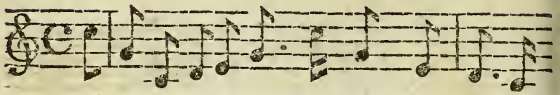
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care?

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble, and the haughty, die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt, without diſtinction, lie.
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles bore:
The wealth and glory they poſſeſſ'd,
And all their honours, are no more.

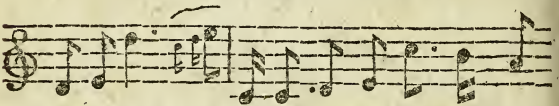
So glides the meteor thro' the ſky,
And ſpreads along a gilded train;
But when its ſhort-liv'd beauties die,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls!—
Let friendſhip reign while here we ſtay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,—
When Jove us calls we muſt away.

SONG XCVI.

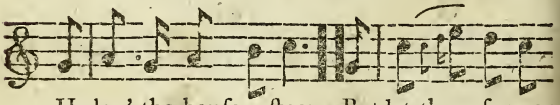
LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.



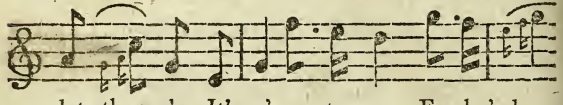
My daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll nae twin



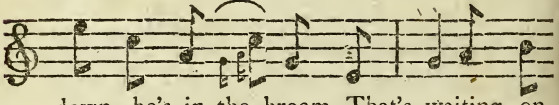
wi' his gear; My minny ſhe's a ſcolding wife,



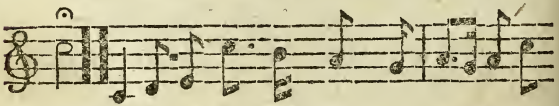
Hads a' the houſe a-ſteer: But let them ſay, or



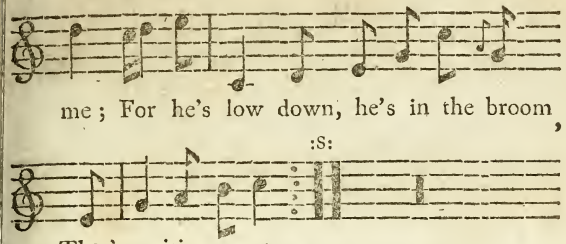
let them do, It's a' ane to me; For he's low



down, he's in the broom, That's waiting on



me. Waiting on me, my love, he's waiting on



me; For he's low down, he's in the broom,

:S:

That's waiting on me.

My aunty Kate ſits at her wheel,
And ſair ſhe lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy;
For ne'er a jo has ſhe.
But let them ſay, &c.

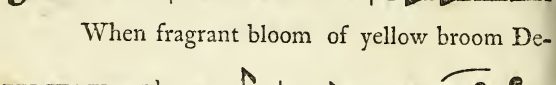
My couſin Kate was ſair beguil'd
Wi' Johnny i' the glen;
And ay ſince-ſyne ſhe cries, beware
Of falſe deluding men.
But let her ſay, &c.

Glee'd Sandy he came weſt ae night,
And ſpeer'd when I ſaw Pate;
And ay ſince ſyne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them ſay, &c.

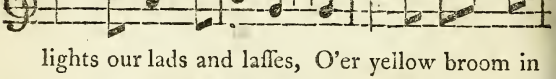
SONG XCVII.

WILLY.

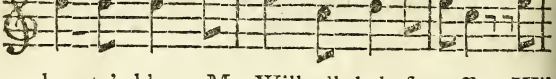
When fragrant bloom of yellow broom De-



lights our lads and laſſes, O'er yellow broom in

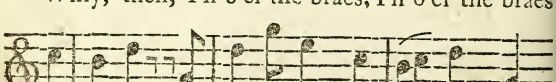


beauty's bloom My Will all lads ſurpaſſes. Wi'

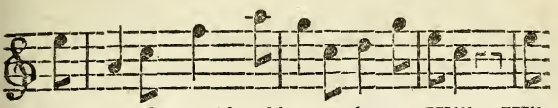


Willy, then, I'll o'er the braes, I'll o'er the braes

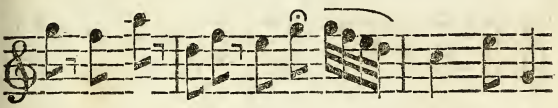
wi' Willy; Wi' Willy, then, I'll o'er the braes,



I'll o'er the braes wi' Willy. From morn to eve



I'll ſing the praiſe of buxom bonny Willy. Wil-



ly, Willy, Willy, Willy: From morn to eve

I'll ſing the praiſe of buxom bonny Willy, Wil-

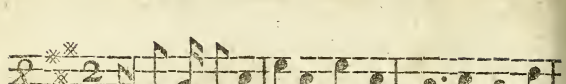
ly, Willy.

Reclin'd by Tay at noon-tide day,
We'll pu' the daiſy pretty;
The live long day we'll kiſs and play,
Or ſing ſome loving ditty.
Wi' Willy then, &c.

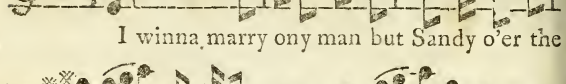
Now blithe and gay at ſetting day,
My mither dinna hinder,
I'll ſing and play wi' Willy gay,
For we twa ne'er ſhall finder.
Wi' Willy then, &c.

SONG XCVIII.

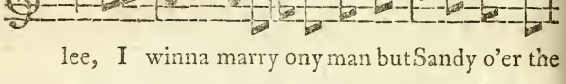
HE'S AY A KISSING ME.



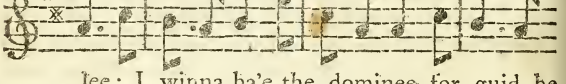
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the



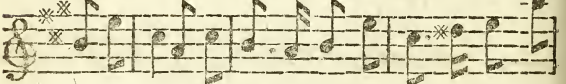
lee, I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the



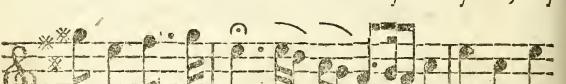
lee: I winna ha'e the dominee for guid he



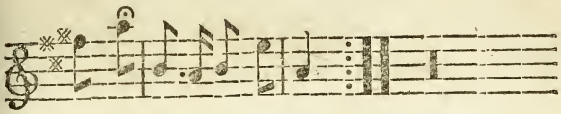
canna be. But I will hae my Sandy lad, my



Sandy o'er the lee. For he's ay a-kiſſing, kiſ-



ſing, ay a-kiſſing me, He's ay a-kiſſing,



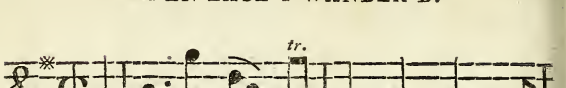
kiſſing, ay a-kiſſing me.

I will not have the miniſter for all his godly looks,
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily crooks:
I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
But I will have my Sandy lad without one penny filler.
For he's aye a-kiſſing, kiſſing, &c.

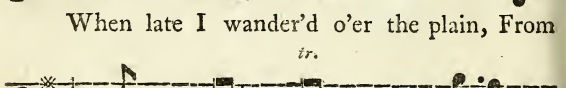
I will not have the ſoldier lad for he gangs to the war,
I will not have the ſailor lad becauſe he ſmells of tar,
I will not have the lord nor laird for all their mickle gear,
But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the muir.
For he's ay a-kiſſing, kiſſing, &c.

SONG XCIX.

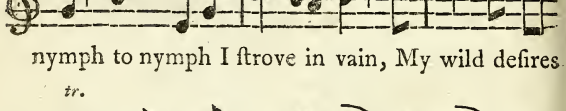
WHEN LATE I WANDER'D.



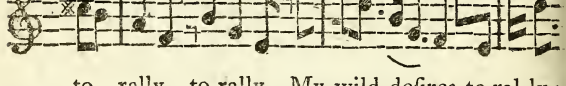
When late I wander'd o'er the plain, From



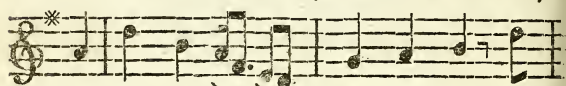
nymph to nymph I ſtrove in vain, My wild deſires



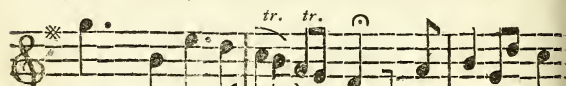
to rally, to rally, My wild deſires to ral-ly:



But now they're of themſelves come home, And



ſtrange! no longer wiſh to roam, They centre all



in Sally, in Sally, they cen-tre all in Sal-

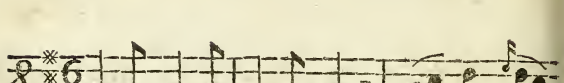
ly.

Yet ſhe, unkind one, damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to deſtroy,
Can love with ruin tally?
By thoſe dear lips, thoſe eyes, I ſwear,
I wou'd all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

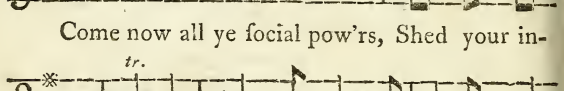
Come then, Oh come, thou ſweeter far
Than violets and roſes are,
Or lillies of the valley;
O follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to theſe arms my dear,
And make me bleſt in Sally.

SONG C.

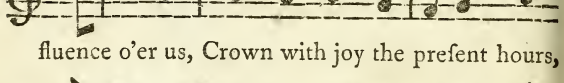
COME NOW ALL YE SOCIAL POW'RS.



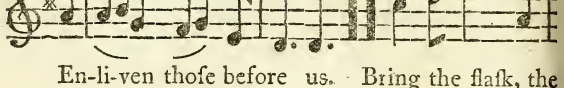
Come now all ye ſocial pow'rs, Shed your in-



fluence o'er us, Crown with joy the preſent hours,

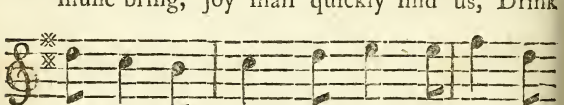


En-li-ven thoſe before us. Bring the flaſk, the

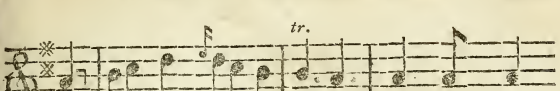


muſic bring, joy ſhall quickly find us, Drink

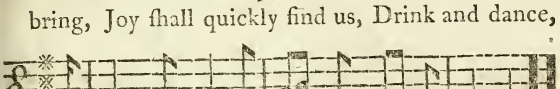
and dance, and laugh and ſing, And caſt dull



care behind us. Bring the flaſk, the muſic



bring, Joy ſhall quickly find us, Drink and dance,



and laugh and ſing, and caſt dull care behind us.

Friendſhip, with thy pow'r divine,
Brighten all our features;
What but friendſhip, love, and wine,
Can make us happy creatures?
Bring the flaſk, &c.

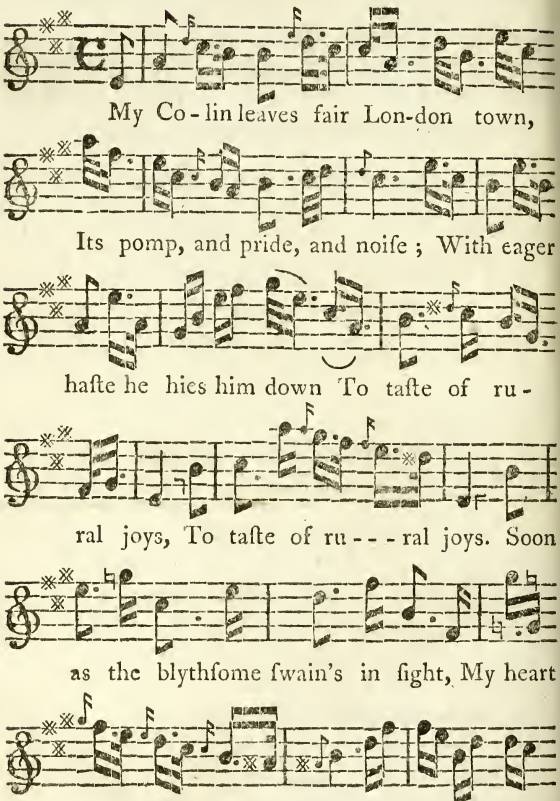
Love, thy Godhead we adore,
Source of generous paſſion;
Nor will we ever bow before
Thoſe idols, wealth and faſhion.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

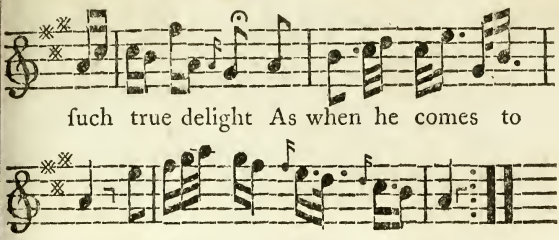
Why ſhould we be dull or ſad,
Since on earth we moulder?
The grave, the gay, the good, the bad,
They every day grow older.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Then ſince time will ſteal away,
'Spite of all our ſorrow;
Heighten every joy to day,
And never mind to morrow.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

SONG CI.

MY COLIN LEAVES FAIR LONDON TOWN.





How ſweet with him all day to rove,
And range the meadows wide;
Nor yet leſs ſweet the moon-light grove,
All by the river's ſide:
The gaudy ſeaſons paſs away,
How ſwift when Colin's by!
How quickly glides the flow'ry May!
How faſt the Summers fly!

When Colin comes to grace the plains,
An humble crook he bears,
He tends the flock like other ſwains,
A ſhepherd quite appears.
All in the verdant month of May,
A ruſtic rake his pride,
He helps to make the new mown hay
With Moggy by his ſide.

'Gainſt yellow Autumn's milder reign,
His ſickle he prepares,

He reaps the harveſt on the plain,
All pleaſ'd with rural cares:
With jocund dance the night is crown'd,
When all the toil is o'er,
With him I trip it on the ground,
With bonny ſwains a ſcore.

When winter's gloomy months prevail,
If Colin is but here,
His jovial laugh and merry tale
For me are meikle cheer.
The folks who chooſe in towns to dwell,
Are from my envy free,
For Moggy loves the plains too well,
And Colin's all to me.

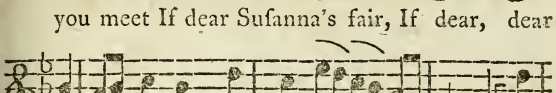
SONG CII.

ASK IF YON DAMASK ROSE BE SWEET.

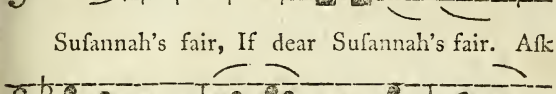
Aſk if yon damaſk roſe be ſweet, That ſcents

the ambient air; Then aſk each ſhepherd that

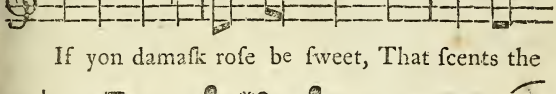
you meet If dear Sufanna's fair, If dear, dear



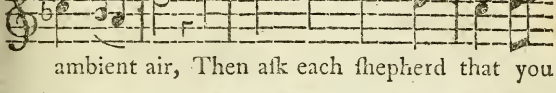
Sufannah's fair, If dear Sufannah's fair. Aſk



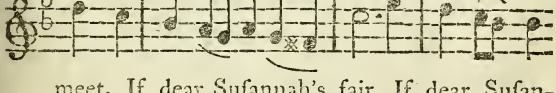
If yon damaſk roſe be ſweet, That ſcents the



ambient air, Then aſk each ſhepherd that you



meet, If dear Sufannah's fair, If dear Sufan-



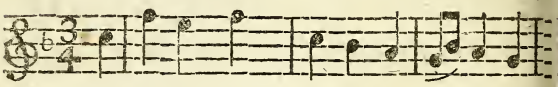
nah's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
And warble thro' the grove?
Bid wanton linnets quit the ſpray,
Then doubt thy ſhepherd's love.

The ſpoils of war let heroes ſhare,
Let pride in ſplendour ſhine;
Ye bards unenvy'd laurels wear,
Be fair Suſannah mine.

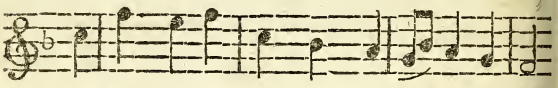
SONG CIII.

YE MORTALS WHOM FANCIES.

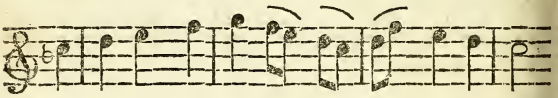


Ye mortals whom fancies and troubles per-

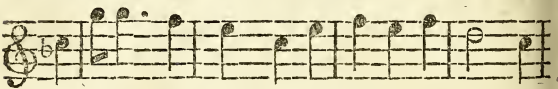
plex, Whom folly miſguides, and infirmities vex,



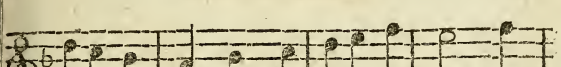
Whoſe lives hardly know what it is to be bleſt,



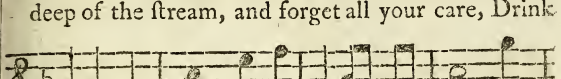
Who riſe without joy, and lie down without reſt,



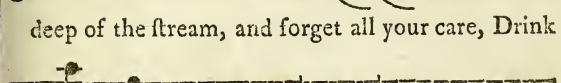
Obey the glad ſummons, to Lethe repair, Drink



deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care, Drink



deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care, Drink



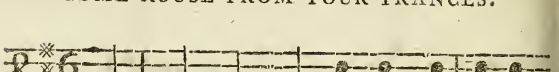
deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care.

Old maids ſhall forget what they wiſh for in vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
The rake ſhall forget how laſt night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with paſſion enjoy'd:
Obey then the ſummons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to trouble and care.

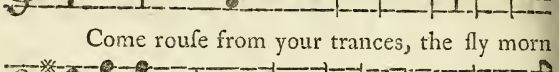
The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
Or drench her ſond fool, to forget her gallants;
The troubled in mind ſhall go chearful away,
And yeſterday's wretch be quite happy to day:
Obey then the ſummons to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the ſtream and forget all your care.

SONG CIV.

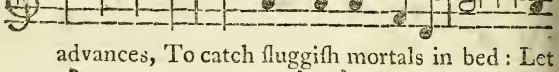
COME ROUSE FROM YOUR TRANCES.



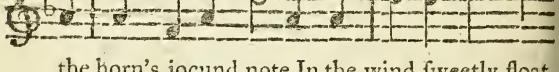
Come rouſe from your trances, the ſly morn



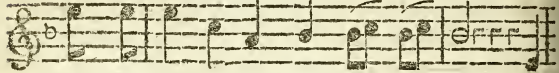
advances, To catch ſluggiſh mortals in bed: Let



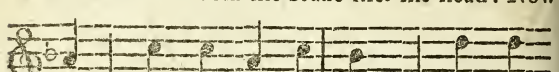
the horn's jocund note In the wind ſweetly float,



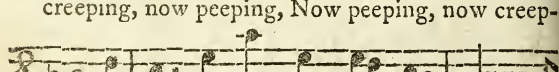
While the fox from the brake lifts his head: Now



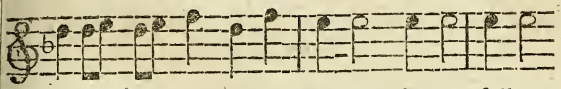
creeping, now peeping, Now peeping, now creep-



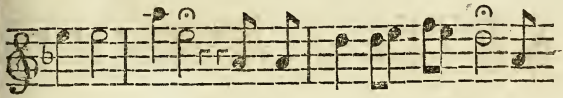
ing, The fox from the brake lifts his head. Each



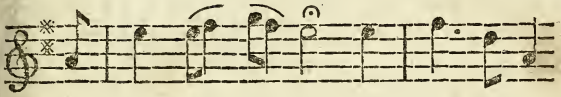
away to his ſteed, Your goddeſs ſhall lead, Come



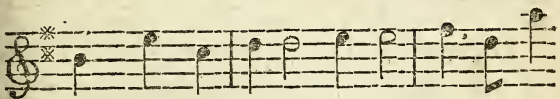
follow, my worſhippers, follow, follow, follow,



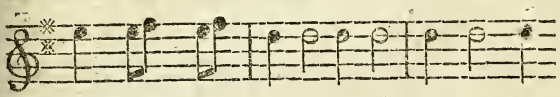
follow, follow. For the chace all prepare, See



the hounds ſnuff the air, Hark, hark to the



huntſman's ſweet hollow, hollow; Hark to the



huntſman's ſweet hollow, hollow, hollow, hol-

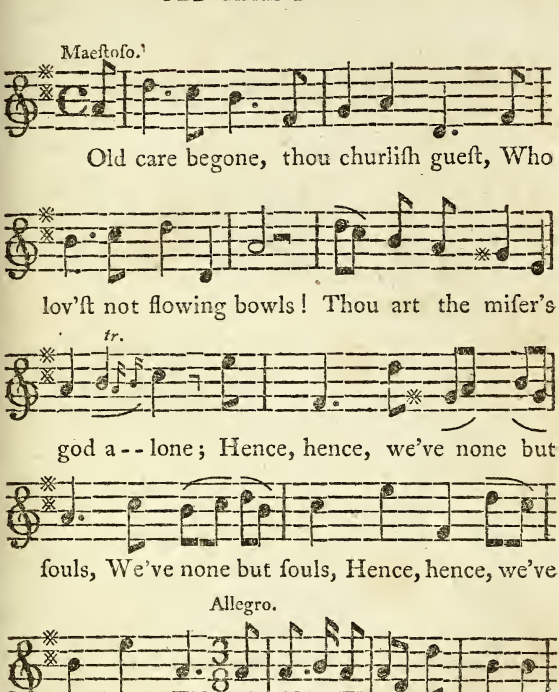
low, hollow.

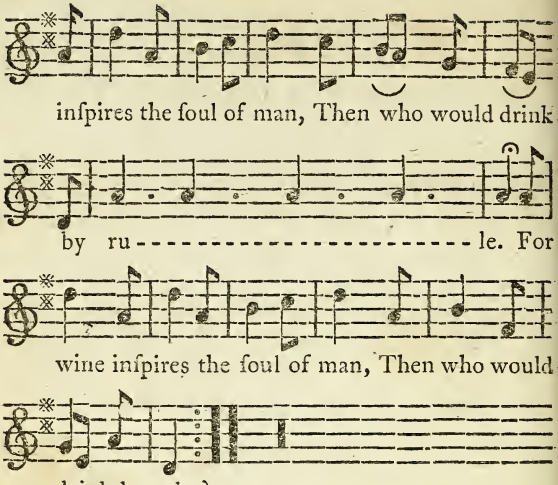
Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
See Reynard breaks cover,
The hunters fly over the ground:

Now they ſkim o'er the plain,
Now they dart down the lane,
And the hills, woods, and vallies reſound.
With ſplaſhing and daſhing,
With ſplaſhing and daſhing,
The hills, woods, and vallies reſound.
Then away with full ſpeed,
Your goddeſs ſhall lead,
Come follow, my worſhippers, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
For the chace all prepare,
See the Hounds ſnuff the air,
Hark, hark, to the huntſman's ſweet hollow, hollow,
Hark to the huntſman's ſweet hollow, hollow, hollow, hollow, hollow,

SONG CV.

OLD CARE BEGONE.





No turbid thoughts perplex the brain,
We cynic rules decline ;
Give me your joyous drinking blades,
And cellars ſtor'd with wine.
With grapes my temples wreathe around,
A hogſhead ſtriding o'er,
A rummer fill'd with generous wine,
Ye gods, I aſk no more.

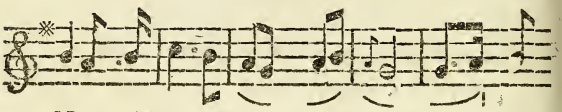
In triumph then, O ! how I'll quaff,
Amidſt each toping ſon ;
I wou'd like Bacchus' ſelf appear,
Aſtride the jolly tun.

Let learned pedants rave and rail,
Their maxims we defpife ;
If fhunning wine is wifdom call'd,
Oh ! let me ne'er be wife.

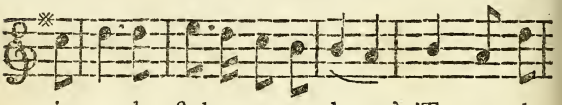
The diff'rence view 'twixt fons of care,
And lads of rofy hue,
Their fober joys are ftill the fame,
Our drinking's ever new.
Let them go on, dream life away,
Great Bacchus we'll adore,
And free as air we'll drink and fing,
Till time fhall be no more.

SONG CVI.

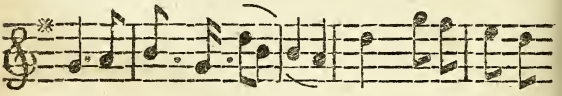
NEVER TILL NOW I KNEW LOVE'S SMART.



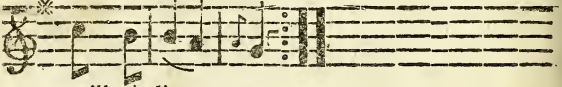
Never till now I knew love's ſmart, Gueſs who



it was that ſtole away my heart? 'Twas on-ly



you, if you'll believe me, 'Twas only you, if



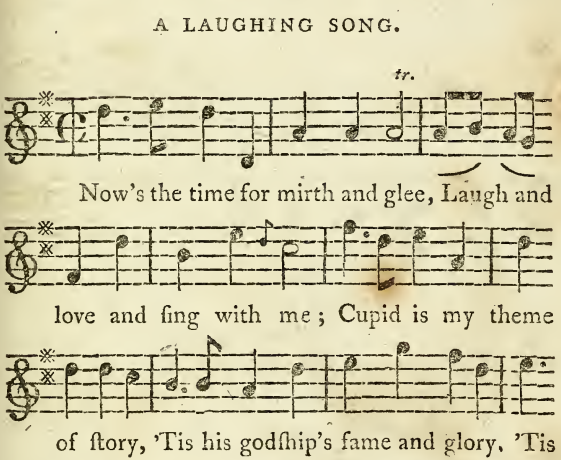
you'll believe me.

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r,
Heavy has paſſ'd each anxious hour,
If not with you, if you'll believe me,
If not with you, &c.
Honour and wealth no joys can bring,
Nor I be happy tho' a king,
If not with you, if you'll believe me,
If not with you, &c.

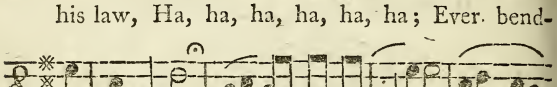
When from this world I'm call'd away,
For you alone I'd wiſh to ſtay,
For you alone, if you'll believe me,
For you alone, &c.
Grave on my tomb, where'er I'm laid,
Here lies one who lov'd but one maid,
That's only you, if you'll believe me.
That's only you, &c.

SONG CVII.

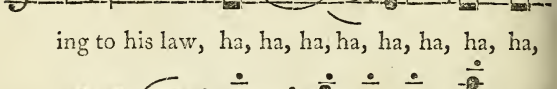
A LAUGHING SONG.



his law, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha; Ever bend-



ing to his law, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,



ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his ſhare of play,
He makes heroes quite their glory,
He's the god moſt fam'd in ſtory,
Bending then unto his law,
Ha, ha - - - - - - - - - - - - ha

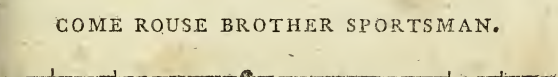
Sly the urchin deals in darts,
Without pity piercing hearts,
Cupid triumphs over paſſions,
Not regarding modes nor faſhions,
Firmly fix'd is Cupids law.
Ha, ha- - - - - - - - - - - ha

You may doubt theſe things are true;
But they're facts 'twixt me and you,

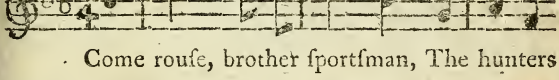
Then young men and maids be wary,
How ye meet before ye marry,
Cupid's will is folely law.
Ha ha- - - - - - - - - - - ha.

SONG CVIII.

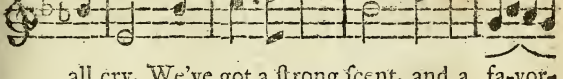
COME ROUSE BROTHER SPORTSMAN.



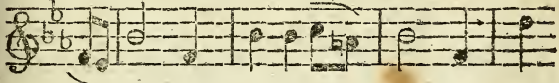
Come rouſe, brother ſportſman, The hunters



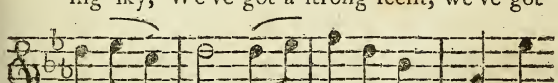
all cry, We've got a ſtrong ſcent, and a fa-vor-



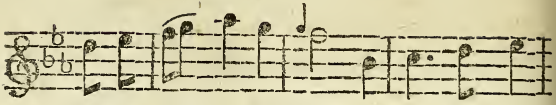
ing ſky, We've got a ſtrong ſcent, we've got



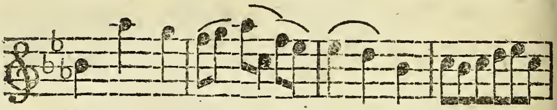
a ſtrong ſcent, we've got a ſtrong ſcent and



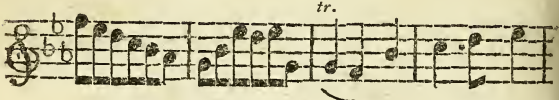
a favouring ſky. The horns ſprightly notes,



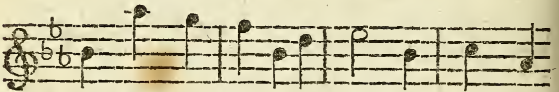
And the lark's early ſong, Will chide the dull



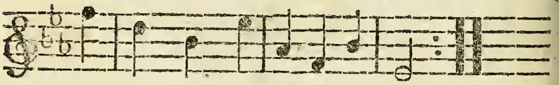
ſportſman for ſleeping ſo long, Will chi - - - -



- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - de, Will chide the dull



ſportſman for ſleeping ſo long, Will chide the



dull ſportſman for ſleeping ſo long.

Bright Phœbus has ſhewn us the glimpſe of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows and call'd to the chace,

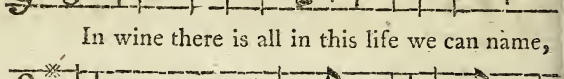
He ſoon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields bluſh with the beams of his ray.
Sweet Molly may teize you perhaps to lie down,
And if you refuſe her, perhaps ſhe may frown;
But tell her ſweet love muſt to hunting give place,
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I ſpy,
At his bruſh nimbly follows briſk Chanter and Fly:
They ſeize on their prey, ſee his eye balls they roll,
We're in at the death, now go home to the bowl.
There we'll fill up our glaſſes and toaſt to the king,
From a bumper freſh loyalty ever will ſpring,
To George, peace and glory may heavens diſpenſe,
And fox-hunters flouriſh a thouſand years hence.

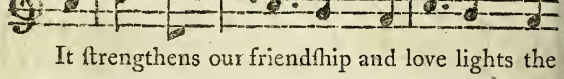
SONG CIX.

THE FRIENDS.

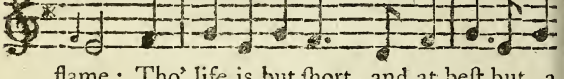
In wine there is all in this life we can name,



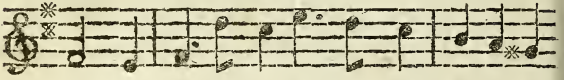
It ſtrengthens our friendſhip and love lights the



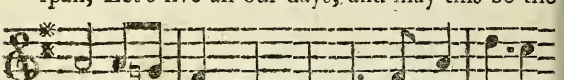
flame: Tho' life is but ſhort, and at beſt but a



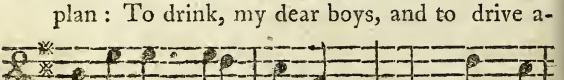
ſpan, Let's live all our days, and may this be the



plan: To drink, my dear boys, and to drive a-

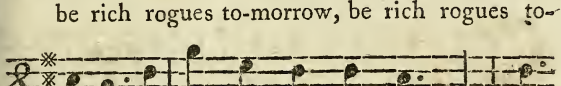


way ſorrow; Let caſh but hold out, and we'll

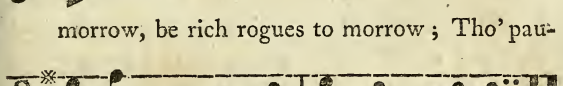


ne'er aſk to borrow; Tho' paupers to night, we'll

be rich rogues to-morrow, be rich rogues to-



morrow, be rich rogues to morrow; Tho' pau-



pers to-night, we'll be rich rogues to-morrow.

In a neat country village; yet not far from town,
A clean bed for a friend whene'er he comes down,
With a choice pack of hounds us to wake in the morn,
A hunter for each to ſet off with the horn.
Then drink, &c.

Our diſhes well choſen, and nice in their ſort,
Our cellars well ſtor'd with good claret and port,
A bumper to hail, to hail the all glorious,
Our grandſires did ſo, and our fathers before us.
Then drink, &c.

A jolly briſk chaplain that can well grace the table,
Who will drink like a man as long as he's able,

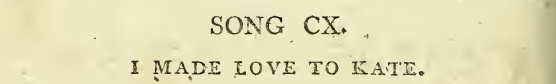
Who'll drink till his face port and claret makes red,
Then ſtagger enlighten'd quite happy to bed.
Then drink, &c.

May each man have a laſs, that he wiſhes would prove
To his honour moſt true, and ſincere to his love,
With beauty, with wit, to change never prone,
And the bandage good-nature to bind us their own.
Then drink, &c.

And juſt as we've liv'd may we cloſe the laſt ſcene,
Quite free from all trouble, quite free from all pain,
The young they may wonder, the old they may ſtare,
And lift up their hands, ſay what friendſhip was there?
Then drink, &c.

SONG CX.

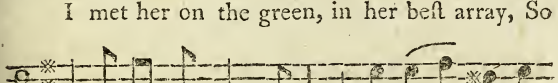
I MADE LOVE TO KATE.



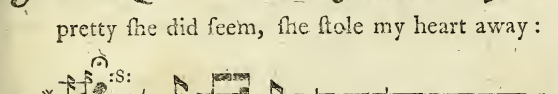
I made love to Kate, long I ſigh'd for ſhe,

Till I heard of late, ſhe'd a mind to me. me.

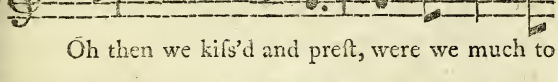
I met her on the green, in her beſt array, So



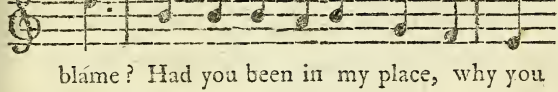
pretty ſhe did ſeem, ſhe ſtole my heart away:



Oh then we kiſs'd and preſt, were we much to



blame? Had you been in my place, why you



had done the ſame. Oh! ſame.

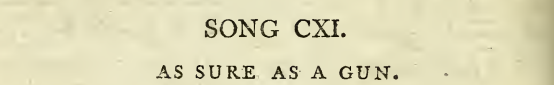
As I fonder grew, ſhe began to prate,
Quoth ſhe, I'll marry you, and you will marry Kate.
But then I laugh'd and ſwore,
I lov'd her more than ſo,
Ty'd each to a rope's end,
Is tugging to and fro.

Again we kiſs'd and preſt, were we much to blame?
Had you been in my place, why you had done the
ſame.

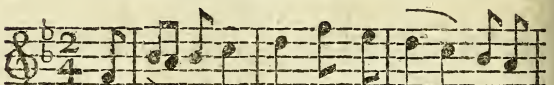
Then ſhe ſigh'd, and ſaid, ſhe was wond'rous ſick;
Dicky Katy led, Katy ſhe led Dick;
Long we toy'd and play'd
Under yonder oak,
Katy loſt the game,
Tho' ſhe play'd in Joke,
For there we did, alas! what I dare not name,
Had you been in my place, why you had done the
ſame.

SONG CXI.

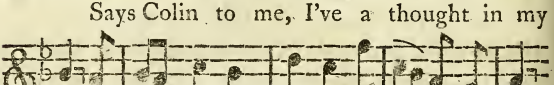
AS SURE AS A GUN.



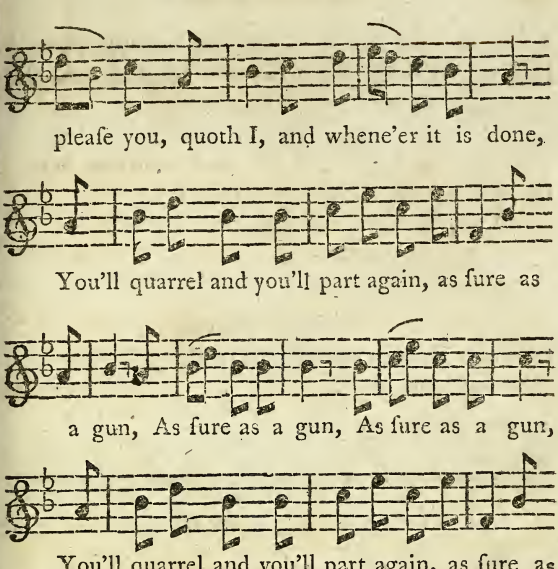
Says Colin to me, I've a thought in my



head, I know a young damſel I'm dying to wed,



I know a young damſel I'm dying to wed: So

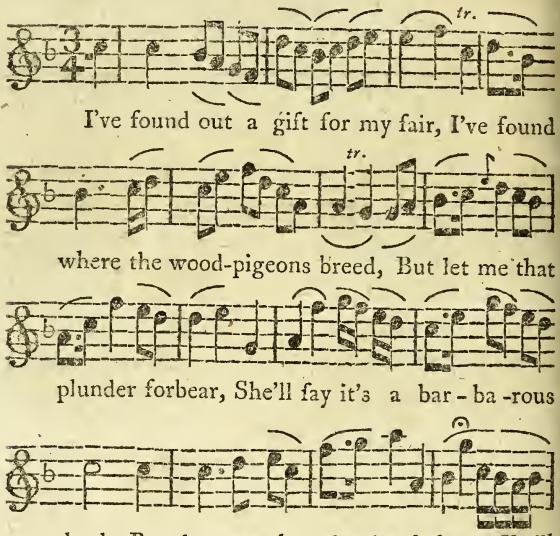


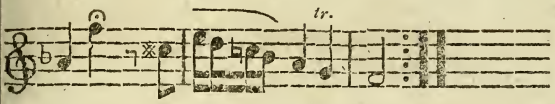
And ſo when you're married (poor amorous wight!)
You'll bill it and coo it from morning till night;
But truſt me, good Colin, you'll find it bad fun—
Inſtead of which you'll fight and ſcratch—as ſure as a gun!
But ſhou'd ſhe prove fond of her nown deareſt love,
And you be as ſouple, and ſoft as her glove;

Yet be ſhe a ſaint, and as chaſte as a nun—
You're faſten'd to her apron-ſtrings—as ſure as a gun!
Suppoſe it was you, then, ſaid he with a leer;
You wou'd not ſerve me ſo, I'm certain, my dear:
In troth I replied, I will anſwer for none—
But do as other women do—as ſure as a gun!

SONG CXII.

THE BIRD'S NEST.





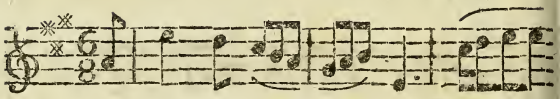
ſay its a bar - - - barous deed.

For he ne'er can be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who can rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

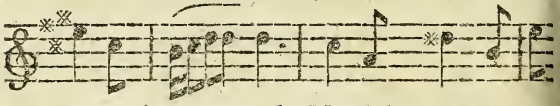
I've heard her with ſweetneſs unfold,
How that pity was due to a Dove:
That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of Love.

SONG CXIII.

NOW PHOEBUS SINKETH IN THE WEST.



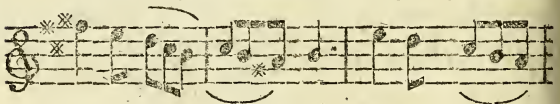
Now Phoebus ſinketh in the weſt, Welcome



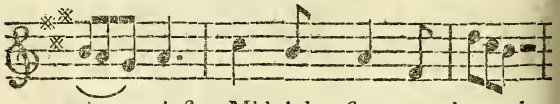
ſong and welcome jeſt, Midnight ſhout and re-

velry, Tipſy dance and jollity, Midnight ſhout

and revelry, Tipſy dance and jollity. Now

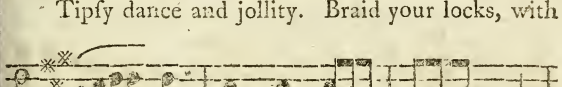


Phœbus ſinketh in the weſt, Welcome ſong and

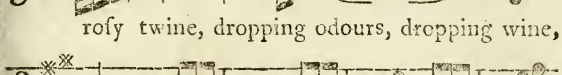


welcome jeſt, Midnight ſhout and revelry,

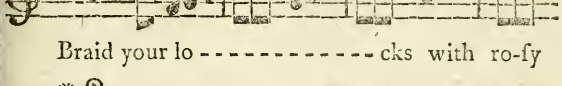
Tipsy dance and jollity. Braid your locks, with



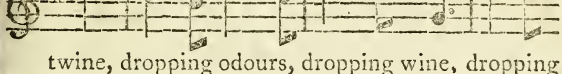
rosy twine, dropping odours, dropping wine,



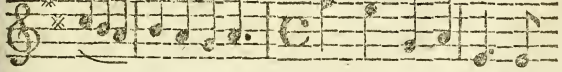
Braid your lo - - - - - - - - - - - - cks with ro-sy



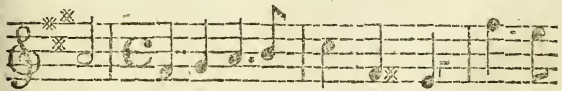
twine, dropping odours, dropping wine, dropping



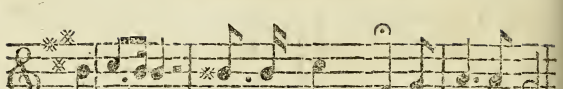
odours, dropping wine, dropping odours, dropping



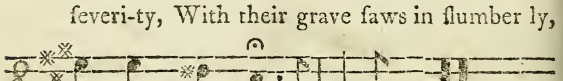
wine. Rigour now is gone to bed, And ad-



vice with scrup'lous head, Strict age and sour



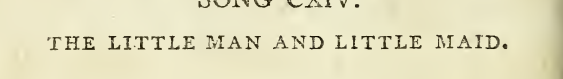
feveri-ty, With their grave faws in flumber ly,



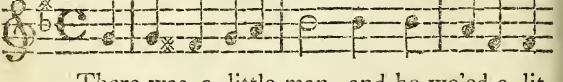
With their grave faws in flumber ly. *Da Capo.*

SONG CXIV.

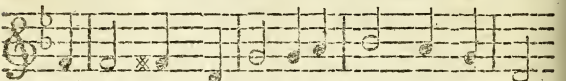
THE LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE MAID.



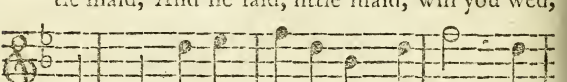
There was a little man, and he wo'ed a lit-



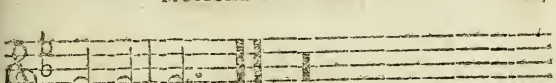
tle maid, And he faid, little maid, will you wed,



wed, wed. I have little more to fay, Than,



will you, ay or nay? For little faid is fooneft



mend - ed - ed.

Then reply'd the little maid, little ſir, you've little ſaid
To induce a little maid, to wed, wed, wed,
You muſt ſay a little more, and produce a little dow'r,
Ere I make a little print in your bed, bed, bed,

Then the little man replied, if you'll be my little bride
I'll raiſe my love a little higher;
Tho' I little love to prate, my little heart is great,
With the little god of love all on fire.

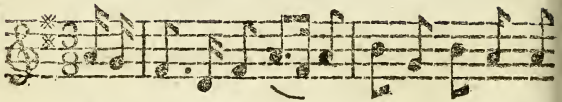
Then the little maid replied, ſhould I be your little bride,
Pray what ſhall we do for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the flame that you're ſo rich in ſerve for fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of love turn the ſpit, ſpit, ſpit?

Then the little man he ſigh'd, ſome ſay a little cried,
For his little breaſt was big with ſorrow;
I am your little ſlave, if the little that I have
Is too little, little dear, I will borrow.

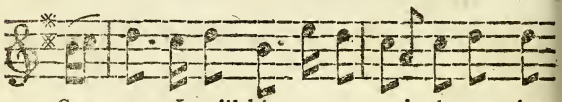
So the little man ſo gent, made the little maid relent,
And ſet her little heart a thinking,
Tho' his offers were but ſmall, ſhe took his little all,
And could have of a cat but her ſkin.

SONG CXV.

NOBODY.

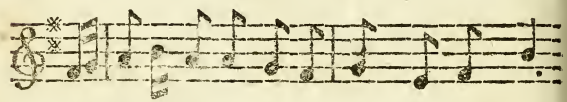


If to force me to ſing it be your intention,

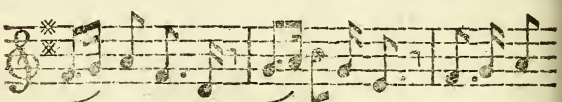


Some one I will hint at, yet nobody mention;

Nobody you'll cry, pſhaw, that muſt be ſtuff;



At ſinging I'm no-bo-dy, that's the firſt proof,



No, no-bo-dy, no, no-bo-dy, no-bo-dy,

nobody, no-bo-dy, no.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
When something they ought to be aſham'd of have done;
'Tis a name well applied to old maids and young beaus,
What they were intended for nobody knows.
No, nobody, &c.

If negligent ſervants ſhould china-plate crack,
The fault is ſtill laid on poor nobody's back;
If accidents happen at home or abroad,
When nobody's blam'd for it, is not that odd?
No, nobody, &c.

Nobody can tell you the tricks that are play'd,
When nobody's by, betwixt maſter and maid:
She gently crys out, ſir, there'll ſome body hear us,
He ſoftly replies, my dear, nobody's near us.
No, nobody, &c.

But big with child proving, ſhe's quickly diſcarded,
When favours are granted, nobody's rewarded;
And when ſhe's examined, crys, mortals, forbid it,
If I'm got with child, it was nobody did it.
No, nobody, &c.

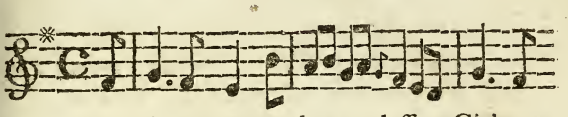
When by ſtealth, the gallant, the wanton wife leaves,
The huſband's affrighten'd, and thinks it is thieves;

He rouſes himſelf, and crys loudly who's there?
The wife pats his cheek, and ſays, nobody, dear.
No, nobody, &c.

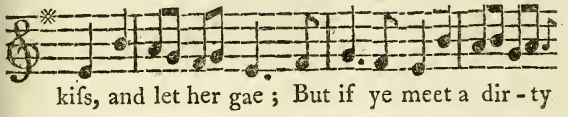
Enough now of nobody ſure has been ſung,
Since nobody's mention'd, nor nobody's wrong'd;
I hope for free ſpeaking I may not be blam'd,
Since nobody's injur'd, nor nobody's nam'd,
No, nobody, &c.

SONG CXVI.

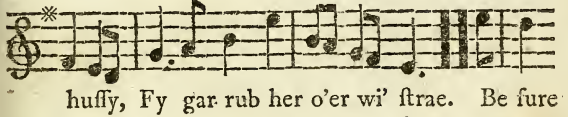
FY GAR RUB HER OE'R WI' STRAE.



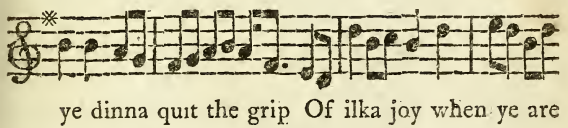
And gin ye meet a bonny laſſie, Gie'er a



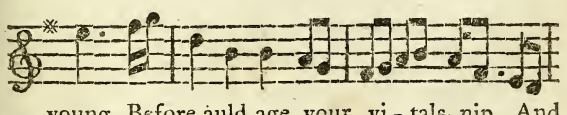
kiſs, and let her gae; But if ye meet a dir-ty



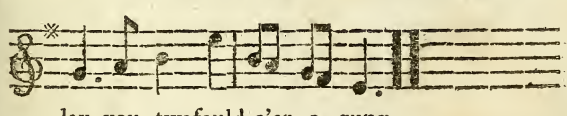
huſſy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae. Be ſure



ye dinna quit the grip Of ilka joy when ye are



young, Before auld age your vi-tals nip, And



lay you twafauld o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blithe and heartſome time;
Then lads and laſſes, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in it's prime
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the ſaft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you if ſhe kepp ony ſkaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſelf in ſome dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face
Nineteen na-ſays are ha'f a grant.

Now to her heaving boſom cling
And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs:
Upon her finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliſs.
Theſe bennifons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant:
Then, ſurly carls, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

SONG CXVII.

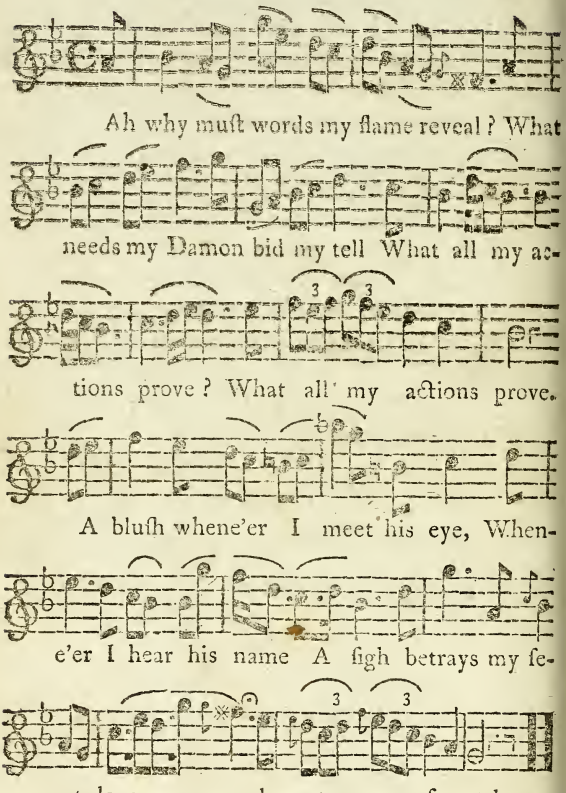
To the foregoing Tune.

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck
And anſwer kindneſs wi' a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect;
For women in a man delight;
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
And wi' a ſimple face give way:
To a repulſe then be not blate;
Puſh bauldly on and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer a' your love with hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
And let her ſigh when its too late.

SONG CXVIII.

AH WHY MUST WORDS.



In all their ſports upon the plain
My eyes ſtill fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve;
The reſt unheeded, dance or play,
He ſteals from all my praiſe away,
And can he doubt my love?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confeſs
The pleaſures which my ſoul poſſeſs,
And all it's cares remove.
Still, ſtill too ſhort appears his ſtay,
I frame excuſes for delay,
Can this be ought but love?

Does any ſpeak in Damon's praiſe,
How pleas'd am I with all he ſays,
And every word approve;
Is he defam'd, tho' but in jeſt,
I feel reſentment fire my breaſt,
Alas! becauſe I love.

But O! what tortures tear my heart,
When I ſuſpect his looks impart
The leaſt deſire to rove.
I hate the maid who gives me pain,
Yet him I ſtrive to hate in vain,
For ah! that hate is love.

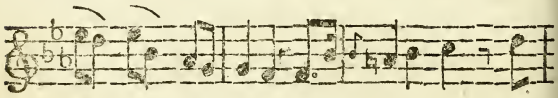
Then aſk not words, but read my eyes,
Believe my bluſhes, truſt my ſighs,

All theſe my paſſion prove:
Words may deceive, may ſpring from art,
But the true language of my heart
To Damon muſt be love.

SONG CXIX.

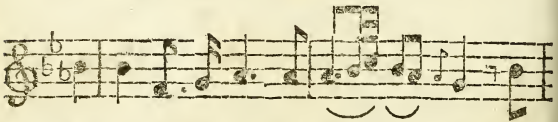
WINTER.

A dieu, ye groves, adieu ye plains, All na-



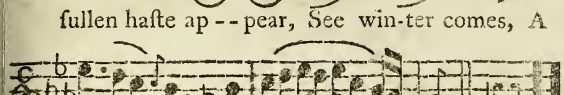
ture mourning lies. See gloomy clouds, and

thick'ning rains Obſcure the lab'ring ſkies.



See, ſee, from a-far, th'im pend ing ſtorm With

ſullen haſte ap--pear, See win-ter comes, A



drea-ry form, to rule---the falling year.

No more the lambs with gameſome bound,
Rejoice the gladden'd ſight:
No more the gay enamell'd ground,
Or ſylvan ſcenes delight.
Thus, lovely Nancy, much lov'd maid,
Thy early charms muſt fail;
Thy roſe muſt droop, the lilly fade,
And winter ſoon prevail.

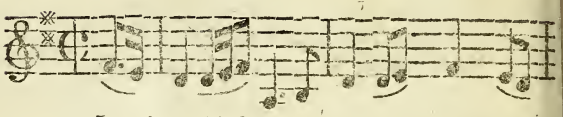
Again the lark, ſweet bird of day,
May riſe on active wings,
Again the ſportive herds may play,
And hail reviving ſpring.
But youth, my fair, ſees no return,
The pleaſing bubble's o'er,
In vain it's fleeting joys you mourn,
They fall to bloom no more.

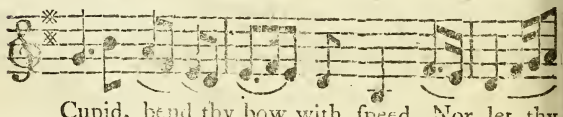
Haſte, then, dear girl, the time improve,
Which art can ne'er regain,
In bliſsfull ſcenes of mutual love,
With ſome diſtinguiſh'd ſwain;

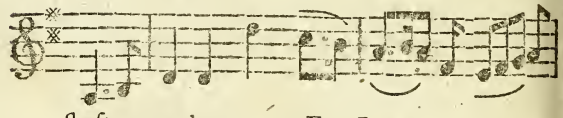
So ſhall life's ſpring, like jocund May,
Paſs ſmiling and ſerene;
Thus ſummer, autumn, glide away,
And winter ſoon prevail.

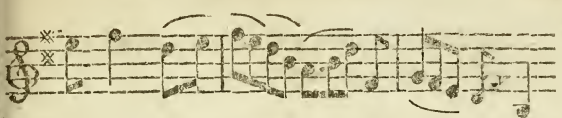
SONG CXX.

BONNY JEAN.

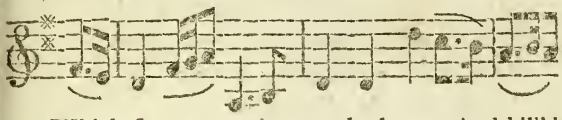




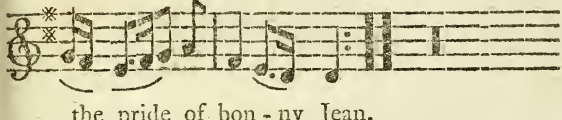




vine art, From Paphos ſhot an ar - row keen,



Which flew un - erring to the heart, And kill'd



the pride of bon - ny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuſes Willy's kind addreſs;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhow no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
Whilſt every day he ſpies ſome new
Surprizing charms in bonny Jean.

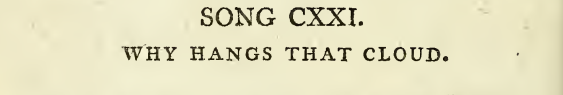
A thouſand tranſports crowd his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind;
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his Jenny is turn'd kind.
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;

The chearful hound and horn gives pain;
If abſent from his bonny Jean.

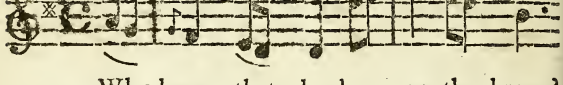
The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in ſummer ſhort'ned ſeems;
When ſunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than Troy's prize, the Spartan Queen.
With breaking day, he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

SONG CXXI.

WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD.



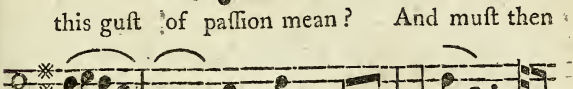
Why hangs that cloud u - pon thy brow?



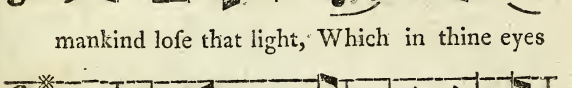
That beauteous heaven erewhile ſerene: Whence

do theſe ſtorms and tempeſts flow? Or wha

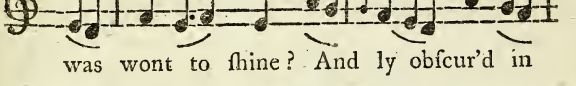
this guſt of paſſion mean? And muſt then



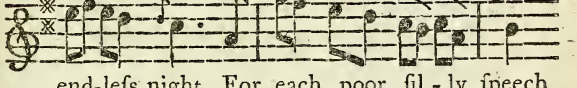
mankind loſe that light, Which in thine eyes



was wont to ſhine? And ly obſcur'd in



end-leſs night, For each poor fil - ly ſpeech



of mine?

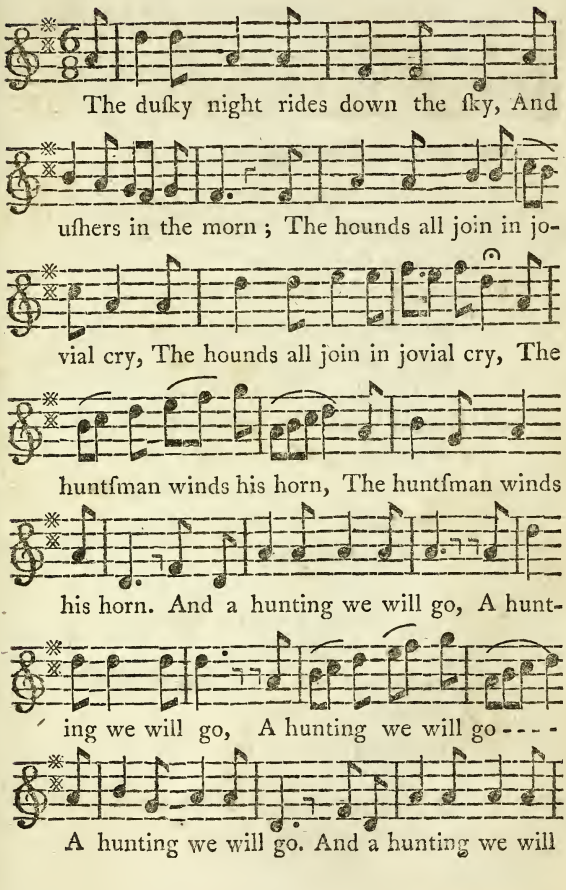
Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledged at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuſe thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends;
Or if I durſt profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to it's aid.

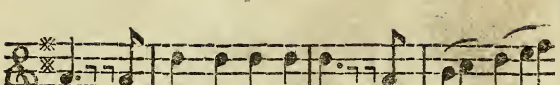
For Venus every heart t' enſnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas with unuſual care,
Bids wiſdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure!
Or who muſt not reſign the field
To thee, celeſtial maid, ſecure
With Cupid's bow, and Pallas ſhield?

If then to thee ſuch pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But ſmile, and learn to copy heaven,
Since we muſt ſin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itſelf appeas'd beſtows,
As the reward of penitence.

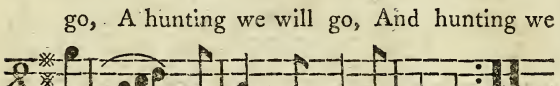
SONG CXXII.

THE DUSKY NIGHT.





go, A hunting we will go, And hunting we



will go --- A hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay:
My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,
You cannot hunt to-day.
Yet a hunting, &c.

Sly Reynard now like light'ning flies,
And sweeps across the vale;
But when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a hunting, &c.

Fond echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry;
The woods and hills the sound retort,
And music fills the sky,
When a hunting, &c.

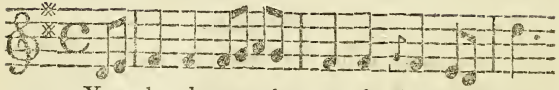
At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;

Then hungry homeward we return
To feaſt away the night.
And a drinking, &c.

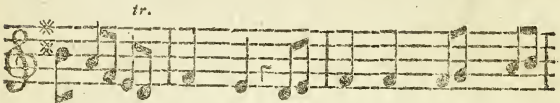
Ye jovial hunters in the morn
Prepare then for the chace;
Riſe at the ſounding of the horn,
And health with ſport embrace,
When a hunting, &c.

SONG CXXIII.

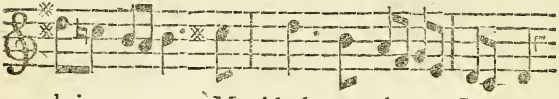
THE BONNY SCOTMAN.



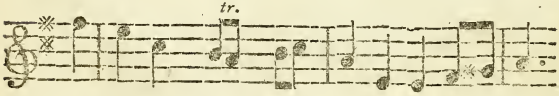
Ye gales that gently wave the ſea, And pleaſe



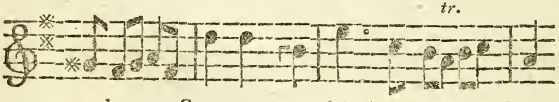
the canny boatman, Bear me frae hence, or



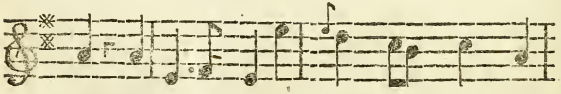
bring to me, My blyth, my bonny Scotman,



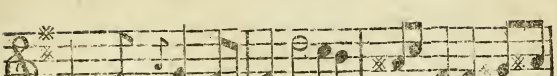
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me, My blyth



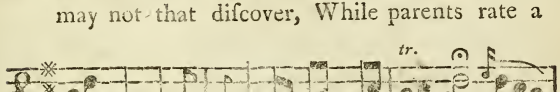
my bonny Scotman, my blyth my bonny Scot-



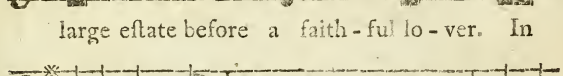
man. In holy bands we join'd our hands, Yet



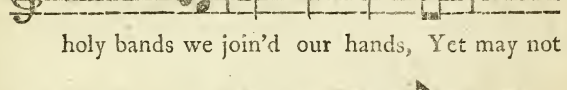
may not that diſcover, While parents rate a



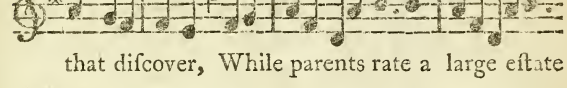
large eſtate before a faith-ful lo-ver. In



holy bands we join'd our hands, Yet may not



that diſcover, While parents rate a large eſtate



be-fore a faithful lo-ver, before a faithful lo-

ver, before a faith-ful lo-ver; While parents

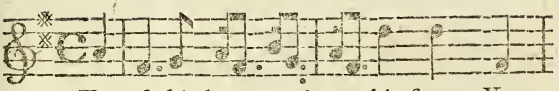
rate a large eſtate be-fore a faithful lover.

But I wou'd chuſe in Highland glens,
To herd the kid and goat man;
E'er I cou'd for ſuch little ends,
Refuſe my bonny Scotman.
Wae worth the man who firſt began,
The baſe ungen'rous faſhion;
From greedy views, love's art to uſe,
Whilſt ſtranger to it's paſſion.

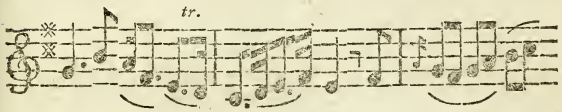
Frae foreign fields my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie;
Who pants to kiſs thy balmy mouth,
And in her boſom preſs thee:
Love gives the word, then haſte on board,
Fair wind and gentle boatman,
Waft o'er, waft o'er, from yonder ſhore,
My blyth my bonny Scotman.

SONG CXXIV.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

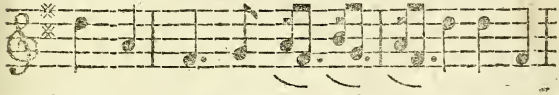


To eaſe his heart, and own his flame, Young

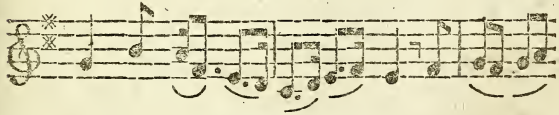


Jockey to my cottage came: But tho' I lik'd

him paſſing well, I careleſs turn'd my ſpinning

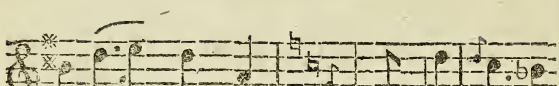


wheel. My milk-white hand he did extol, And

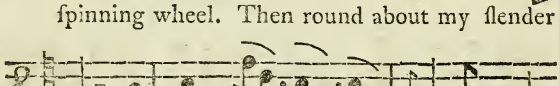


prais'd my fin-gers long and ſmall, Un-uſ--ual

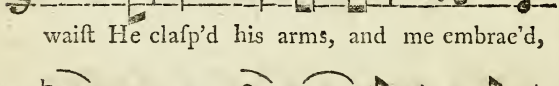
joy my heart did feel, But ſtill I turn'd my



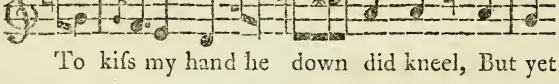
ſpinning wheel. Then round about my ſlender



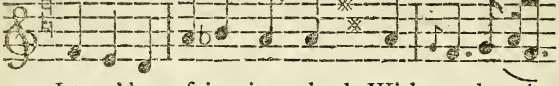
waiſt He claſp'd his arms, and me embrac'd,



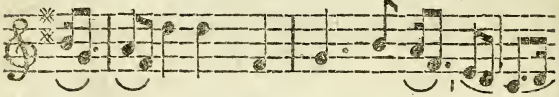
To kiſs my hand he down did kneel, But yet



I turn'd my ſpin-ning wheel. With gentle voice

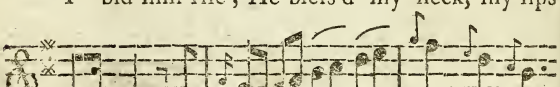


I bid him riſe; He bleſs'd my neck, my lips

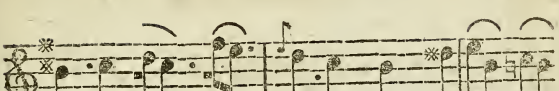


and eyes; My fondneſs I could ſcarce conceal,

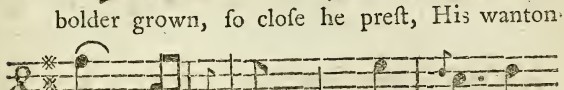
tr.



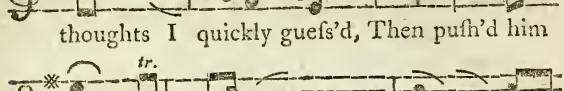
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning wheel. Till



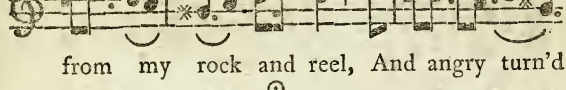
bolder grown, ſo cloſe he preſt, His wanton



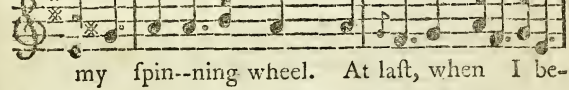
thoughts I quickly gueſs'd, Then puſh'd him



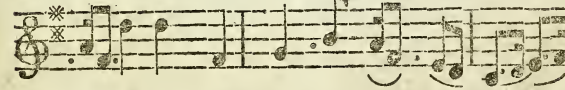
from my rock and reel, And angry turn'd



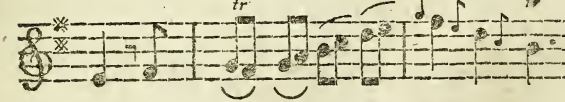
my ſpin--ning wheel. At laſt, when I be-



gan to chide, He ſwore he meant me for his



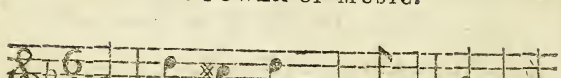
bride: 'Twas then my love I did re---veal,



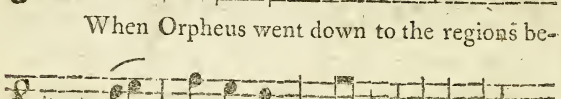
And flung a-way my ſpinning wheel.

SONG CXXV.

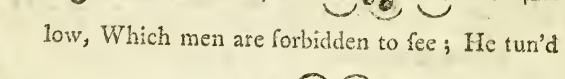
THE POWER OF MUSIC.



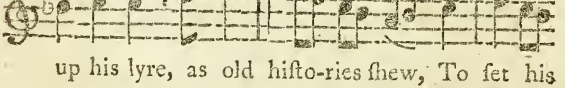
When Orpheus went down to the regions be-



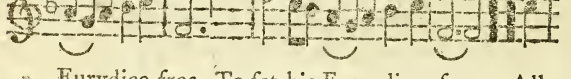
low, Which men are forbidden to ſee; He tun'd



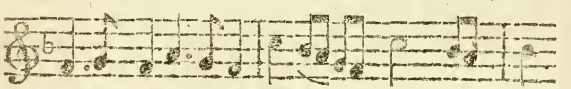
up his lyre, as old hiſto-ries ſhew, To ſet his



Eurydice free, To ſet his Eury-dice free. All

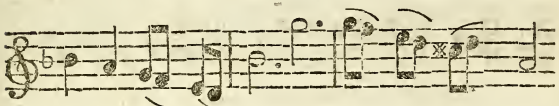


hell was aſtoniſh'd a perſon ſo wiſe Should raſh-

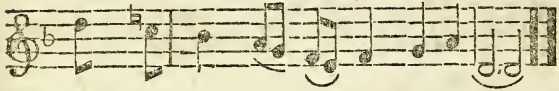


ly endanger his life, And venture ſo far; But

how vaſt their ſurpriſe! When they heard that



he came for his wife! How vaſt their ſurpriſe!



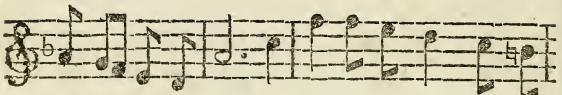
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a puniſhment due to his fault,
  Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments ſufficient, he thought;
  So he gave him his wife back again.
But pity ſucceeding found place in his heart;
  And, pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took her again in reward of his art;
  Such merit had muſic in hell!

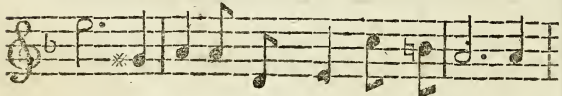
SONG CXXVI.

DIOGENES SURLY AND PROUD.

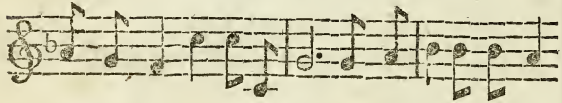
Di-o-ge-nes ſurly and proud, Who ſnarl'd at



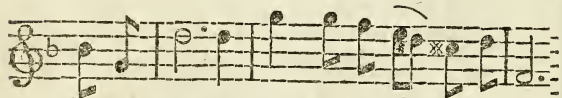
the Macedon youth, Delighted in wine that was



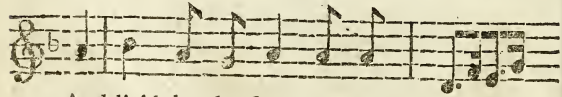
good, Becauſe in good wine there is truth; But



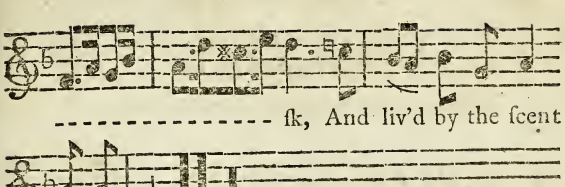
growing as poor as a Job, And un-a-ble to pur-



chaſe a flaſk, He choſe for his manſion a tub,



And liv'd by the ſcent of his ca- - - - - - - - - -



Heraclitus would never deny
A bumper to cheriſh his heart;
And, when he was maudlin, would cry;
Becauſe he had empty'd his quart:
Though ſome were ſo fooliſh to think
He wept at men's folly and vice,
When 'twas only his cuſtom to drink
'Till the liquor ran out at his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cheriſh his ſoul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a jolly full bowl:
While his cellar with wine was well ſtor'd,
His liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And, when he was drunk as a lord,
At thoſe that were ſober he'd laugh,

Copernicus, too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was wiſdom in wine:
And knew that a cup of the beſt
Made reaſon the brighter to ſhine:

With wine he repleniſh'd his veins,
And made his philoſophy reel:
Then fancy'd the world, as his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

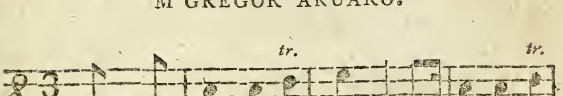
Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine;
For what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine;
His belly, ſome authors agree,
Was as big as a watering-trough:
He therefore leap'd into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glaſs,
He ſaw that no object appear'd
Exactly the ſame as it was
Before he had liquor'd his beard;
For things running round in his drink,
Which ſober he motionleſs found,
Occaſion'd the ſceptic to think
There was nothing of truth to be found.

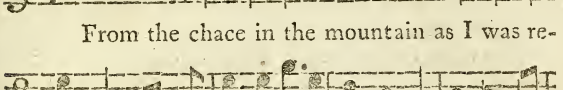
Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
Who wiſely to virtue was prone;
But, had it not been for good wine,
His merit had never been known:
By wine we are generous made;
It furniſhes fancy with wings;
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, poets, or kings.

SONG CXXVII.

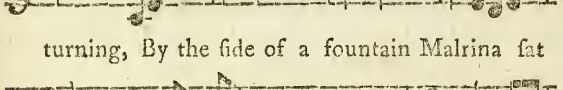
M'GREGOR ARUARO.



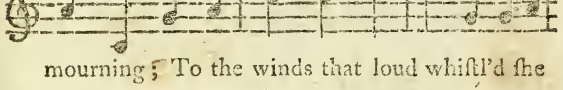
From the chace in the mountain as I was re-



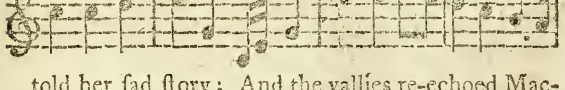
turning, By the ſide of a fountain Malrina ſat



mourning; To the winds that loud whiſtl'd ſhe



told her ſad ſtory; And the vallies re-echoed Mac-



Gregor A-ruaro.

Like a flaſh of red light'ning o'er the heath came Macara.
More fleet than the roe-buck on the lofty Beinn-lara.

Oh where is M'Gregor? say, where does he hover?
You son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover?

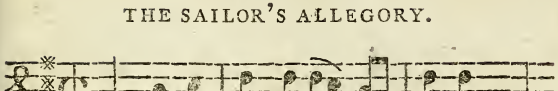
Then the voice of soft sorrow, from his bosom thus sounded,
Low lies your M'Gregor, pale, mangl'd and wounded,
Overcome with deep slumber, to the rock I convey'd him,
Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betray'd him.

As the blast from the mountain soon nips the fresh blossom,
So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom;
M'Gregor! M'Gregor! loud echoes resounded;
And the hills rung in pity, M'Gregor is wounded!

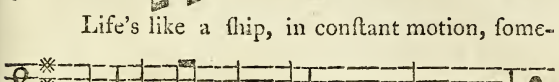
Near the brook in the valley the green turf did hide her;
And they laid down M'Gregor sound sleeping beside her;
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander;
Near the loud roaring waters their spirits oft wander.

SONG CXXVIII.

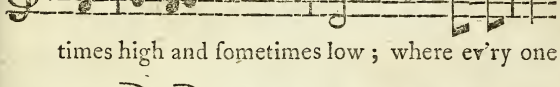
THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.



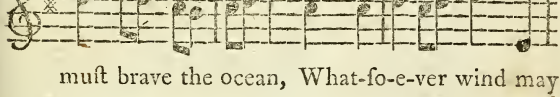
Life's like a ſhip, in conſtant motion, ſome-



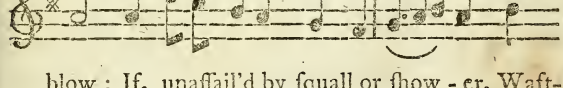
times high and ſometimes low; where ev'ry one



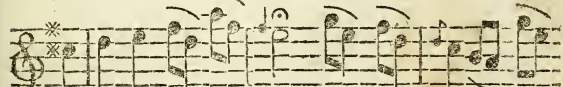
muſt brave the ocean, What-ſo-e-ver wind may



blow: If, unaſſail'd by ſquall or ſhow-er. Waft-



ed by the gentle gales; Let's not loſe the fav'-



ring hour, While ſucceſs attends our ſails.

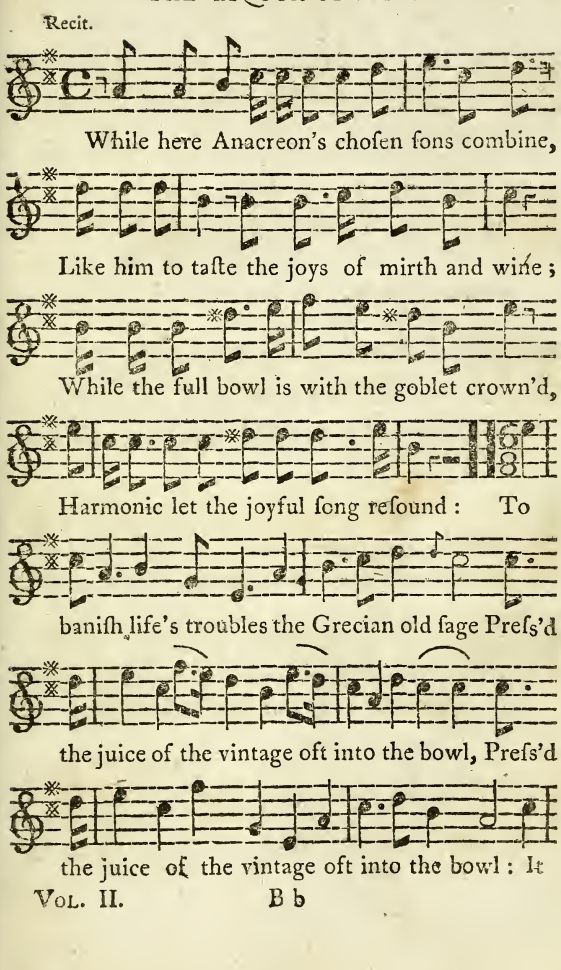
Or, if the wayward winds ſhould bluſter,
Let us not give way to fear;
But let us all our Patience muſter,
And learn, by Reaſon, how to ſteer:
Let Judgment keep you ever ſteady,
'Tis a ballaſt never fails;
Should dangers riſe, be ever ready,
To manage well the ſwelling ſails.

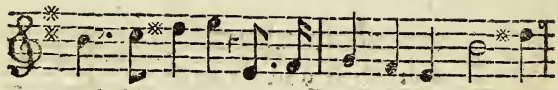
Truſt not too much your own opinion,
While your veſſel's under way;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compaſs will not ſtray:
When thund'ring tempeſts make you ſhudder,
Or Boreas on the ſurface rails;
Let good Diſcretion guide the rudder,
And Providence attend the ſails.

Then, when you're ſafe from danger, riding
In ſome welcome port or bay;
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And Care, awhile, enſlumber'd lay:
Or, when each cann, with liquor flowing,
And good fellowſhip prevails;
Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
Drink "ſucceſs unto our ſails."

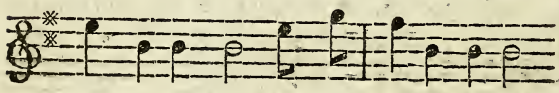
SONG CXXIX.

THE LIQUOR OF LIFE.

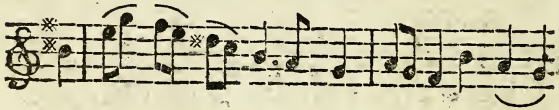




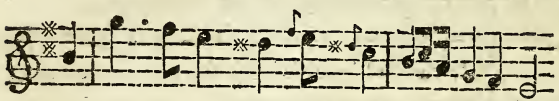
made him forget all the cares of old age, It



bloom'd in his face, and made happy his ſoul,

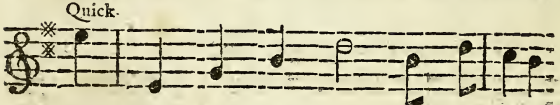


It bloom'd in his face and made happy his ſoul,

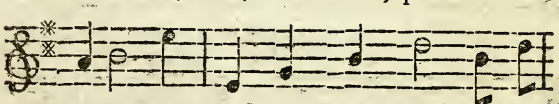


It bloom'd in his face and made hap-py his ſoul·

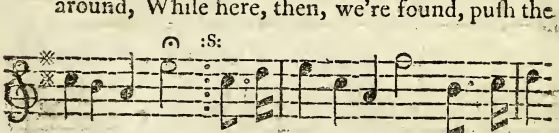
Quick.



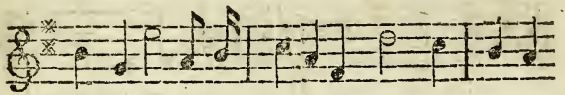
While here, then, we're found, puſh the bottle



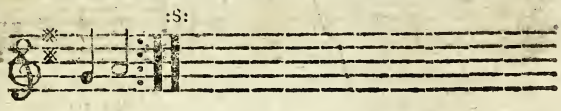
around, While here, then, we're found, puſh the



bottle around, 'Tis the liquor of life, 'Tis the li-



quor of life, 'tis the liquor of life, No care can

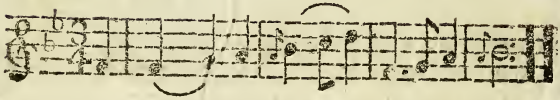


controul.

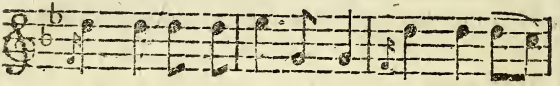
This jovial philoſopher taught that the ſun
Was thirſty, and oft took a ſwig from the main;
The planets would tipple as faſt as they run;
The earth, too, was dry, and would ſuck up the rain.
While here then we're found,
Puſh the bottle around,—
'Tis the liquor of life, pray who can refrain?

SONG CXXX.

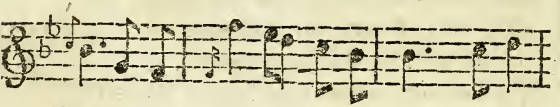
ROBIN ADAIR.



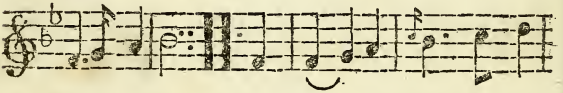
You're welcome to Pax-ton, Robin Adair:



How does Johnny Mackrill do? Aye, and Luke

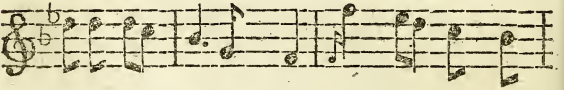


Gard'ner too? Why did they no come with you,

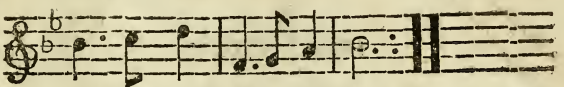


Robin Adair? Come, and fit down by me,

Robin Adair; And welcome you ſhall be To



every thing that you ſee: Why did they not



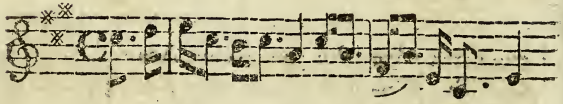
come with you, Robin Adair?

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,
I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair;
Rum-punch, aye, or brandy to,
By my soul I'll get drunk with you;
Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

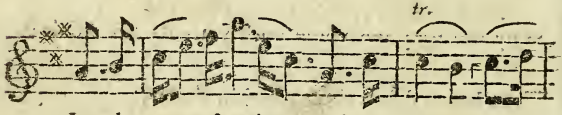
Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,
Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,
Till we've drank a Hogshead out,
Then we'll be fow nae doubt;
Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

SONG CXXXI.

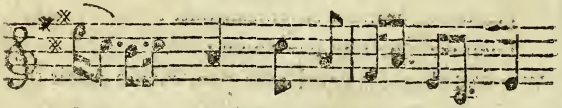
WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.



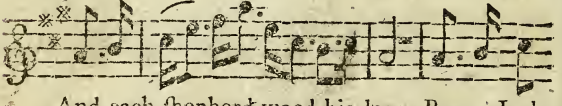
'Twas with- in a mile of Edinburgh town,



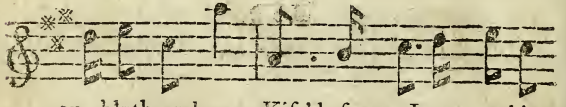
In the ro- fy time of the year, fweet



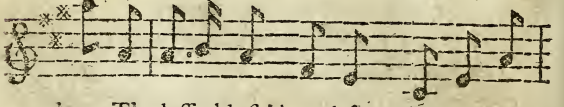
flow- ers bloom'd, and the grafs was down,



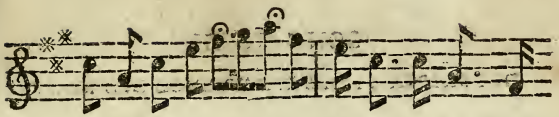
And each fhepherd woed his dear: Bonny Jock-



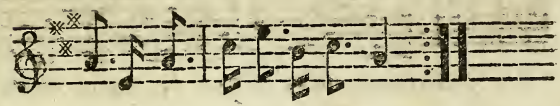
ey, blyth and gay, Kifs'd fweet Jenny making



hay: The laffie bluſh'd, and frowning cry'd, No,



no, it will not do; I cannot, cannot, won-



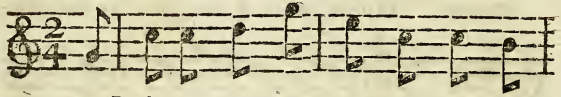
not, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Tho' long he had follow'd the lafs,
Contented fhe earn'd and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grafs:
Bonny Jockey, blyth and free,
Won her heart right merily,
Yet ftill fhe bluſh'd, and frowning cry'd, no, no, it will not do,
I cannot cannot, wonnot wonnot, mannot buckle too.

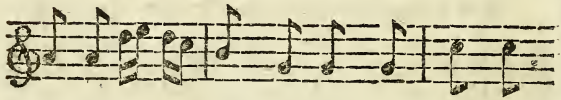
But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand, and a kifs befide,
And vow'd fhe'd for ever be true;
Bonny Jockey, blyth and free,
Won her heart right merily,
At church fhe no more frowning cry'd, no, no, it will not do,
I cannot cannot, wonnot wonnot, mannot buckle too.

SONG XXXII.

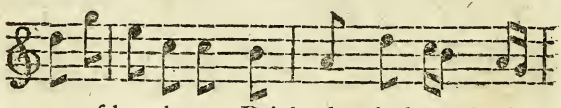
IN FORMER TIMES WE FRANCE DID ROUT,



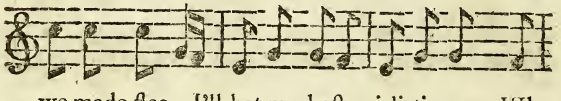
In former times we France did rout, 'Cauſe



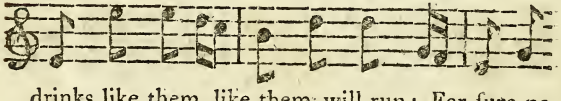
then our princes drank old ſtout; But now, even



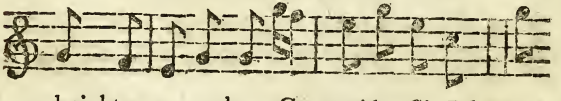
men of low degree, Drink what thoſe drank whom



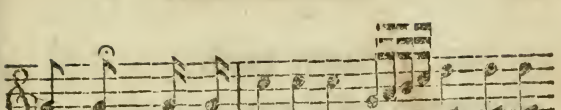
we made flee. I'll bet my beſt mi-li-tia gun, Who



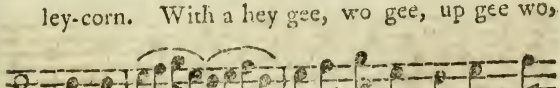
drinks like them, like them will run: For ſure no



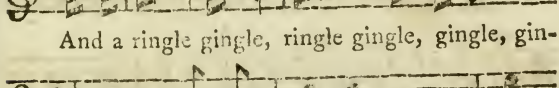
knight was ever born Compar'd to Sir John Bar-



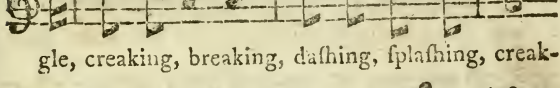
ley-corn. With a hey gee, wo gee, up gee wo,



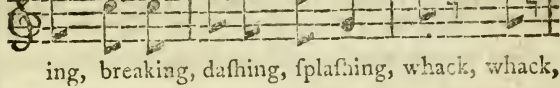
And a ringle gingle, ringle gingle, gingle, gin-



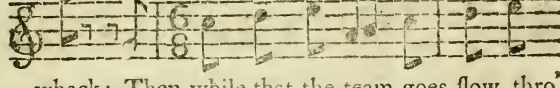
gle, creaking, breaking, daſhing, ſplaſhing, creak-



ing, breaking, daſhing, ſplaſhing, whack, whack,

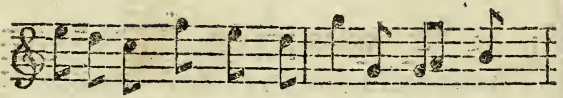


whack: Then while that the team goes ſlow thro'

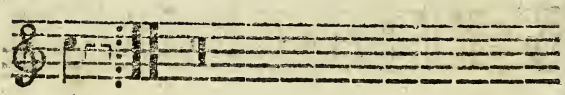


the vale, So merri-ly, merri-ly, merrily, merri-ly,

merri-ly let us wet a lip, For Joan ſhe loves a



ſmack of the whip, and the ſmack of nut-brown

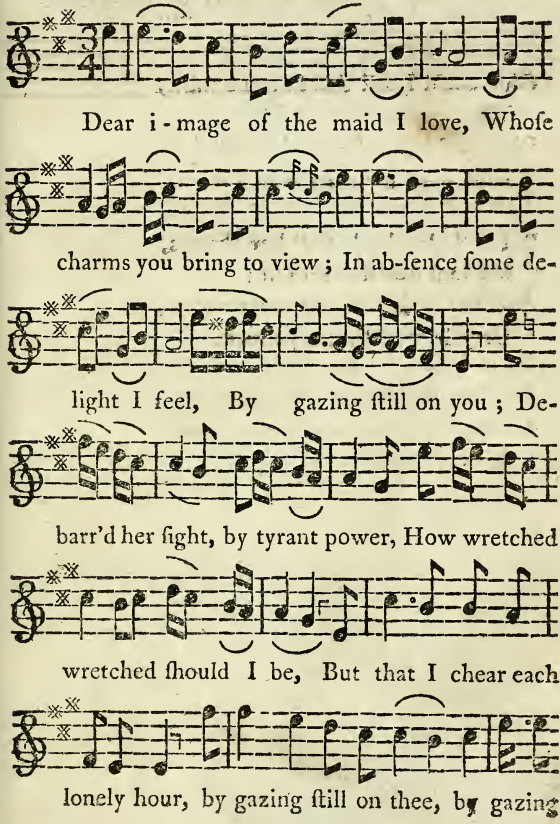


ale.

I ne'er want bolus, draught, or pill,
For 'tis outlandiſh liquors kill;
I keep to ale, and ale keeps me
From ev'ry ail, but hiccups, free;
Nay, on my beaſt, the ſame I try,
So Dobbin is as ſtout as I,
For ſure no Doctor e'er was born,
Compar'd to Sir John Barley-corn.
With a hey gee wo, &c

SONG XXXIII.

DEAR IMAGE OF THE MAID I LOVE.



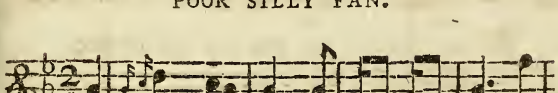
ſtill on thee, by gaz-ing ſtill on thee.

Oh! cou'd I call this fair one mine,
What rapture ſhou'd I feel;
Oh! cou'd I preſs that form divine,
Each hour my bleſs wou'd ſeal:

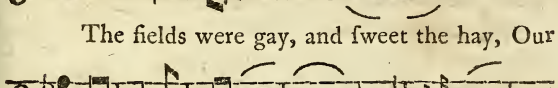
But ah! deprived of all her charms,
My ſoul can find no reſt:
And ſhou'd ſhe bleſs another's arms,
Deſpair wou'd fill my breaſt.

SONG CXXXIV.

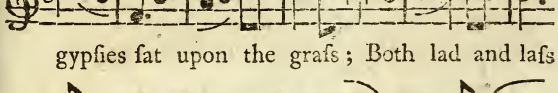
POOR SILLY FAN.



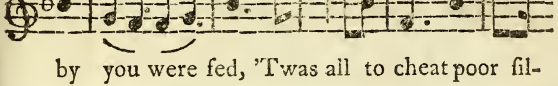
The fields were gay, and ſweet the hay, Our



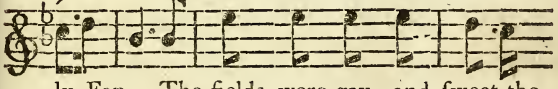
gypſies ſat upon the graſs; Both lad and laſs



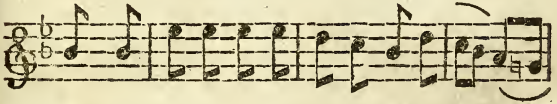
by you were fed, 'Twas all to cheat poor ſil-



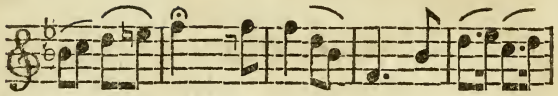
ly Fan. The fields were gay, and ſweet the



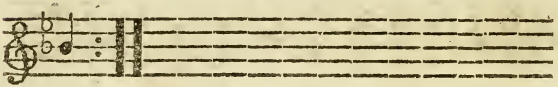
hay, Our gypſies ſat upon the graſs, upon the



graſs: Both lad and laſs by you were fed, by



you were fed, 'Twas all to cheat poor fil - - ly



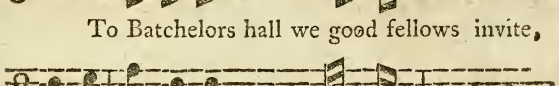
Fan.

Whene'er we meet, with kiſſes ſweet;
With ſpeeches ſoft you won my heart;
The hawthorn buſh ſhou'd make you bluſh,
'Twas there you did betray my heart.

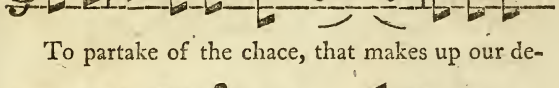
SONG CXXXV.

BATCHELORS HALL.

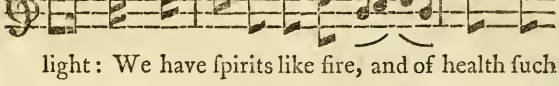
To Batchelors hall we good fellows invite,



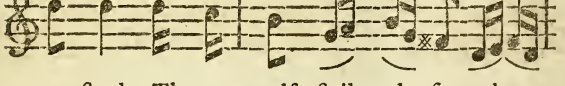
To partake of the chace, that makes up our de-



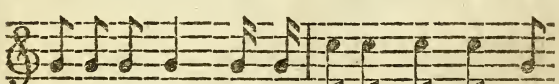
light: We have ſpirits like fire, and of health ſuch



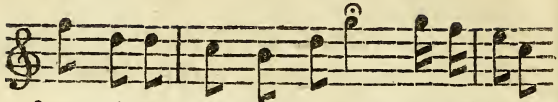
a ſtock, That our pulſe ſtrikes the ſeconds as



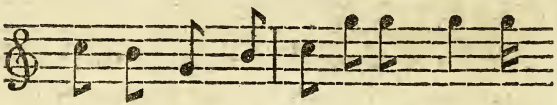
true as a clock: Did you ſee us you'd ſwear, as



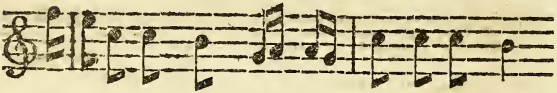
we mount with a grace; Did you ſee us you'd



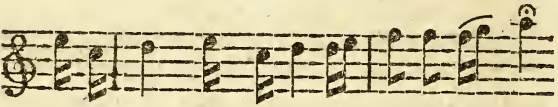
ſwear, As we mount with a grace, That Di-a-na



had dubb'd ſome new gods of the chace, That



Di-a-na had dubb'd ſome new gods of the chace.



Hark a-way, hark away, All nature looks gay,

And Aurora with ſmiles uſh-ers in the bright day.

Dick Thickſet came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back:
Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
And gayly Bob Buxon rode proud on a roan;
But the horſe of all horſes that rivall'd the day,
Was the Squire's Neck-or-nothing, and that was a grey.

Hark away, hark away,
While our ſpirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

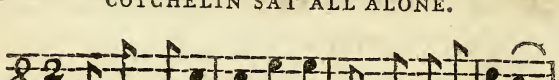
Then for hounds there was Nimble, ſo well that climbs rocks,
And Cocknoſe, a good one at ſcenting a Fox,
Little Plunge, like a mole, who with ferret and ſearch,
And beetle-browed Hawks-eye, ſo dead at a lurch:
Young Sly-looks, that ſcents the ſtrong breeze from the South,
And muſical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horſes, thus all of the very beſt blood,
'Tis not likely you'll eaſily find ſuch a ſtud;
And for hounds our opinions with thouſands we'll back, (pack;
That all England throughout can't produce ſuch a
Thus having deſcribed you dogs, horſes, and crew,
Away we ſet off, for the Fox is in view.
Hark away, &c.

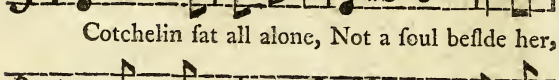
Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horns ſound a call,
And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's hall
The ſavory Sir-loin grateful ſmoaks on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard;
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place. (chace;
And enjoy the ſweet pleaſures that ſpring from the
Hark away, &c.

SONG CXXXVI.

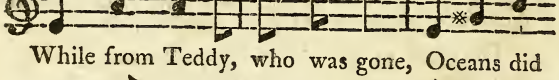
COTCHELIN SAT ALL ALONE.



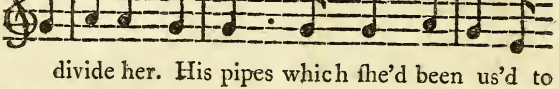
Cotchelin ſat all alone, Not a ſoul beſide her,



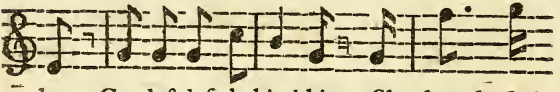
While from Teddy, who was gone, Oceans did



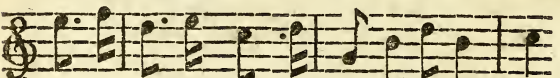
divide her. His pipes which ſhe'd been us'd to



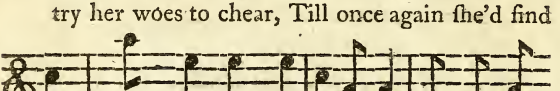
hear, Careleſs left behind him: She thought ſhe'd



try her woes to chear, Till once again ſhe'd find



him. 'Twill not do, you loodle loo, Arrah, now



be ea-ſy! Ted was born with grief to make Cot-

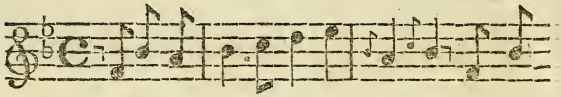
chelin run cra-zy.

She takes them up and lays them down,
And now her boſom's panting;
And now ſhe'd ſigh, and now ſhe'd frown,
For Teddy ſtill was wanting;
And now ſhe plays her pipes again,
The pipes of her dear Teddy,
And makes them tune his fav'rite ſtrain,
Arrah, be eaſy Paddy!
Ah! 'twill not do you loodle loo,
Arrah! now be eaſy,
Ted was born with grief to make,
Cotchelin run crazy.

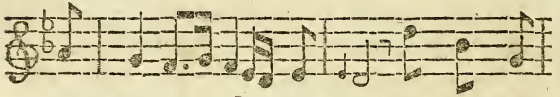
Teddy from behind a buſh,
Where he'd long been liſt'ning;
Now like light'ning forth did ruſh,
His eyes with pleaſure gliſtning,
Snatching up the pipes he play'd,
Pouring out his pleaſure,
Whilſt half delighted, half afraid,
Kate the time did meaſure,
Ah that will do, my loodle loo,
Arrah! now I'm eaſy,
Ted was born with joy to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

SONG CXXXVII.

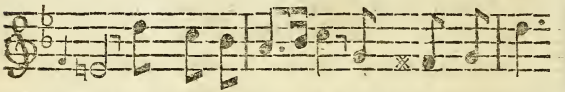
JAACK RATLIN WAS THE ABLEST SEAMAN.



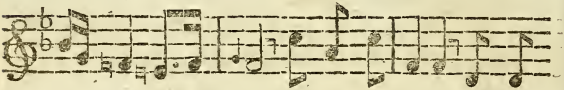
Jack Ratlin was the ableſt ſeaman, None like



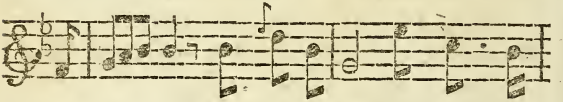
him could hand, reef, and ſteer: No dang'rous



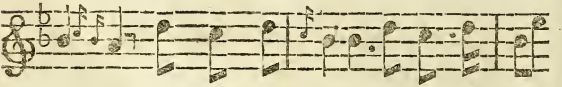
toil but he'd encounter, With ſkill and in



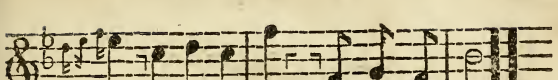
contempt of fear. In fight a lion: the bat-



tle end-ed, Meek as the bleating lamb he'd



prove: Thus Jack had manners, courage, me-



rit, Yet did he ſigh, and all for love.

The ſong, the jeſt, the flowing liquor,
For none of theſe had Jack regard:
He, while his meſsmates were carouſing,
High ſitting on the pendant yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swore never from ſuch charms to rove;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And dying ſigh—to end his love.

The ſame expreſs the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Amongſt the reſt, brought Jack ſome tidings,
Wou'd it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh fate! her death defac'd the letter;
Inſtant his pulſe forgot to move;
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a ſigh—and dy'd for love.

SONG CXXXVIII.

TUNE—" *Jack Ratlin was the ableſt Seaman.*"

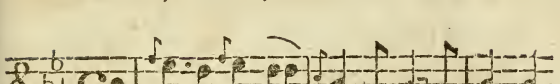
BEHOLD the man that is unlucky,
Not thro' neglect, by fate worn poor;
Tho' gen'rous, kind when he was wealthy,
His friends to him are friends no more!
He finds in each the ſame like fellow,
By trying thoſe he had relieved;
Tho' men ſhake hands, drink health's, get mellow,
Yet men by men are thus deceiv'd.

Where can he find a fellow creature
To comfort him in his diſtreſs?
His old acquaintance proves a ſtranger,
That us'd his friendſhip to profeſs.
Altho' a tear drop from his feeling,
His ſelfiſh heart cannot be mov'd;
Then what avails his goodly preaching,
Since gen'rous deeds cannot be prov'd.

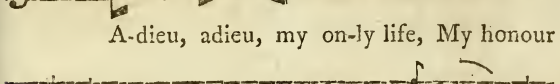
But ſo it is in life among us,
And give mankind their juſtly due,
'Tis hard to find one truly gen'rous,
We all, at times, find this too true;
But if your friend he feels your ſorrow,
His tender heart's glad to relieve;
And when he thinks on you to-morrow,
He's happy he had that to give.

SONG CXXXIX.

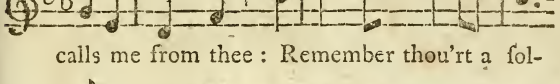
ADIEU, ADIEU, MY ONLY LIFE.



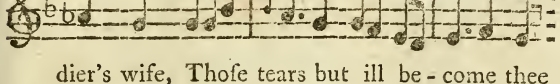
A-dieu, adieu, my on-ly life, My honour



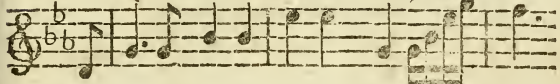
calls me from thee: Remember thou'rt a ſol-



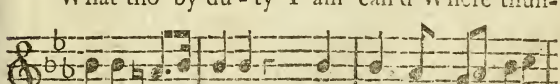
dier's wife, Thoſe tears but ill be-come thee.



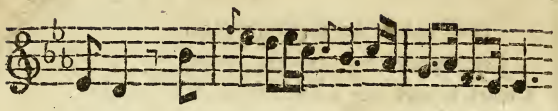
What tho' by du-ty I am call'd Where thun-



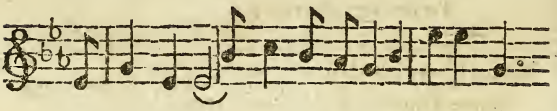
dring cannons rattle; Where valour's ſelf might



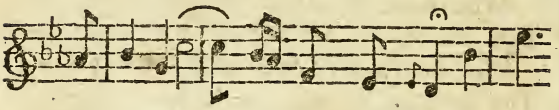
ſtand appall'd, Where valour's ſelf might ſtand



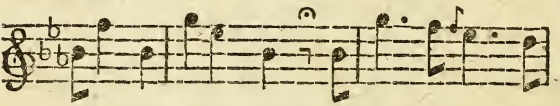
appall'd; When on the wings of thy dear love,



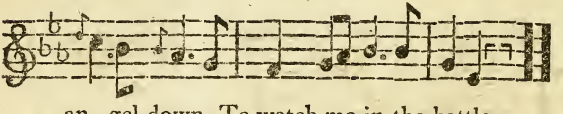
To heaven a-bove thy fervent orifons are flown;



The tender pray'r thou put'ſt up there Shall call



a guardian angel down, Shall call a guardian



an-gel down, To watch me in the battle.

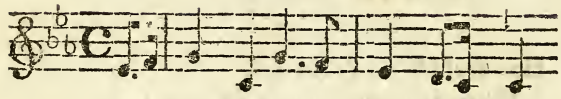
My ſafety thy fair truth ſhall be,
As ſword and buckler ſerving,
My life ſhall be more dear to me,
Becauſe of thy preſerving.

Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thundr'ring cannons rattle,
I fearleſs ſeek the conflict's heat,
Aſſur'd when on the wings of love,
To heaven above, &c.

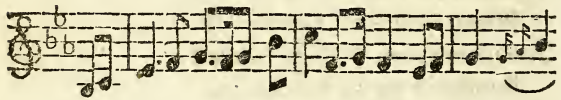
Enough,—with that benignant ſmile
Some kindred god inſpir'd thee,
Who ſaw thy boſom void of guile,
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee:
I go, aſſur'd,—my life! adieu,
Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle,
Tho' murd'ring carnage ſtalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heaven above, &c.

SONG CXL.

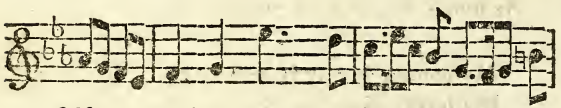
MY NANNY, O.



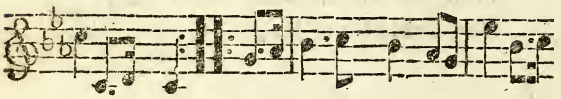
While ſome for pleaſure pawn their health,



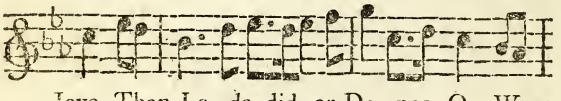
'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio, I'll ſave my-



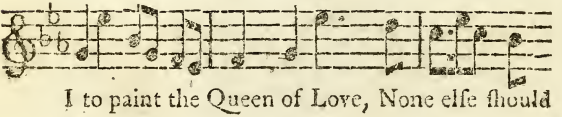
ſelf, and without ſtealth, Bleſs and ca - reſs my



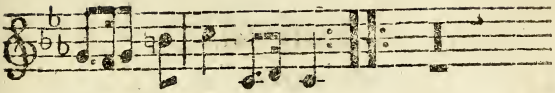
An - ny, O. She bids more fair t'engage a



Jove, Than Le - da did, or Da - nae, O: Were



I to paint the Queen of Love, None elſe ſhould



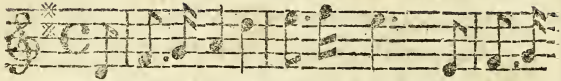
ſit but Nan - - ny, O.

How joyfully my ſpirits riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves ſinely—O,
I gueſs what heav'n is by her eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely—O.
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
Breathe in the bleſt Britannia,
None's happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me Nanny—O.

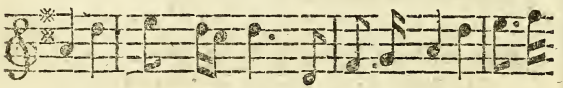
My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,
My lovely charming Nanny—O;
I care not tho' the whole world know
How dearly I love Nanny—O.

SONG CXLI.

WALY, WALY.

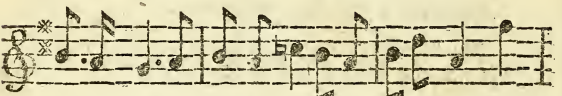


O waly, waly up yon bank, And waly,



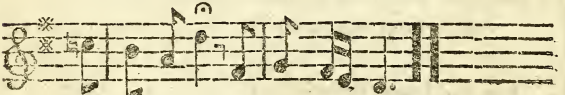
waly, down yon brae, And waly by yon river

fide, Where I and my love wont to gae. O



waly, waly, love is bonny A little while when

it is new, But when its auld, It waxes cauld,



And wears awa' like morning dew.

I lent my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a truſty tree:
But firſt it bow'd and then it brake,
And ſae did my fauſe love to me.
When cockle-ſhells turn ſilver bells,
And muſſels grow on ev'ry tree;
When Froſt and Snaw ſhall warm us a',
Then ſhall my love prove true to me.

Now Arthur's ſeat ſhall be my bed,
The ſheets ſhall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
St. Anton's well ſhall be my drink,
Since my true love's forſaken me.
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blow,
And ſhake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
And take a life that wearies me?

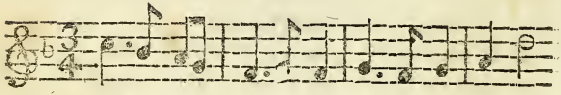
'Tis not the froſt that freezes fell,
Nor blawing ſnaw's inclemency;
'Tis not ſic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glaſgow town,
We were a comely ſight to ſee,
My love was cled in velvet black,
And I myſell in cramaſie.

But had I wiſt before I kiſt,
That love had been ſae ill to win;

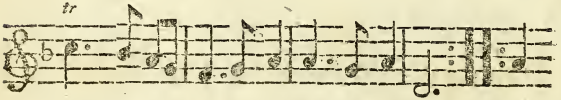
I'd lock'd my heart in caſe of gold,
And pin'd it with a ſilver pin.
Oh! Oh! if my young babe were born,
And ſet upon the nurſe's knee,
And I myſel' were dead and gane,
For maid again I'll never be!

SONG CXLII.

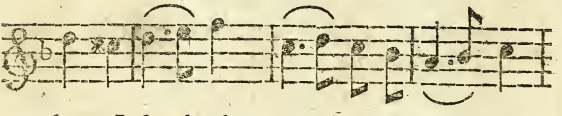
HERE AWA, THERE AWA.



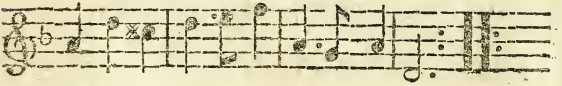
Here a-wa, there awa, here awa, Willie,



Here awa, there awa, here awa hame. Lang



have I fought thee, dear have I bought thee,



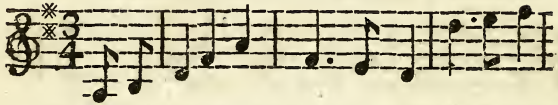
Now I ha'e gotten my Willie again.

Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie,
Through the lang muir I have followed him hame:
Whatever betide us, nought ſhall divide us;
Love now rewards all my ſorrow and pain.

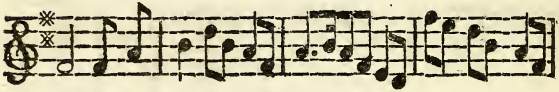
Here awa, there awa, here awa Willie,
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
Come Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleaſes while Willy's at hame.]

SONG CXLIII.

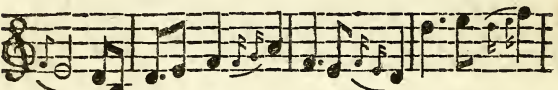
LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.



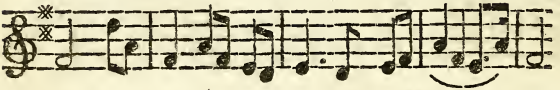
By a murmuring ſtream a fair ſhepherdeſs



lay, Be ſo kind, O ye nymphs, I oft heard her



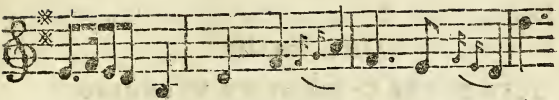
ſay, Tell Strephon I die, if he paſ-ſes this



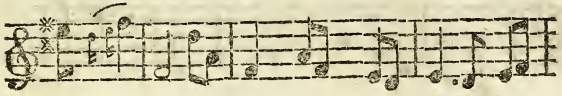
way, And love is the cauſe of my mourn-ing.

Falſe ſhepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,

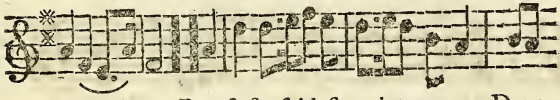
Deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart ne-ver



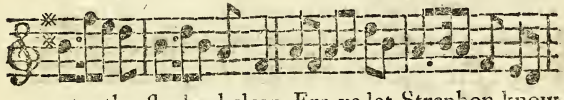
warms: Yet bring me this Strephon, I'll die



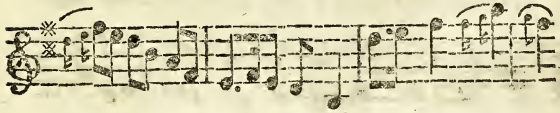
in his arms, O Strephon! the cauſe of my



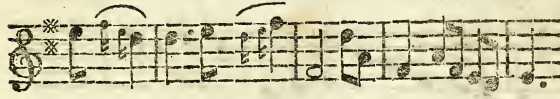
mourn-ing But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go, Down



to the ſhades below, Ere ye let Strephon know



That I have lov'd him ſo, Then on my pale



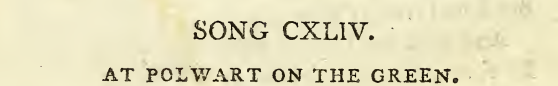
cheeks no bluſhes will ſhew That love is the cauſe

of my mourn--ing.

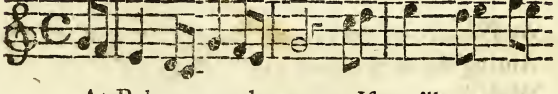
Her eyes were ſcarce clos'd when Strephon came by,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh:
But finding her breathleſs, Oh heavens! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! the cauſe of my mourning!
Reſtore me my Chloris, ye nymphs uſe your art.
They ſighing reply'd, 'Twas yourſelf ſhot the dart,
That wounded the tender young ſhepherdeſs' heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.
Ah! then is Chloris dead!
Wounded by me! he ſaid,
I'll follow thee, chaſte maid,
Down to the ſilent ſhade!
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning!

SONG CXLIV.

AT POLWART ON THE GREEN.

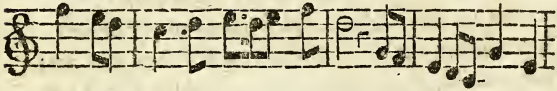


At Polwart on the green, If you'll meet me

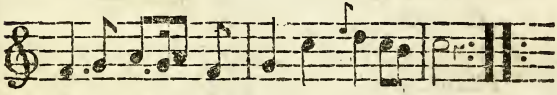


the morn, Where laſſes do convene, To dance

about the thorn. A kindly welcome you ſhall



meet Frae her wha likes to view A lover and a



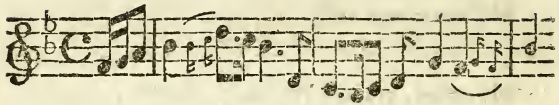
lad compleat, The lad and lo - ver you.

Let dorty dames ſay na,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the ſnaw,
While inwardly they bleeze:
But I will frankly ſhaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs nae to be free.

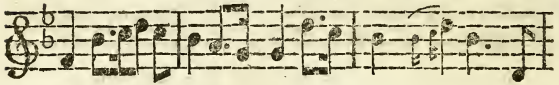
At Polwart on the green,
Amang the new mawn hay,
With ſangs and dancing keen,
We'll paſs the heartſome day:
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

SONG CXLV.

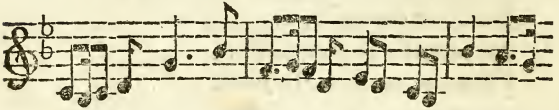
BLEST AS THE IMMORTAL GODS IS HE.



Bleſt as th' immortal gods is he, The youth



who fondly ſits by thee, and hears and ſees thee



all the while, So ſoft-ly ſpeak, and ſweetly

ſmile. 'Twas this bereav'd my ſoul of reſt,

And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt; For while

I gaz'd, in tranſport toſt, My breath was gone

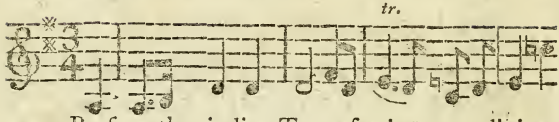
My voice was loſt.

My boſom glow'd, the ſubtile flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame:
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

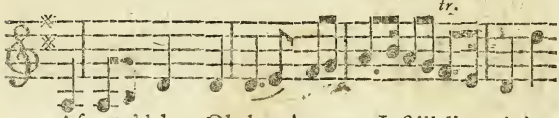
In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulſe forgot to play,
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away!

SONG CXLVI.

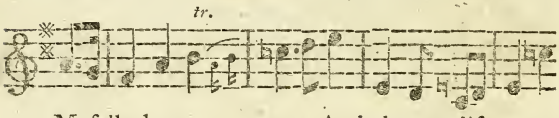
JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.



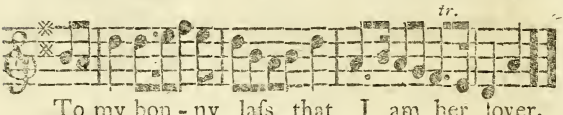
By ſmooth winding Tay a ſwain was reclining,



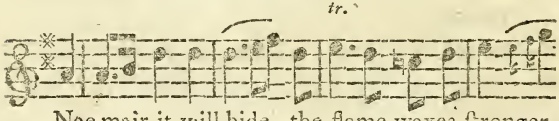
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I ſtill live pining



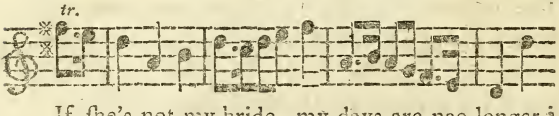
Myſell thus a - - - way, And darena dif - cover



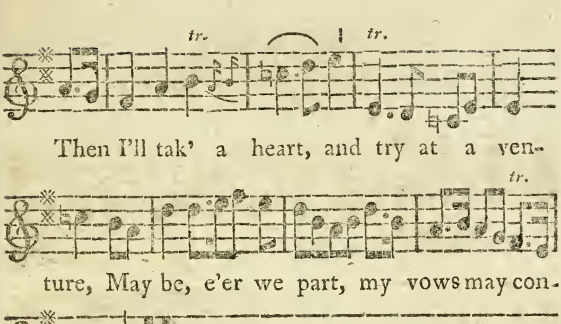
To my bon - ny laſs that I am her lover.



Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtronger,



If ſhe's not my bride, my days are nae longer;



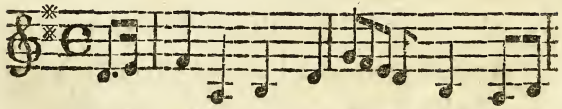
She's freſh as the ſpring, and ſweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and ſing, bidding day a good morrow:
The ſward on the mead, ennamell'd with daiſies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

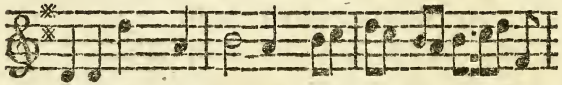
But if ſhe appear where verdure invite her,
The fountains run clear, and the flowers ſmell the ſweeter.
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her ſmiles and bright eye ſet my ſpirits a-glowing.

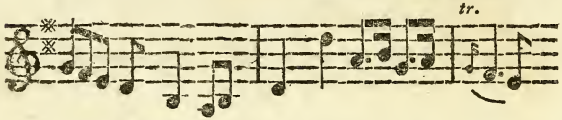
The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my deſire is Hay's bonny Laſſie.

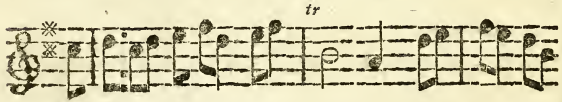
SONG CXLVII.

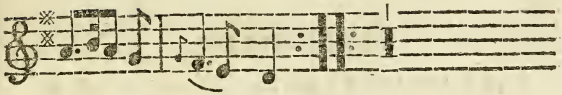
THE BONNIEST LASS IN A' THE WARLD.









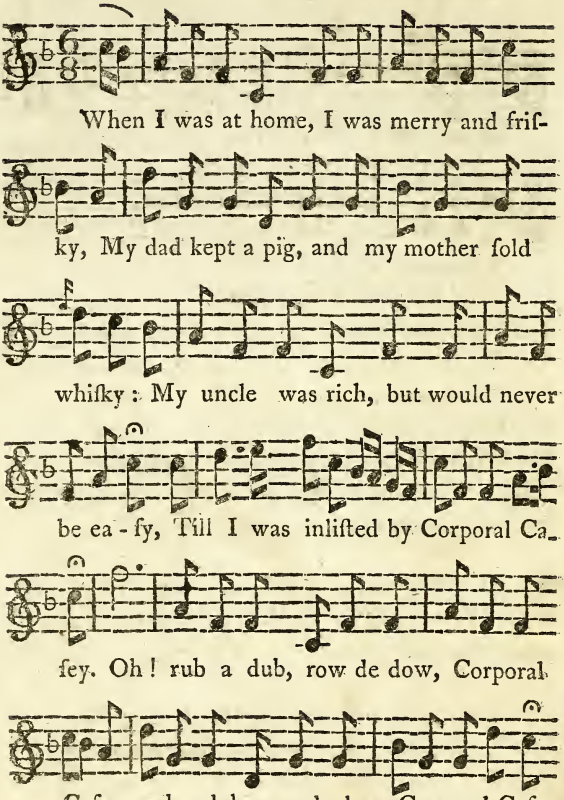


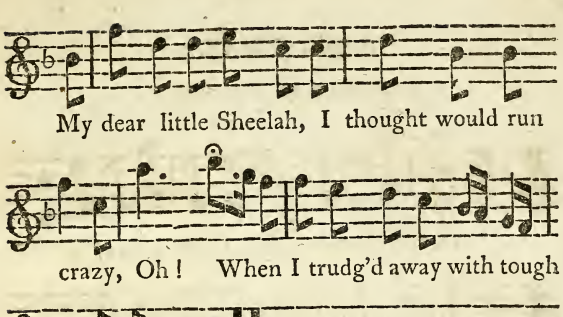
ro - - ſy trea - ſure.

O faireſt maid, I own thy power,
I gaze, I ſigh, I languiſh,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguiſh.
But eaſe, O charmer, eaſe my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art faireſt of the fair,
So I the deareſt love thee.

SONG CXLVIII.

COPORAL CASEY.



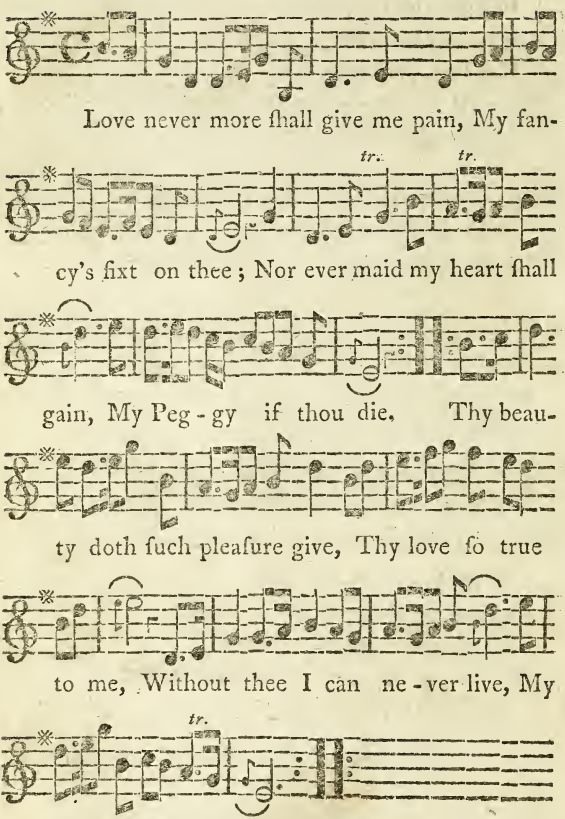


I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
On Sheelah, my heart in my boſom was ſinking;
But ſoon I was forc'd to look freſh as a daiſey,
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Caſey.
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey!
The devil go with him! I ne'er could be lazy,
He ſtuck in my ſkirts ſo, ould Corporal Caſey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely;
And who ſhould the firſt be that dropt?—why, an't pleaſe ye,
It was my good friend, honeſt Corporal Caſey:
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey.
Thinks I you are quiet, and I ſhall be eaſy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal Caſey.

SONG CXLIX.

MY DEARY IF THOU DIE.



If fate ſhall tear thee from my breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtray?
In dreary dreams the night I'll waſte,
In ſighs the ſilent day.
I ne'er can ſo much virtue find,
Nor ſuch perfection ſee:
Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
My Peggy, after thee.

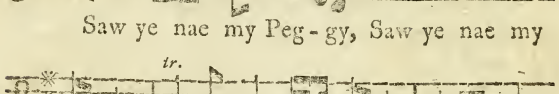
No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage,
But thine which can ſuch ſweets impart,
Muſt all the world engage.
'Twas this, that like the morning ſun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And when it's deſtin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that ſmile on virtuous love,
And in ſuch pleaſure ſhare;
You who it's faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair.
Reſtore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Thoſe charms ſo dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from theſe arms:
I'm loſt, if Peggy die.

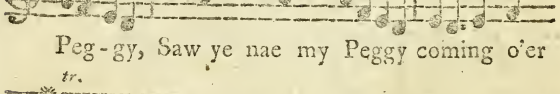
SONG CL.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

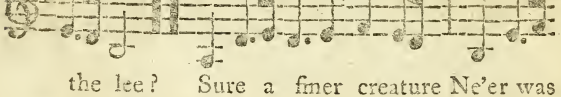
Saw ye nae my Peg-gy, Saw ye nae my



Peg-gy, Saw ye nae my Peggy coming o'er



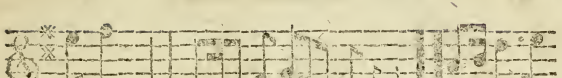
the lee? Sure a finer creature Ne'er was



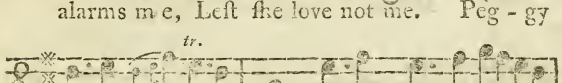
form'd by nature, So compleat each feature,

So divine is fhe. O how Peg-gy charms

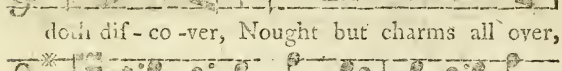
me, ev'ry look ftill warms me, Ev'ry thought



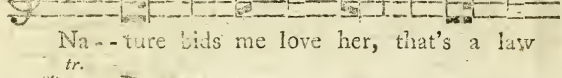
alarms me, Leſt ſhe love not me. Peg - gy



doth diſ - co -ver, Nought but charms all over,



Na - - ture bids me love her, that's a law

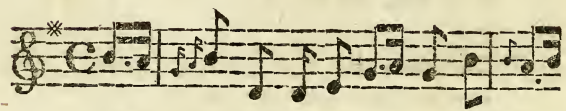


to me.

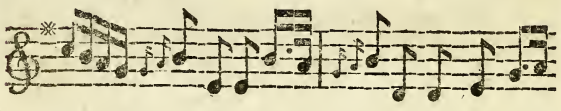
Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
Till I happy be.
For ſince love inſpires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her abſence tires me,
Nought can pleaſe but ſhe.
When I hope to gain her,
Fate ſeems to detain her,
Could I but obtain her,
Happy would I be!
I'll ly down before her,
Bleſs, ſigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
Till ſhe pity me,

SONG CLI.

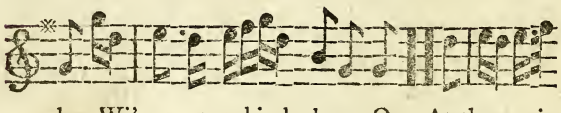
MY AIN KIND DEARY, O.



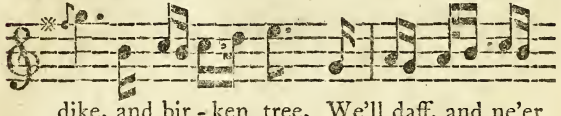
Will ye gang o'er the lee-rigg, My ain



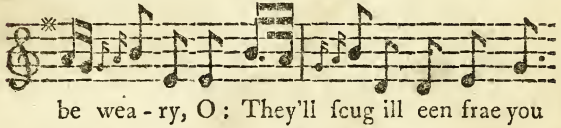
kind dea-ry O, And cuddle there fae kind-



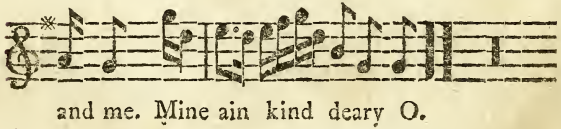
ly, Wi' me, my kind deary O. At thor-nie



dike, and bir-ken tree, We'll daff, and ne'er



be wea-ry, O: They'll feug ill een frae you



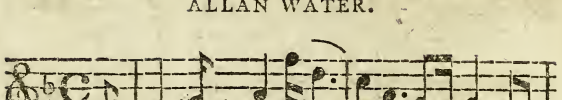
and me. Mine ain kind deary O.

Nae herds wi' kent, or colly there,
Shall ever come to fear ye, O;
But lav'rocks, whiftling in the air,
Shall woo, like me, their deary, O!

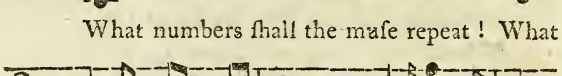
While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleafure grows,
Wi' you, my kind deary, O.

SONG CLII.

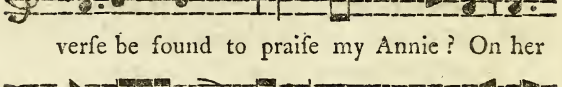
ALLAN WATER.



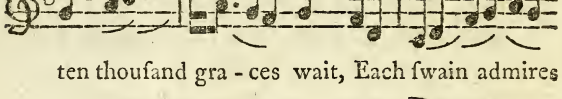
What numbers ſhall the maſe repeat! What



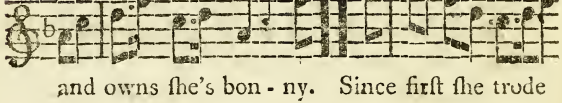
verſe be found to praiſe my Annie? On her



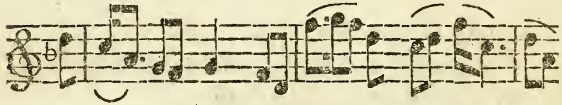
ten thouſand gra - ces wait, Each ſwain admires



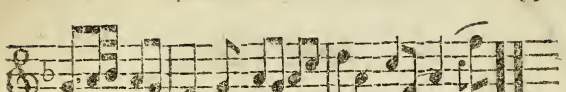
and owns ſhe's bon - ny. Since firſt ſhe trode



the hap - py plain, She ſet each youthful heart



on fire: Each nymph does to her ſwain com-



plain That Annie kindles new de - - fire.

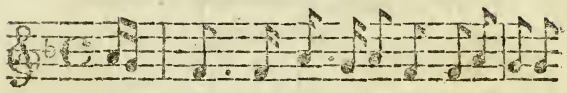
This lovely darling, deareſt care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like ſummer's dawn ſhe's freſh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths convene,
Joyous they ſport and play before her;
All night, when ſhe no more is ſeen,
In bliſsful dreams they ſtill adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
His riſing ſighs expreſs his flame,
His words were few, his wiſhes many.
With ſmiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind ſhepherd, why ſhould I deceive you?
Alas! your love muſt be deny'd,
This deſtin'd breaſt can ne'er relieve you.

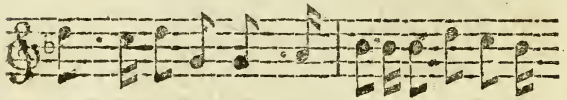
Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
His wiles, his ſmiles, his charms beguiling,
He ſtole away my virgin heart—
Ceaſe, poor Amyntor! ceaſe bewailing:
Some brighter beauty you may find;
On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
Then chuſe ſome heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

SONG CLIII.

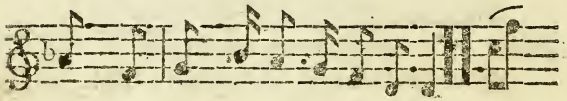
GREEN GROW THE RASHES.



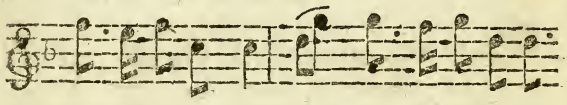
There's nought but care on ev'ry han' In ev'ry



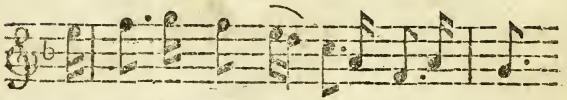
hour that paſſes, O: What ſignifies the life o'



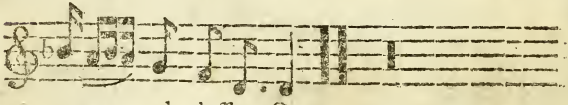
man, An' twere not for the laſſes, O? Green



grow the raſhes, O; Green grow the raſhes, O,



The ſweeteſth ours that e'er I ſpend Are ſpent



a-mong the laſſes, O.

The warl'y race may riches chace,
And riches ſtill may flee them O;
An' tho' at laſt they catch them faſt,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

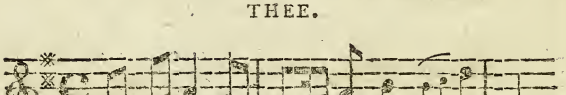
But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O:
An' warl'y cares, an' warl'y men
May a' gae tapſailteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

For you ſae douſe ye ſneer at this,
Ye're nought but ſenſeleſs aſſes, O:
The wiſeſt man the warl' ſaw,
He dearly lov'd the laſſes, O.
Green grow, &c.

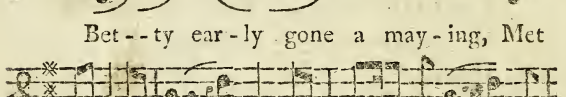
Auld Nature ſwears the lovely dears
Her nobleſt work ſhe claſſes, O:
Her prentice han' ſhe try'd on man,
And then ſhe made the laſſes, O.
Green grow, &c.

SONG CLIV.

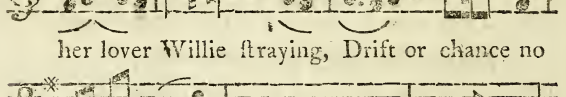
THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.



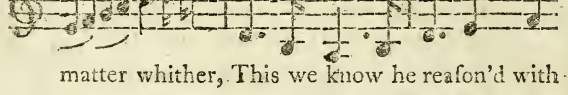
Bet--ty ear-ly gone a may-ing, Met



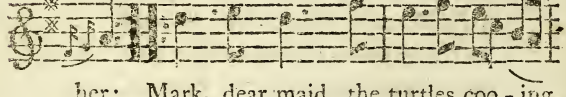
her lover Willie ſtraying, Drift or chance no



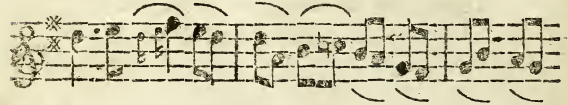
matter whither, This we know he reaſon'd with



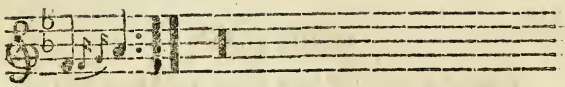
her: Mark, dear maid, the turtles coo-ing,



Fondly bil-ling, kind--ly woo-ing See, how



ev'-ry buſh diſ-covers happy pairs of feather'd



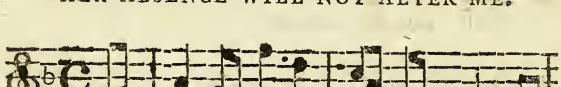
lo - vers.

See, the op'ning bluſh of roſes
All their ſecret charms diſcloſes;
Sweet's the time, ah! ſhort's the meaſure;
O their fleeting haſty pleaſure!
Quickly we muſt ſnatch the favour,
Of their ſoft and fragrant flavour;
They bloom to-day, and fade to-morrow,
Droop their heads, and die in ſorrow.

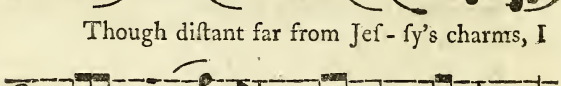
Time, my Beſs, will leave no traces
Of thoſe beauties, of thoſe graces;
Youth and love forbid our ſtaying;
Love and youth abhor delaying;
Deareſt maid, nay, do not fly me;
Let your pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful Willie:
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

SONG CLV.

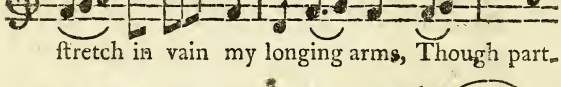
HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.



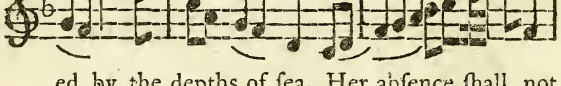
Though diſtant far from Jeſ - ſy's charms, I



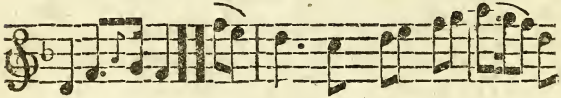
ſtretch in vain my longing arms, Though part-



ed by the depths of ſea, Her abſence ſhall not



al - ter me. Tho' beauteous nymphs I ſee a-



round, A Chloris, Flo - ra, might be found, Or

Phyl - lis with her rov - ing eye; Her abſcence

ſhall not al - - ter me.

A fairer face, a ſweeter ſmile,
Inconſtant lovers may beguile,
But to my laſs I'll conſtant be,
Nor ſhall her abſence alter me.
Though laid on India's burning coaſt,
Or on the wide Atlantic toſt,
My mind from love no pow'r could free,
Nor could her abſence alter me.

See how the flow'r that courts the ſun
Purſues him till his race is run!
See how the needle ſeeks the Pole,
Nor diſtance can its pow'r controul!
Shall lifeleſs flow'rs the ſun purſue,
The needle to the Pole prove true;
Like them ſhall I not faithful be,
Or ſhall her abſence alter me?

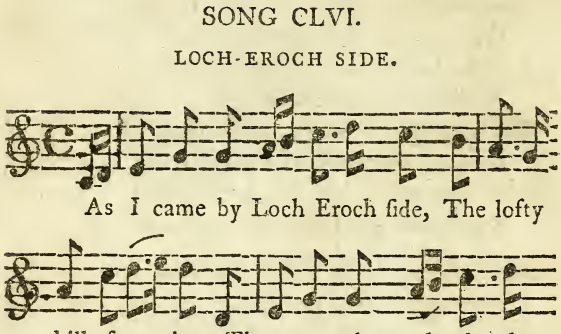
Aſk, who has ſeen the turtle dove
Unfaithful to its marrow prove?
Or who the bleating ewe has ſeen
Deſert her lambkin on the green?
Shall beaſts and birds, inferior far
To us, diſplay their love and care?

Shall they in union ſweet agree,
And ſhall her abſence alter me?

For conqu'ring love is ſtrong as death,
Like vehemnt flames his pow'rful breath,
Thro' floods unmov'd his courſe he keeps,
Ev'n thro' the ſea's devouring deeps:
His vehement flames my boſom burn,
Unchang'd they blaze till thy return;
My faithful Jeſſy then ſhall ſee,
Her abſence has not alter'd me.

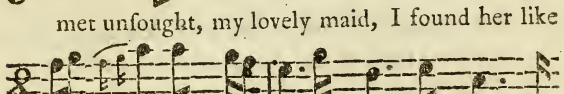
SONG CLVI.

LOCH-EROCH SIDE.

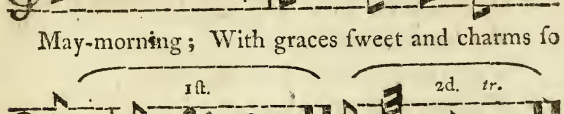


I

met unſought, my lovely maid, I found her like



May-morning; With graces ſweet and charms ſo



rare, her perſon all adorning. Perſon all adorning.

How kind her looks, how bleſt was I,
When in my arms I preſs'd her!
And ſhe her wiſhes ſcarce conceal'd,
As fondly I careſs'd her.
She ſaid, if that your heart be true,
If conſtantly you'll love me,
I heed not cares, nor fortune's frowns,
Nor ought but death ſhall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,
Forever you ſhall find me,
And of our meeting here ſo ſweet,
Loch Eroch ſide will mind me.
Enraptur'd then, "My lovely laſs!
I cry'd, no more we'll tarry,
We'll leave the fair Loch Eroch ſide,
For lovers ſoon ſhould marry."

SONG CLVII.

YOUNG PEGGY.

TUNE—*Loch Eroch Side.*

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonnieſt laſs,
Her bluſh is like the morning,
The roſy dawn, the ſpringing graſs,
With early gems adorning:
Her eyes outſhine the radiant beams
That gild the paſſing ſhower,
And glitter o'er the chryſtal ſtreams,
And chear each freſh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has grac'd them,
They charm th' admiring gazer's ſight
And ſweetly tempt to taſte them:
Her ſmile is as the ev'ning mild,
When feath'red pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands diſporting.

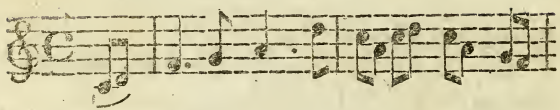
Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such ſweetneſs would relent her,
As blooming ſpring unbends the brow
Of ſurly, ſavage winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain
Her winning pow'rs to leſſen:

And fretful envy grins in vain,
The poiſon'd tooth to faſten.

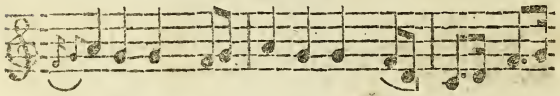
Ye pow'rs of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her;
Inſpire the highly favour'd youth
The diſtinies intend her;
Still fan the ſweet connubial flame
Reſponſive in each boſom;
And bleſs the dear parental name
With many a filial bloſſom.

SONG CLVIII.

THE LASS OF LIVINGTON.

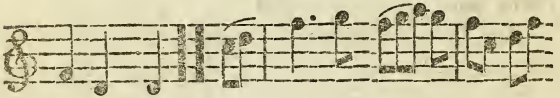


Pain'd with her ſlighting Jamie's love, Bell

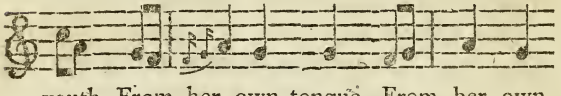


dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear; The gods de-

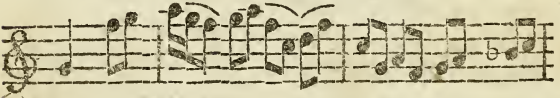
ſcended from a-bove, Well pleas'd to hear, well



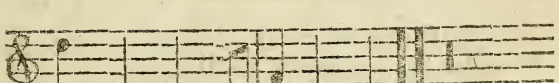
pleas'd to hear: They heard the praiſes of the



youth, From her own tongue, From her own



tongue, Who now converted was to truth, And



thus ſhe ſung, and thus ſhe ſung.

Bleſs'd days when our ingenuous ſex,
More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
But ſpoke their mind—but ſpoke their mind:
Repenting now, ſhe promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cauſe him mourn—or cauſe him mourn.

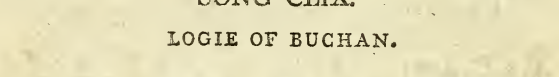
Why lov'd I the deſerving ſwain,
Yet ſtill thought ſhame—yet ſtill thought ſhame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame—to own my flame?
Why took I pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy—and ſeem too coy.
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My ſlighted joy—my ſlighted joy?

Ye Fair, while beauty's in its ſpring,
Own your deſire—own yonr deſire,
While love's young pow'r with his ſoft wing
Fans up the fire—fans up the fire!
O do not with a ſilly pride,
Or low deſign—or low deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy bride,
But anſwer plain—but anſwer plain.

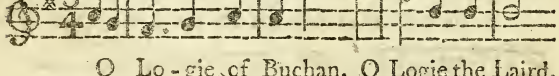
Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime
With flowing eyes,—with flowing eyes,
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
With ſweet ſurprize,—with ſweet ſurpriſe.
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd,—his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, my love,
I am reveng'd,—I am reveng'd.

SONG CLIX.

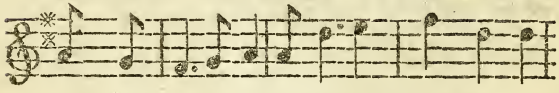
LOGIE OF BUCHAN.



O Lo - gie of Buchan, O Logie the Laird,



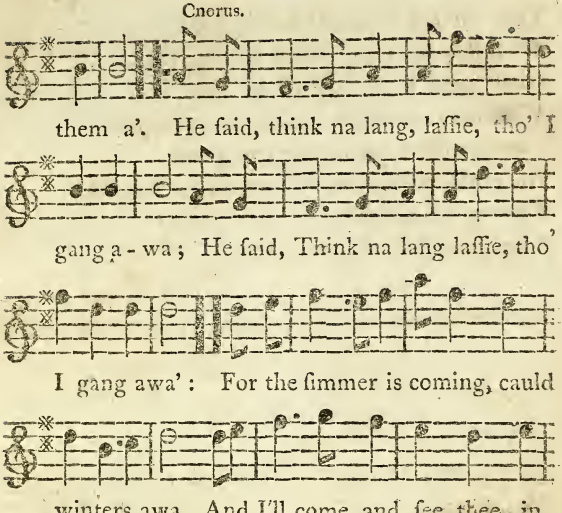
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in the



yard! Who play'd on the pipe, wi the viol ſae

ſma', They ha'e taen awa Jamie the flow'r o'

Chorus.



Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye;
A house, and a hadden, and siller forby:
But I'd tak' mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd ha'e him, wi' his houses and land.
He said, think na lang lassie, &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour;
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor:

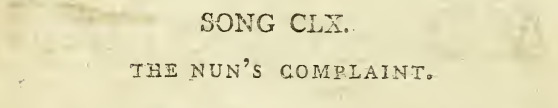
Tho' I lo'e them as well as a daughter ſhould do,
They are nae half ſae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He ſaid, think na lang laſſie, &c.

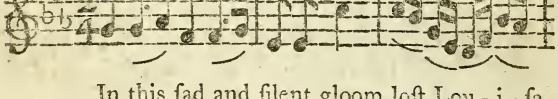
I ſit on my creepie, and ſpin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me ſo weel;
He had but ae ſaxpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gied me the ha'f o't when he gaed awa.

Then haſte ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa.
Then haſte ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa.
Simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And ye'll come and ſee me, in ſpite o' them a'.

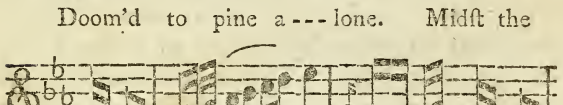
SONG CLX.

THE NUN'S COMPLAINT.

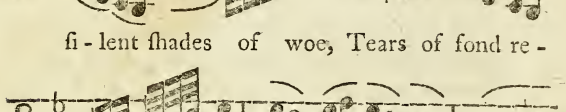




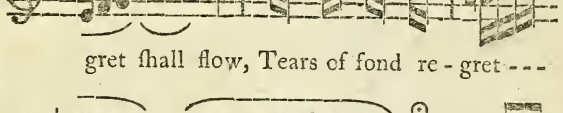
Doom'd to pine a---lone. Midſt the



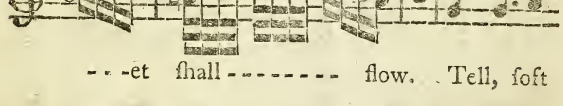
fi-lent ſhades of woe, Tears of fond re-



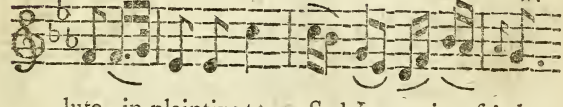
gret ſhall flow, Tears of fond re-gret---



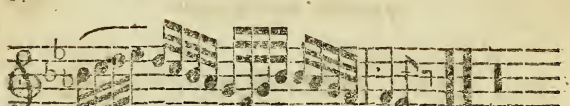
--et ſhall-------- flow. Tell, ſoft



lute, in plaintive tone, Sad Lou--i--ſa's hap-



leſs moan, Midſt the fi-lent ſhades of woe,



Still the tears muſt flow.

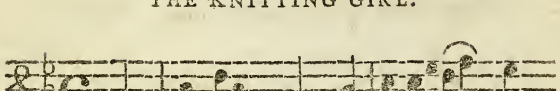
Ye dark clouds, who ſail along,
Hide me in your ſhade profound;
Whiſp'ring breezes bear my ſong,
To the woods around.
Should ſome penſive lover's feet,
Wander near this ſad retreat,
Tell, ſoft lute, &c.

Tell her, love's celeſtial tale
Yields no bliſs, no joy inſpires,
Cold religion's icy veil
Darkens all his fires.
No ſoft ray adorns the gloom,
Round the hapleſs veſtal's tomb.
Tell, ſoft lute, &c.

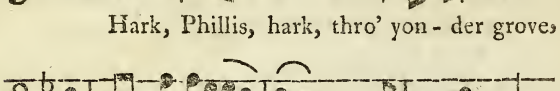
Fancy's flame within my breaſt,
Faintly glows with vital heat;
Tender paſſions ſink to reſt—
Soft my pulſes beat!
Soon theſe languid eyes ſhall cloſe,
Death's cold dart ſhall ſeal my woes!
Tell, ſoft lute, &c.

SONG CLXI.

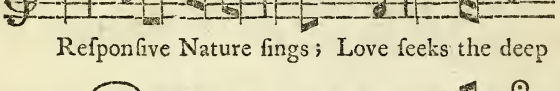
THE KNITTING GIRL.



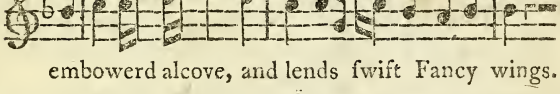
Hark, Phillis, hark, thro' yon - der grove,



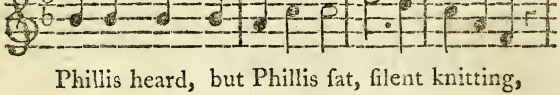
Reſponſive Nature ſings; Love ſeeks the deep



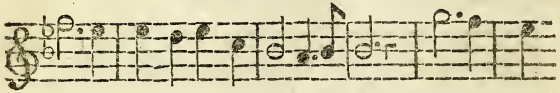
embowerd alcove, and lends ſwift Fancy wings.



Phillis heard, but Phillis ſat, ſilent knitting,



ſilent knitting at her cottage gate: Phillis heard



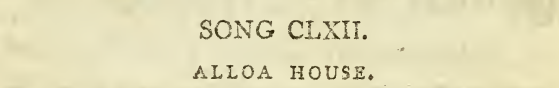
but ſat ſilent knitting at her cottage gate.

Enthron'd, he's ſeated in thine eye,
Where he, tho' blind, can ſee
Himſelf reflected in each ſigh,
He bids me breathe for thee.
Phillis heard, &c.

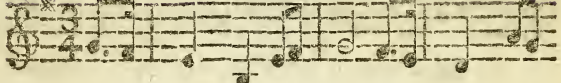
Lo! tow'rds the bow'r he beckons now,
O riſe, and come away!
From ill to ward thee is his vow,
To guard, and not betray.
Phillis heard, but Phillis ſat
No longer knitting at her cottage gate.

SONG CLXII.

ALLOA HOUSE.

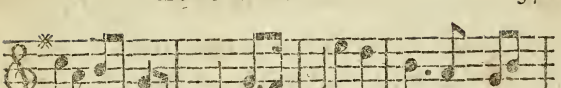


The ſpring time returns, and cloaths the

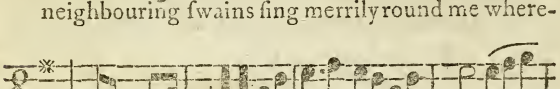


green plains, And Alloa ſhines more chearful

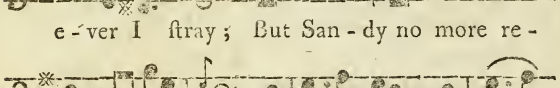
and gay; The lark tunes his throat, and the



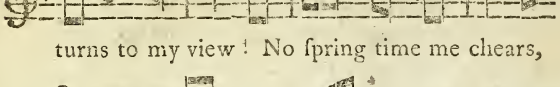
neighbouring ſwains ſing merrily round me where-



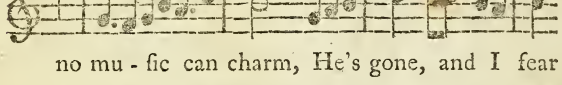
e-ver I ſtray; But San-dy no more re-



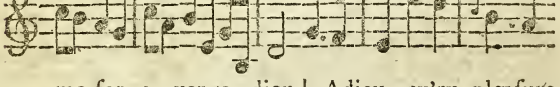
turns to my view! No ſpring time me chears,



no mu-ſic can charm, He's gone, and I fear



me for e-ver a-dieu! Adieu, ev'ry pleaſure



this bo-ſom can warm!

O Alloa houſe! how much art thou chang'd!
How ſilent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas! where to pleaſe me my Sandy once ſtrove!

Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told;
Here liſtened too fond, whenever you ſung;
Am I grown leſs fair, then, that you are turn'd cold?
Or fooliſh, believ'd a falſe, flattering tongue;

So ſpoke the fair maid; when ſorrow's keen pain,
And ſhame, her laſt fault'ring accents ſuppreſt:
For fate at that moment brought back her dear ſwain,
Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly addreſt:
My Nelly! my fair, I come; O my Love,
No power ſhall thee tear again from my arm,
And, Nelly! no more thy fond ſhepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard; and new joy ſhot thro' her ſoft frame,
And will you, my love! be true? ſhe reply'd.
And live I to meet my fond ſhepherd the ſame?
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
O Nelly! I live to find thee ſtill kind;
Still true to thy ſwain, and lovely as true;
Then adieu! to all ſorrow: what ſoul is ſo blind
As not to live happy for ever with you?

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Anno 1795.